BOBBY
JAMESON

Wednesday, November 14, 2007

(part 1-A) The History Of Bobby Jameson/Chris Lucey

1967

1965

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It appears that people want to know the story, but are afraid that I might say something negative about the record business and some people in and around it. This is an impossible straightjacket I'm being asked to wear, should I attempt to be mindful of their fears. The factual realities of the story run the gamut between incredible to tragic, and are in fact impossible to relate without some, if not a lot of negative texture.

I am 62 years old, and I am trying to portray in real terms the true history of this person which just so happens to be me. I am not trying to get into "People Magazine." Either your interest is in facts or fantasies. If it is a fantasy story of the 60's, and only how wonderful it was, then I suggest you find that somewhere else. The list of my dead friends and compatriots is too long for me to sell out now and attempt to please the god awful sensitivities some seem to demand.

Bobby Jameson/Chris Lucey Nov 07

Prior to the beginning of my story in 1964 I made a single record in 1963 in Hollywood. Below are both sides of that single on Jolum Records. Let's Surf/Please Little Girl Take This Lollipop. Elliot Engber is playing "Surf" guitar on "Let's Surf."

Sunday, December 2, 2007

(part 1) I Couldn't Have Done Any Better Or Any Worse

Tony Alamo

The first time I ever used pills to perform was in 1964 when Tony Alamo was flying me around the country to do live gigs that he never paid me for. He used to tell me they were for promotion, but he was getting paid for what I was doing. We were promoting my record "I'm So Lonely/I Wanna Love You" on his record label, Talamo Records.

I was exhausted and he had lined up another personal appearance for me to do in Cleveland or Detroit, and I told him I was too damn tired. He pulled a small bottle out of his pocket and tapped a couple of light yellow tablets into my hand and said, "take one of these now and save one for later." This was to be my first experience with dexedrine.

I went on stage and got a standing ovation. A drug addict was born! From that time on I began depending on drugs, booze, and pot to alter my condition. Pills to get up, and booze and pot to get down. I was like a human yo-yo, with Tony pulling the string. Always providing the demand to work and the means for me to work it.

click to enlarge
Me, my Mother, and Bill 1948

I Just Liked Music...

I was born in Geneva Illinois in 1945. For the most part I grew up in Arizona and Calif. in the early fifties. I remember listening to the radio at night when I was supposed to be sleeping. I'd try and remember the words to all the songs I liked so I could sing them to myself. I didn't much care about anything else except maybe girls. They were a mystery. They always seem to pretend not to like me even though in the end I'd find out they did. I never did get that. I mean it seemed like a lot of trouble to go through considering it wasn't true anyway. Oh well, girls. Ladies. Women. It still hasn't changed all these years later.

By 1955 I was living in Tucson, Arizona and Rock N Roll was really getting going. My step father hated it, but my mom liked it. He blamed everything he didn't like about us on "that music" and "those people." Particularly the hair. He really hated the hair styles. You know, "duck tails" and the length. He used to tell us we looked like girls "always lookin at yourselves in the mirror."

My brother and I started watching American Bandstand every day so we could see how everybody looked and danced and then we'd copy them. I remember starting to make up songs instead of learning someone else's, so I guess that was the beginning of my song writing days. My brother and I both got guitars from Sears

song writing days. My brother and I both got guitars from Sears and started learning how to play them. Nothing real elaborate, just chords, so we could play songs. I'd already worked out some doo wop tunes on my mom's piano, so adding guitars just expanded my horizons.

* * *

Later I wouldn't need anyone but myself to provide whatever I needed to stay high. My demand for the adoration of the crowd, and to feel like I was finally important, was all I needed to supply myself with anything and everything to keep it going. It was a dual sickness that fed on itself and just got progressively worse.

I'm sure Tony Alamo, who is now a born again christian, will never admit to his part in the beginnings of my eventual demise. But I've come to know that the world is full of Tony Alamo's. I once spoke to Tony's brother and asked why Tony didn't pay me for what I had done, because Tony was now a millionaire. His bother said, "All that stuff that happened in the past was before Tony met the Lord."

* * *

click to enlarge

By 1957 my brother and I started playing at talent shows and at a place called Kal Rueben's Furniture City on Speedway Blvd., in

By 1957 my brother and I started playing at talent shows and at a place called Kal Rueben's Furniture City on Speedway Blvd., in Tucson. People seemed to like us and said we were like the Everly Brothers. This was a big building full of furniture deals and in the middle of the place was a one story pedestal, from where you could see the whole store. We had a couple of mics set up and would sing songs while people broused for furniture deals. Their kids would stand around and watch us play for an hour or so, and the store just kept having us back.

As I wrote earlier, my brother Bill and I were rock n rollers from an early age and I was convinced in about 1957 that I was destined to be a "teen idol" after watching the likes of Elvis Presley, Ricky Nelson, Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry. Of course there were countless others, but I think you get the general idea of what I was inspired by. Some people liked science I liked rock n roll.

My mother and step father separated in 1958, and later divorced. It was the second failed marriage of my mother's and was a loss to me. What little adult supervision I'd had became at that point even more sparse. Like a boat without a rudder, I struggled to find my way, as did my brother Bill who, to make matters worse, suffered from mental and emotional problems. Looking back it's hard to believe that when you're living in that kind of confusion it almost gets to be normal. Of course later you can see clearly how difficult it made everything.

It wasn't all that long after my step father left that my mother moved us all to St. Johns AZ. where I was tossed into a small town environment of Mormons on one side and American Indians on the other. Man, what an unbelievable place to end up. Kinda like the deep south in the 50's. This town was split right down the middle and no one was going to give an inch. Of course my brother and I ended up on the line between the two warring parties and tilted a little bit towards the Indians. This pissed off the lily white Mormons to the bone.

We were immediate outcasts and wondered what kind of hell my mother had brought us to. She ended up marrying a Mormon named Francis Farr, who was also a quadriplegic. This town was in northern AZ west of Flagstaff and got bitter cold in the winter. We lived in an old house with no heat just a wood burning stove. You'd have to put wood in this thing the night before and then when you woke up in the morning you'd go light it and hall ass

Monday, December 3, 2007

(part 2) TONY ALAMO

Tiny Naylors Drive-In at La Brea and Sunset Blvd. across the street from the Carolina Pines in 1964

I met Tony in Hollywood in 1964, probably at the "Carolina Pines," a local coffee shop hangout for struggling musicians, writers, and actors. He was just another of the long list of "I'm gonna be somebody someday people" like myself, who scouted the streets, rumor mills, and hangouts for any info on the bizz. He owned a record mail order company called Mr. Maestro Records that sold boot legged oldies through the mail, and I always figured that's how he got by.

I don't recall exactly when it started, but when I would see him he'd say things like, "I'm gonna make you a star." I just figured he was mouthing off, but part of me wanted to believe this guy. I mean I was so hungry for fame I think I would have believed damn near anyone, if they said anything good about me. That's part of the trouble with show business. People are so in need of being noticed that they trust those I wouldn't let take out my trash.

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Anyway, Tony pretty much had the magic touch when it came to bullshit, so I began inching my way closer to him the more candy he dropped in my ears. Looking back on it now I guess he was practicing for the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation, which came about a couple of years later. When I knew Tony he was a pot smoking hustler from Hollywood via Montana.

I was at an apartment of his in Hollywood one time when 2 Federal Postal Inspectors showed up at the door with guns drawn. They were looking for him for an alleged mail fraud scheme concerning his mail order record business, which he ran out of that address. He must of worked it out later, because it never came to anything while I knew him. It was just an example of how knowing him was like "what's next?"

He used to keep plenty of pot around so me and a few friends, Danny Whitten, Bruce Hines, Billy Talbot, and Ralph Molina could stay high and work on songs. In those days everybody smoked grass so we were just glad to have it. Hell it was free. Danny, Ralph, Billy and Bruce were guys I also met in Hollywood when I first got there. We started living together so everybody would have a place to stay.

We lived in an apartment on Franklin Ave near Highland and used to talk about when we would "make it," a term relating to "making it in show business." Strangely enough Billy, Ralph, and Danny went on to become the band "Crazy Horse" and Bruce was their roadie. The three of them had come from Ohio and were a doo-wop vocal group called Danny And The Memories, they were damn good, I mean really good. And me, the scared kid from Arizona with a dream, I too went on to one of the strangest voyages anyone could ever imagine.

From the streets of Hollywood to London and back. From the nobody bottom to the nobody top and back again. I was still the human yo-yo on a string. Never sure of who I was, who I had been, or who I was becoming. From country to country and style to style I was Bobby Jameson the goddamned quick change artist. Always ready with another song, another look, and even another name.

* * *

Back in the late 50's I watched my brother get beaten in a fight in front of the entire student body of St. Johns High School. We'd played at a school assembly a couple of months earlier, for the first time, and the attitude toward us from then on was completely different. A lot of people liked it, but a lot of them hated our guts for becoming the center of attention. Some of the top guys in school now had to worry whether their girl friends had a new interest in us. Hell, we were like mini stars of a piss ant town and some of them were down right threatened by it, hence the fight.

It was just a matter of time before it happened and it happened at the school dance. My brother, who was a good fighter, got sucker punched by a football player and never had a chance. The Mormon principle of the school stood by and watched the whole thing happen and did nothing. I was beside myself screaming at him to stop it, but to no avail. The Indian kids knew what was going on, they'd seen that kind of shit all their lives. In the end it was them who picked my brother up off the ground and tried to clean him up. It was a beating, not a fight. It was a goddamned beating!

After that my brother just deteriorated mentally. Something inside him gave up and not too much later he ended up in the state mental hospital and was never the same. I vowed that from that day on no one would ever do that to me. It created a will in me that to this day I still possess. It has caused me great difficulty.

My mother moved to Mesa, the third biggest Mormon city in Arizona, to be closer to the state hospital in Phoenix where my brother Bill was. That is when she actually married Francis Farr, the Mormon in a wheel chair. That is where I learned to work like a Mexican field hand loading hay trucks in and around Phoenix in the summer when it was 120 degrees. He rarely paid me, but worked me like a dog. 18 tons of alfalfa a day. I worked with Indians, Mexicans, and poor whites. I gained their respect even though they knew I was the boss's son, because I worked harder than any of them, I had to. We unloaded box cars at night, because it was too hot to work inside them in the daytime.

I tried to prove myself to this asshole, but I never could. He made promises to me to get me to work, but he never kept one. Finally one afternoon I flipped out and blasted him with the rankest kind of language I could think up. I was 15 years old, going on 16, and had had enough. I told him I would never work for him again and

had had enough. I told him I would never work for him again and from that day forward I never did.

For the next couple of years I got into trouble. I got thrown out of every school I went to and basically became a pain in the ass. It was because of this time that music, the only thing I really loved, began to appear as my only possible chance to escape the depressing conditions of my life. My mother's marriages and my brother's mental illness had taken their toll on me and at times I thought about killing myself to get away from the stark disappointment of my existence. But somehow I always managed to find a reason to keep going. I just kept thinking that music had the power to get me out of this mess. If I could just make a record, people might like it and I'd make some money and change my life.

I didn't have many friends in Mesa, Az. as you might imagine. Let's face it, it was the early 60's like 1960 I'm talking about. John Kennedy was about to be president and the country was going to go through one of the biggest social revolutions in history, but I'm talking about the time that preceded it. The still lingering, black's didn't have the right to vote yet end of the 50's early 60's. A dark social fabric of middle america where husbands could slap their wife around and still beat their kids without being arrested. If I know anything, it was one of the root causes for the 60's social rebellion and I was part of it. The few friends I did have would laugh at me and say I was crazy when I'd try and tell them about my music. They'd look at me like I was from another planet and start to question whether they wanted to know me at all.

Because of this I didn't bring it up much until I had a few beers and got just high enough and brave enough to talk about it. They'd make fun of me and say things like, "Bobby thinks he's a rock n roll star, but he's really just an ass hole". Every now and then I'd have to fight one of these guys to keep from getting pushed around so much. Fighting was something I got better and better at as time went by. Remember, this was Mesa AZ. a town full of Mormon cowboys who went to church a lot and then drank and fought on the weekends. Very similar to the christian right in present time.

The more I had to endure this shit the more I made up my mind to get out. To get as far away from these kind of people as I could. I doubt I could have been more serious than I was and used it for motivation to succeed in doing just that. As luck would have it

motivation to succeed in doing just that. As luck would have it Francis Farr, the Mormon husband, and my mom weren't doing all that well which in the long run got her to leave Mesa and go to Glendale CA. where her brother Norm and his wife lived. God, I can't tell you what this meant to me. A glimmer of hope for the future. Away from the shit kickers and Mormon pricks who I'd learned to hate with a passion. There was a reason to hope. Something to hang on to. If I could just hold on long enough to get to California everything would get better.

I'd be closer to the magic city of Hollywood. A place where people thought and talked about the things I wanted to talk about. A place where they actually made records and movies and... My head exploded like a pumpkin being hit with a baseball bat. I had transferred myself into a dream world and clung to it like a starving animal. For the first time in a long time I felt as though there was really something to believe in. I understand looking back on it now how incredibly important it was for me to have something to dream of, live for, something to keep myself moving toward. I had to have a goal and I had found one. I knew for sure that if I could just get to California everything would be OK and I would get the chance to make my dreams come true.

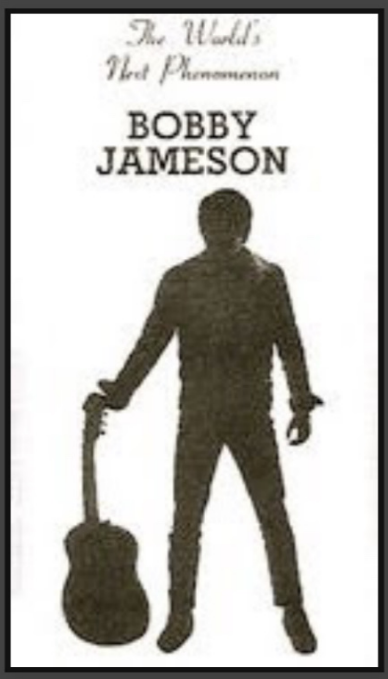
I had no idea how long it was gonna take to get out of Mesa AZ. I guess when you're in a hurry things that take a long time take even longer. My brother Bill had gotten out of Arizona state hospital, but was never the same. Once a powerful force in my life he now appeared to have been stripped of all dignity. He was timid and unsure of himself like a dog who'd been abused too much. It was the worst thing I remember about being a kid the day I watched through the wire mesh glass on the iron door at the state hospital. Two orderly's dressed in white hauled him away like a sack of potatoes from my view.

He was altered there, too many shock treatments. It was the old days of mental hospitals much worse then now. They didn't use much care in the application of electric shock therapy back then. They just wired you up and turned on the juice and bingo you were half a vegetable. I hated my mother for doing this to him I hated her for a long time. I just couldn't understand how you allowed that to happen to someone you loved. But over time I have learned that she was a victim as well of those times. She lived in the era when women barely had rights, hell they had to have a husband just to get credit and even then it wasn't their own. So over the years I

Wednesday, December 5, 2007

(part 3) TONY ALAMO'S PLAN

Danny Whitten (left) Ralph Molina (top) Billy Talbot (bottom)



Danny Whitten, Billy Talbot, Ralph Molina and Bruce (Baby John) Hines and I were seated at a table in the "Carolina Pines" coffee shop one afternoon, in 1964. Tony Alamo approached us with copies of Billboard and Cashbox in hand. He dropped the papers in front of us saying, "take a look." Not knowing what he was referring to we began looking through both publications when we stumbled on black and white quarter page ads in both mags which stated, " The World's Next Phenomenon Bobby Jameson".

These words were above a black silhouette of me. The ads were identical in both publications and purposely did not show my face. All of us got pretty excited seeing this and were at a loss for words. Since we had pretty much decided Tony was just a lot of hot air we were forced at that moment to admit we had been wrong about him. We asked him how he had done it and frankly why, since none of us had a clue that this was coming.

Tony glared at us and then looked directly at me and said, "I told you I was going to make you a star." He owned me right then and there. I was his to to with as he saw fit, and he knew it. Tony was a master at getting to your weakest point and using it to endear himself to you. Once accomplished, he could pretty much get you to do anything he wanted, and this is how Tony set me up to follow his every command.

At that point he became the most important human being on earth to me, because he was actively making my dreams come true right in front of my very eyes. I wanted to be a star and he was making it happen. He was God, or at least he had me believing it. The following week, 2 more ads ran in Billboard and Cashbox, except this time they were half page black and white ads. The words on them stated, "Bobby Jameson The Star Of The Century" and again they topped a black silhouette of me not showing my face.

The noose around my neck tightened, as once again, I was mesmerized by my own addiction to seeing my name in print. Tony, ever the one to take full advantage of his own work, reminded me constantly that he and he alone would get me where I wanted to go and I didn't question that for an instant. It was the most powerful addiction that I have ever encountered, from then until now. No drug, and I have used smack, pills, cocaine and booze, has ever had any more control over me than that did, at that point in my life.

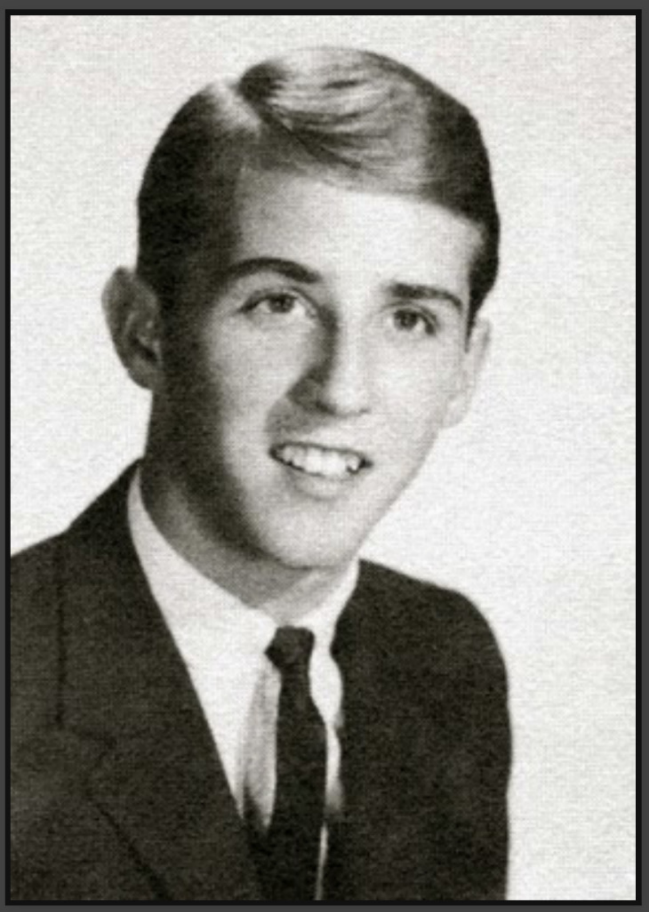
* * *

A couple of years earlier in 1962 I was enrolled as a junior at Herbert Hoover High School in Glendale California. The only persons I knew in Glendale, other than my family, was a girl I'd met and her brother who lived across the street from us. I was a fish out of water and knew it. The lingering southwestern cowboy environment I'd come from hung on like an ill fitting jacket. It was

environment I'd come from hung on like an ill fitting jacket. It was obvious to people as soon as I started talking. This became my training ground for reinventing myself lock, stock, and barrel. I learned to talk different, walk different, and look different than I had when I'd first arrived. I wanted to fit in and I was ashamed that I didn't. The last thing I wanted was for anyone to associate me with any redneck background so I dressed like a surfer.

You may be interested to know that the first record I ever made was called "Let's Surf" on Jolum Records in 1963. In my days at Hoover High the biggest thing going was surf music. like Dick Dale And The Deltones. Shortly thereafter it was The Beach Boys, Jan And Dean, and some Chubby Checker. Two years later I would be the opening act for all three of these artists. But in the meantime I had a lot of crap to go through.

Like every other teenager I thought I knew everything right then and there. I was just 17 years old and barely starting my life, but in my mind I had already been through the ringer. Family mental illness, failed marriages, and harsh surroundings had done their damage. Coupled with forced down your throat religion, multiple schools, towns, and fathers and I was kind of confused to say the least. Once again in my own mind music was the only thing that offered any hope to me of ever making my life any better than it had been in the past. It had been and still was the only thing I believed that I could do well.



I started drifting over to Hollywood in 1962. Whenever I got the chance I would go. I'd ride the bus over there from Glendale or if I got lucky hitch a ride with someone. It didn't matter how I got there just as long as I got there. The place in my mind, was the ultimate turn on. It was where all the magic happened. People who actually got paid to do stuff I'd do for free. I couldn't imagine how people like that lived so I wanted to find out. I just wanted to get the chance to meet someone like that and talk to them about how they got there and what it was like to live there. Everything I did and thought was geared to ending up in that town. I belonged there I thought, and nothing was going to keep me from being there.

Looking back on it now, I can see how the power of ones thinking can actually make things happen whether in the long run they're any good for you or not. To this day, I'm not sure I had any other choices, but the ones I made in the matter. It was more than a desire with me it was my obsession. Maybe if my life had of been better and our family wasn't so screwed up things could have gone in a different direction for me. But the way it was was the way it was, and I was just using the only thing I had at the time to solve my problem. I believed that I had the power and ability to end up where I saw myself in my own mind. I had a picture so clear in my head that nothing else could penetrate. No threat of any kind could or did sway me from my path once it got started.

I had seen where I was going back in Arizona and knew then what my path was to be. Time passed and here I was, standing on Hollywood Blvd. in total awe of my surroundings. I can also see looking back now how naive I was about the town, which I now know through my own experience, can be a snake pit. I guess when you're trying to blot out bad memories from earlier times anything looks better to you than the past, so it can fool you into thinking it's OK and safe. There was nothing safe about what I was doing at the time and I always had the feeling that if my mother knew where I was she'd be angry and try to stop me. I was 17 and roaming around the streets alone. I was a sucker for a complement and my judgement about people was piss poor. You could have sold me a bill of goods about anything.

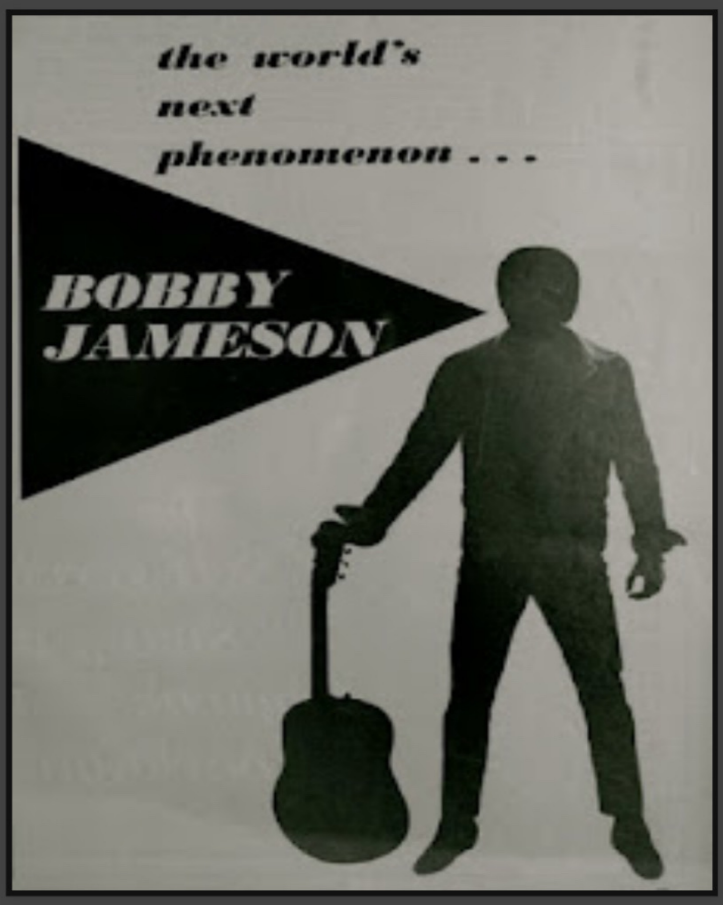
Back in Glendale I'd go to school and pretend I was like everybody else, but inside I knew I was different. I think most of the kids knew I was different too. Even though I'd become pretty popular it was all a show to hide where I'd come from. I still had that feeling of being damaged goods from the past and it drove me to over compensate in everything I did. It was like if I could just keep moving no one would ever see who I really was. The guy with the mentally ill brother and the mother who couldn't stay married which in my mind meant I was screwed up too. I was always on. Like a performance every single minute of my life. Dancing and weaving trying to keep you off guard so you wouldn't get a good look at me. It was exhausting and sooner or later I'd crash and become deeply depressed and combative.

It was those episodes that separated me from others more than anything else. Whereas something that might have been a joke when I was in a good mood was now seen by me as a reason to go to war with someone. In that mood I was not afraid of anything and because of it I nurtured that part of myself for that very reason. I didn't like being afraid and when I was I was humiliated inside and wanted to escape. So that feeling of not being afraid, that came from depression and anger, was in my mind, a friend I could depend on.

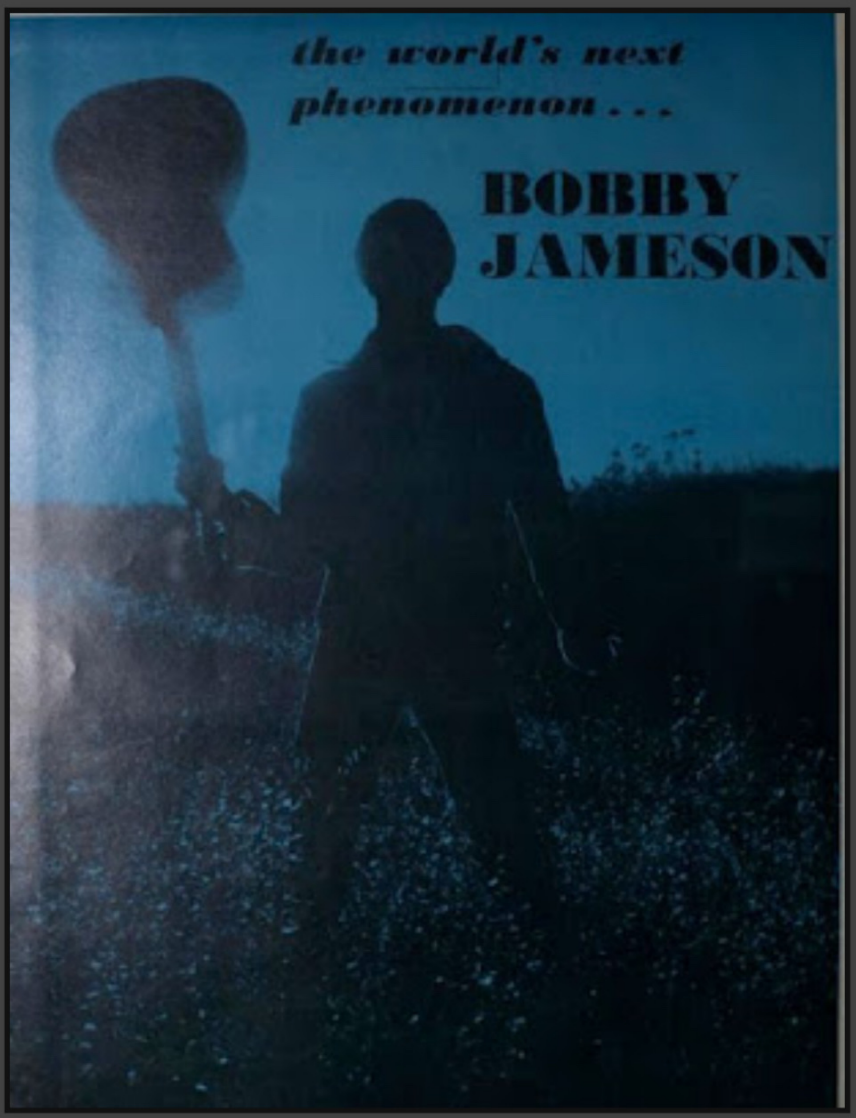
Friday, December 7, 2007

PART (4) WITH TONY ALAMO IN 1964

click on pictures to enlarge



For the next 6 weeks the ads kept coming out. I think it was the 3rd or 4th week when Tony dropped Cashbox and just kept the ads coming in Billboard. The 3rd week was a three quarter page ad. The 4th week a full page and so on. They went from black and white to three color and then to a full color. A four page pullout in the 8th week. No one had ever done this before, so the whole world wide music industry was noticing it.



People were watching to see how far it was going to go. Each week they'd check out Billboard to see if a new and bigger ad was in it and there was. It became kind of a game that everybody was playing. I was blown away by the whole process. You've got to understand that I was just some punk kid from nowhere that nobody had ever heard of, and all of a sudden I was the subject of a lot of the industry. No one knew where the ads were coming from or who was doing this.

People speculated that it was a major label doing it from America as a response to Beatlemania, which had taken over the US along with the rest of the world. The Beatles were the phenomenon, so Tony called me "The World's Next Phenomenon." I had nothing to do with it. I just stood around trying to comprehend what was happening to my life. In fact, for quite awhile nobody knew that I was Bobby Jameson, and when they found out they basically said, "well who the hell are you?"

I didn't know how to respond so Tony responded for me. At first this was great, because he wouldn't let anyone screw with me, but later I found my own voice and trouble between Tony and me soon followed. We had no contract. To this day there is no contract. We had no record. I had to go in the studio (Nashville West) on Melrose Ave., in LA and cut one. We didn't even have muscians on most of the recordings. I wrote, arranged, played, and sang everything.

I basically produced 4 songs that are now the only 2 Talamo Records that exist. "I'm So Lonely/I wanna Love You" and "Okey Fanokey Baby/ Meadow Green". There aren't any others because I didn't have any other songs at the time. People think there are more secret Tony Alamo tapes of Bobby Jameson, but there aren't.

The 9th week Billboard ad was a black and white full page with my face shown for the first time. It also had the record listed "I'm So Lonely/I Wanna Love You" for the first time. There was no planning. Everything was done in a rush. The whole damn thing from the beginning to finally having a record took 9 weeks. My whole life changed forever in 9 weeks. I went from dreaming it to being it. I had no way of knowing what I was supposed to do next, so I kept waiting for Tony to tell me, and he told me.

Do this, go here, go there, dress like this, act like that. Everything he told me to do I did, because I didn't know what else to do. He once looked at me and said, "You are a star. You need to be convinced that you are a star. Right now," he said, "you just want to be a star, but I'm telling you, Bobby, that you are already a star.

Do this, go here, go there, dress like this, act like that. Everything he told me to do I did, because I didn't know what else to do. He once looked at me and said, "You are a star. You need to be convinced that you are a star. Right now," he said, "you just want to be a star, but I'm telling you, Bobby, that you are already a star. Now believe it and don't ever doubt it again." The amount of time it took him to say those words to me is the amount of time it took me to accept them as the absolute truth. Bullshit or not, I was utterly changed forever by those words, "You are a star!" "Right!" I thought, "My name is Bobby Jameson and I am a star."

I was forever doomed by that belief. Forever separated from others because of it. I have lived to regret it to this very day. Even now there is a part of me that still believes, "My name is Bobby Jameson and I am a star." I am also alone.....

Sunday, December 9, 2007

(part 5) ME, TONY, PETER and GORDON

Terry Knight CKLW DJ

Peter Caine was a good guy. He was also a photographer who got hustled by Tony Alamo into taking most of the photos for the Billboard ad campaign. Peter ended up being my only friend and helped me to finally break away from Tony and go to England, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

To this day there is still an unpaid bill at Billboard for most of the ads that were run. Somewhere between $13.000 and $14,000 I believe. You see Tony either couldn't or wouldn't pay for the ads. But what he did do, was find someone else to guarantee to Billboard that the account would be paid. In this case that someone was Gordon Gessler, the son of wealthy diamond dealers in Beverly Hills. Gordon was kind of a goofy guy with a pretty good heart and Tony used him to accomplish Tony's goal, which was to get the ads in Billboard.

Tony succeeded, as Tony was prone to do, and then had a falling out with Gordon once the goal was accomplished. I am by no means blameless in all of this, because I ended up moving in with Gordon's ex-wife Lois Johnston who was 29 years old while I was 19. At the time I thought she was one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen. Part of the star game is beautiful women, so I was

I'd ever seen. Part of the star game is beautiful women, so I was sure I'd made it when I actually moved into Lois's house in Benedict Canyon.

As the ad campaign moved forward into it's climax my record "I'm So Lonely" began getting heavy airplay throughout the mid-west and Canada and started climbing the charts in places like Detroit and Cleveland, Ohio. There was a huge 50,000 watt station in Windsor, Canada called CKLW just across the river from Detroit. A young DJ named Terry Knight took it upon himself to single handedly break my record and make it a hit which he succeeded in doing. CKLW was heard in a wide spread area of the mid-west and the record climbed into the top 5 and I believe made it to # 1 in a number of places.

The point of this is, that now I was in demand. Tony could go to work on more people using the record's success as leverage to bend them to his will. First was Dick Clark at American Bandstand who Tony convinced to put me on the show. Following that a number of other more regional music shows became willing to put me on too, because Bandstand had. Tony was no fool. He knew how to use one success to accomplish another.

He did a lot of things right. It was just that he always managed to do something that was so outlandish that it made the earlier successes nearly null and void. An example would be that as I was out touring around the country Tony sent me and some other people to Denver, Colorado saying we were booked into the Denver Hilton and were expected. He told us that all we had to do was go there and we'd be welcomed with open arms. All of this was true.

We were greeted at the front door by the hotel manager and staff, and then escorted to a suite of rooms. We joked with each other for hours saying we were really in the big time now. Later, at about five o-clock in the morning, we were awakened by loud pounding on the door of the suite. We opened it to find a number of hotel security who were there to remove us from the hotel for fraud.

Here's what happened. Tony had telegraphed the Denver Hilton and told them we were coming and to treat us with care, because we were important friends of, Tony signed the telegram Conrad Hilton. Well when the manager of the hotel in Denver, who I believe was a Hilton himself, found out he had been bull-crapped

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These kinds of off the wall scenarios continued throughout my time with Tony and I will discuss some of them throughout these writings. As you may well imagine I had a tough time trying to understand this man, who on the one hand was making my dreams come true while on the other was scaring the crap out of me by doing things like The Denver Hilton fiasco. For a long time he was able to convince me that this stuff was just a mix up and not to let it bother me. My job, he said, was to "concentrate on the music" and he would take care of the business.

All the while Tony was continuing to smoke pot and began having episodes where he said "God was talking to him and telling him to except Jesus as his Lord or die." This too was bewildering to me, because it came out of nowhere and then would vanish as if it hadn't even occurred. Tony used to say, "it was just the pot talking and that he'd just gotten too high." The real trouble for me was, that whether or not it was the pot talking I began to feel more uneasy with Tony's explanations for why these things kept occurring. Looking back on it now I can see that these outbursts were the beginnings of Tony's eventual conversion into some dangerous cult like form of christianity.

Friday, December 14, 2007

(part 6) TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

My record "I'm So Lonely" was a full blown hit in Cleveland and Detroit. So naturally Tony started booking me as the guest star at some big shows. I opened for The Beach Boys, Jan and Dean, and Chubby Checker, who at the time were all successful acts. I was never paid one penny for any of the live shows I did. Tony always told me that they were just promotion, and I was doing them for the exposure and to push record sales. Hell the record was in the top 5 all over the mid-west, why did I have to do free promotional gigs?

Of course looking back on it now, I realize Tony was getting paid, he just wasn't paying me. Once again, I believed what Tony told me. I was 19 years old and this man had changed my life. It is far easier now to see the truth than it was for me at that time. It was during this period of working hard that Tony first introduced me to the dexedrine, which I have already mentioned. The point was to keep me going no matter what. Keep the train moving. Don't let a little thing like being exhausted get in the way.

I was flying around on airplanes and riding in limos. I barely knew what city I was in most of the time. The haze began to be my everyday life, and the use of pills to get up and pot and booze to come down had become routine. Not only was I doing these live shows and not getting paid, but Tony was booking me all over the country, and in parts of Europe, with no intention of ever having me show up. He'd book me, get the front money and that was that. I did not find out about this until some time later.

One of the giveaways to this was when I was doing a live interview, by telephone, with a Cincinnati, Ohio radio station, where people called in to talk to me. The trouble was that everybody was pissed off at me and finally I asked why? "Are you kidding me?" the DJ asked, "No!" I said, "Why are you people so mad at me?" The DJ answered, "Because a couple of weeks ago the mayor of Cincinnati and 1100 kids waited at the airport for you in the rain. They were there with the key to the city and you never showed up."

It was like being slapped with a rope across the face. "I gotta tell you man," I said, "this is the first time I've even heard about it." There was silence for a moment at the other end of the line. "Are you telling us, because there's a lot of people listening to this show Bobby," he said, "Are you saying that right now is the first you've heard about this airport thing?" "Yes! That's what I'm saying. I didn't know anything about it or I would have been there, period. I feel awful, I don't know what else to tell you. I just wouldn't do that If I knew, I just wouldn't do that." The interview ended and I could not believe that what had just happened actually happened.

What the hell was Tony doing? It was my name getting trashed, but it was Tony Alamo's plan. I began wondering how much of this was going on? If I didn't know about Cincinnati, what else didn't I know? I begged Tony to tell me what was going on. I also insisted that he get me a band to work with on the road. I told him how hard it was to go on stage by myself and perform over and over again without backup. "They love you!" he said, "You don't need a band. You're better when you're alone. A band would just take the focus off of you and you're the star. You don't need a band."

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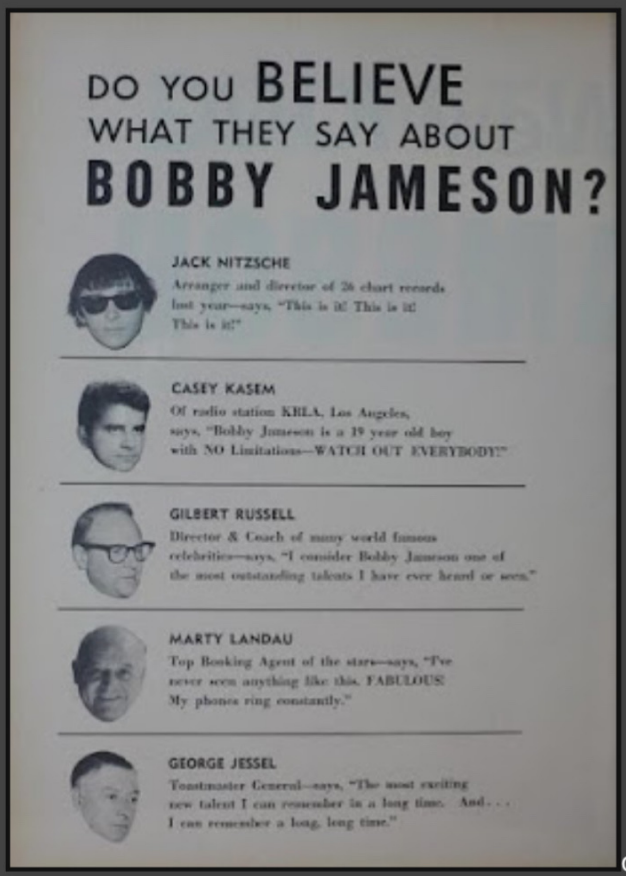
On and on it went. I could never get what I needed. I'd just show up and play, until I started screwing up. That was a big deal! That was different! Tony had never seen me foul up while playing. It just hadn't happened, ever, until it happened. He changed his tune a bit. "Well maybe a band is not such a bad idea, let me work on it." I never got a band. What Tony did was to start asking guys from other bands, who were playing at the same shows to play with me. A lot of them were glad to do it and that's how it went. Tony always avoiding laying out cash for anything. Always getting someone else to do the work while he collected the money.

In case the point hasn't been made enough, let me be absolutely clear here. I was not paid one red cent for doing any of the things I have discussed here. "I'm So Lonely" sold a lot of records. I was told by the distributor in Detroit that the only record that he'd seen do better was Del Shannon's "Run Away". I am not saying "I'm So Lonely" was a mega-hit I'm just saying it sold a lot of records. There were other people who did more shows than I did, but I imagine they were paid something, at least I hope so. But I am still of the belief that Tony Alamo owes me money for what I did. Do I believe I will ever get it? No! I know Tony too well.

(part 7) THE TALES OF TWO CITIES



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Billboard Magazine 1964

I am doing my best to write factually about the events in the life of (me) Bobby Jameson. There has been, and continues to be, enormous contradictions regarding what Tony Alamo has said about these events, and what (my) Bobby Jameson's position is. There is widespread interest, it appears, from followers and ex-followers of Tony Alamo.

Some will not believe what is said here, because they won't ever believe anyone but Tony. Others will want to believe what is written here, simply because anything that negatively portrays Tony Alamo fits into their way of thinking. I am not interested in either side's position. I have my own side to represent and it can only be represented honestly with facts known only to Bobby Jameson and Tony Alamo.

In the end, there will be two different versions of the same events, as described by the two individuals who were originally involved. While Tony has spent decades representing his version of these events, it is only after 43 years, that (my) Bobby Jameson's side of this story comes to light.

Tony Alamo made millions of dollars with his brand of honesty, and hurt countless human beings in the process. Bobby Jameson made nothing, and has struggled for over 4 decades to make ends meet while obtaining and maintaining 31 years of sobriety. It is only because of the internet's creation and popularity that this opportunity to tell my story became possible. Prior to the internet Bobby Jameson was no more than an obscure fact of music history.

Sunday, December 16, 2007

(part 8) TONY SENT ME, I WENT

Toward the end of me being Tony's boy, I was flown alone to a city, I believe on the east coast. It could have been New Jersey or New york but frankly I'm not sure. As much as I was moving around It could have been anywhere. The plane landed and I was met by a limo. The driver had been directed to take me to a lower middle class home in the suburban part of whatever city I was in. I had zero information about what was transpiring, but didn't think it was any different than what I'd been doing, until we pulled up to a small house on a residential street.

There were a lot of people out in the street and on the sidewalks staring at the commotion from their yards. The whole area was loaded with cops and a bunch of press. Flash bulbs were going off, and the police were trying to keep some kind of order as the crowd moved in on the limo. I asked the limo driver where the hell we were, and what was going on, because this obviously was completely different than anything I'd expected. He could only say that he'd been directed to pick me up at the airport and bring me to

that he'd been directed to pick me up at the airport and bring me to this address and that was all he knew.

At this point someone was tapping on the window and motioning for me to get out of the car. Without knowing what to expect I reluctantly did so. I was greeted by a number of very official looking people in suits, who appeared to be very happy to see me, which was somewhat of a relief. "Hi Bobby!" came a voice of one of the greeters, "Very glad to see you and thank you so much for coming. This will mean everything to the parents." Now I was really confused. What parents? What was this guy talking about? I was completely in the dark and tried unsuccessfully to obtain some info as to what the hell was going on.

"Bobby, this is his honor the mayor," of wherever we were, "and he has been looking forward to meeting you personally." I reached out and shook his hand and barely could make out what he said to me. The crowd had begun to push it's way closer to us, and I was keeping one eye on them and the other one on all my new buddies. I'd been in crowds before that just all of a sudden got out of control, so I was none too comfortable being out in the middle of the street with these guys. A helicopter kept flying in circles above us making a hell of a lot of noise, and this just added to my anxiety.

At last we made it to the house and in through front door where even more people were waiting. They were all trying to thank me at once for coming, and I was just getting more and more uncomfortable and kind of angry, because no one was bothering to fill me in on any of what they all seemed to know about why I was there. Everybody was trying to touch me and shake my hand as I was escorted down the narrow hallway of this small house. We got to the doorway of a back bedroom and all of the noise around me suddenly grew quiet as I entered the room.

Inside were more people and what appeared to be the parents of a sick boy who was lying on his back on a hospital bed in the very center of the room. There was a priest and a couple of nuns or sisters holding what looked like rosary beads, and they were all staring at me with a look that I find difficult to explain. Kind of like OK, do something. I just stood there looking back at them, not knowing what they wanted from me. I heard a voice begin to talk and it was the mother of the sick boy telling him that I was there in his bedroom

and it was the mother of the sick boy telling him that I was there in his bedroom.

I looked over at the kid who had not moved a muscle since I'd arrived. The soft voice of his mother seemed to awaken him to the fact that I was in his room, standing by his bed. He turned his head toward me and asked in a weak voice, "Are you Bobby Jameson?" "Yes, I said, I'm Bobby Jameson." All of a sudden out of nowhere this kid sat straight up in bed, as if some invisible chord had yanked him up. I was somewhat startled by this, because he had not moved at all since I'd arrived. His mother started speaking again, telling him I was there to autograph his copy of "I'm So Lonely." God, I thought! Why didn't someone just tell me that that was why I was here, to autograph this sick kids record.

For a moment I was relieved that I now knew what the big fuss had been about. But then the kid got even more animated and stood up on his bed and as he did so, there was kind of a gasp from those in the room. He began jumping up and down on the bed yelling, "Bobby Jameson's here, Bobby Jameson's here." I just stared at the kid jumping up and down on his bed, not knowing what I should do at that moment and feeling extremely awkward and wanting to leave. Simultaneously the parents and a few others burst into tears and fell to their knees, muttering words of thanks and I'm not really sure what else.

I quickly signed the record and began my retreat to the door leaving them behind and hearing them still crying as I went. I did not stop or speak to anyone on my way out of that house. If they spoke to me I didn't hear them. I heard nothing. I was angry and confused that I had been taken there without being made aware of the circumstances. I hit the street, and again I spoke to no one. I saw the limo driver and motioned to him that I wanted in the car and out of this place now.

He seemed to know exactly what I was thinking and opened the door to the limo, which was still parked in the middle of the street. He drove me straight to the airport and on the way there I learned from him the circumstances of the boy, which he had learned from talking to people outside the house while waiting for me. The kid was gravely ill, not expected to live, and had not walked for 6 months until I showed up in his bedroom. I did not want to hear any more and closed myself off to the world as we drove on to the airport.

Thursday, December 20, 2007

(part 10) THE TIDE TURNED

Ciro's nightclub Sunset Blvd.

After the sick child incident I rebelled against the "Tony's in charge of everything without question" premise. I began to openly disagree with Tony's ideas regarding my future. For example, I refused to let him book me into shows unless I had a band, which I never got. I flat out refused to go and told him if he booked me I wouldn't show up. I brought up the long list of odd things he had done and confronted him for the first time.

I had changed since he first met me. From the hungry kid to a more seasoned performer who'd been on the road a bit and had learned a few things. I asserted myself and my position and Tony didn't like it. The fear of being disapproved of by Tony, which had always been the case, began to crumble in the wake of my new found willingness to stand my own ground and claim my own selfhood. Tony's iron clad power over me had shifted to a "we better work together or else."

Or else what? Therein was the dilemma. Tony's position had always been, "I made Bobby Jameson." He believed, or at least he claimed to believe, that without him I never would have gotten off the ground. In large part that was true. But then I became me, and when that happened, I reclaimed myself from Tony. My new position had become, "yeah, you probably did make me Tony, but now that it's happened I am not the same willing little kid you could control with promises like before."

It was a Mexican standoff and Tony knew it. Hell there was no way he could force me to do anything. It wasn't like he could refuse to pay me if I didn't go, because he wasn't paying me anyway. Everything he could have used for leverage didn't exist. You can't take away something you were never provided with in the first place. Tony had painted himself into a corner with his own greed and lack of real fairness. When it came time to use his chits he didn't have any and I damn well knew it.

(If you are reading this and have no real sense of a timeline let me clarify briefly. Most of what I have discussed here only took about 6 months to occur. The beginning, middle, and eventual end, of Tony and me was like a ride on a rocket ship. It had started out of nowhere and changed my life forever in 9 weeks. Then 4 or 5 more months of weirdness and it all ended with a bizarre conclusion. Everything that occurred between us went extremely fast. No real plan at all. No time to consider anything before it was done. So in essence mistakes had become commonplace).

As I was saying, Tony had become aware that the power he had had over me was now different. He could no longer command me like a dog without fear of being bitten. He looked for new ways to gain control and one of them was a live performance in Los Angeles which I had never done, other than American Bandstand, and a few other local television music shows, like Ninth Street West and Lloyd Thaxton. I knew that I would be performing by myself again, but Tony convinced me it would be the last time I'd have to do it, so I agreed.

He rented the old Ciro's nightclub on the Sunset Strip and put a 35 foot black silhouette of me on the roof which said, "Bobby Jameson Here! One Day Only." I don't know how many people Ciro's (now the comedy store) holds, but it was full on the day I played there. It was invitation only and I did my job well. I played

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After I played, I vaguely remember talking to people. I couldn't tell you who was there, but I remember leaving pretty quickly afterwards. I knew Tony would be making use of my work and make promises to people about my availability to perform somewhere. I knew he would get money in front from some of them, and I knew he never intended for me to show up. He just made money by promising things, but the promises were only used to get the money. It was a quirk I discovered about him. He could have made so much more if he had done it right, but he seemed doomed to an addiction of always pulling something off on people, like that was the point, when in fact that was the smallness of Tony.

He had big powerful ideas, but he always went for the chicken shit payoff. He had been offered deals by just about every major record company there was for me, but he wouldn't take it. He wanted to be like Col. Tom Parker who represented Elvis Presley. He wanted to be a big shot. The tragedy was that he damn near made it, but figured out a way to screw it up at the last minute. That was, and I would guess still is, Tony Alamo. It is easy for me to see this in Tony, because I have seen it in myself. Always getting so close to the dream coming true, and then at the last minute doing something insane, or just plain stupid, to screw it up, always with the tag that they, or he, or something made me fail. This is classic alcoholic thinking, I know because I am an alcoholic and I believe that Tony Alamo is too.

Sunday, December 23, 2007

(part 12) THE OFFICE, THE MEETING, THE END

Tony Alamo

Tony's position was always "Let me do the dirty work and the business." He kept me away from everything by playing to my one true weakness, which was, "You are the star. You are untouchable. I'll deal with these people, because I know how they think and what they want." I pretty much went along with believing I was a star. He never told me anything about what he was doing when I wasn't around, and I was too inexperienced at the time to demand that kind of cooperation from him. It was Tony and me for sure, but with Tony always taking the lead when it came to deals and money. But the day came when one of Tony's deals required my willing participation with him to accomplish it.

Tony set up a meeting in Beverly Hills with an investor and he told me I had to go with him and meet the guy. I agreed to go not suspecting that my entire world would be turned upside down by the end of that particular day. Prior to the actual meeting I have no recollection of how I got there. I don't remember whether I went with Tony or met him there. I recall vividly being with Tony as we entered the building where the meeting took place. It was on a corner, south of Wilshire Blvd., but I don't recall the exact streets.

corner, south of Wilshire Blvd., but I don't recall the exact streets. There was a set of steps going in maybe 3 or 4 steps to the entrance. No one was with us when we went into the office and no one, but the person we were meeting was there when we met him.

The three of us were the only ones there. The man was kind of short, a little overweight and balding. He was friendly and smoking a cigar. He appeared to be jewish, and I don't mean this in a belittling way, he just appeared to be a jewish guy from Beverly Hills, pretty typical. His office was pleasant, but not lavish. It was one large room maybe 40 by 25 feet. At the far end of the room was a desk and chair where the man went, sat down, and faced us. I don't remember if the Billboard ads were up on the wall, but it's possible.

I stayed at the opposite end of the room and sat in a chair a few feet from where we came in. I didn't know what to do so I just sat there trying to look like a star. Tony stood in the middle of the room between the man's desk and my chair. I don't recall what was said, because Tony and the guy were going back and forth for a while. During this exchange Tony took a particular stance in the middle of the room which is hard to explain without sounding like I'm joking, which I'm not, but it kind of looked like a bad impersonation of Elvis Presley.

Tony stretched out one arm and pointed at me and uttered out loud "That is Jesus Christ and if you," now pointing his other arm and finger at the guy, "do not give him $50,000 he will point his finger at you and you will die!" I looked over at the man just in time to see that his face looked frozen. His jaw fell open and his cigar just kind of rolled out onto his desk. Other than that he didn't move a muscle, but stared at Tony in disbelief, who was still standing with his arms stretched out in the middle of the room.

I could not believe what was happening. I had no way of knowing this was coming, and had no way of dealing with it now that it was here. I remember staring at the floor trying to decide what to do. I just stood up, didn't say anything, and walked out the door as fast as I could. I reached the sidewalk and kind of walked around in little circles hoping that Tony would come out and tell me it was all a joke and that everything was OK. In a few minutes Tony did come out the door and down the steps toward me. "Why did you say that Tony," I pleaded, and stood waiting for some rational explanation to what I had just witnessed. "Because it's the truth,"

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Monday, December 24, 2007

(part 13) NOW WHAT DO I DO?

Andrew Loog Oldham

I had already received a letter from Andrew Loog Oldham in England, who was the producer of The Rolling Stones at that time in 1964, but I had not responded to it until after the last incident with Alamo. I had grown wary of Tony over time, but now I was afraid of him. I thought he'd completely flipped out after what he'd said in the office and to me afterwards on the sidewalk outside.

As I mentioned earlier, Peter Caine was the photographer on most of the pictures used in Billboard. He had also become my close personal friend, and I relied on him heavily once I knew I had to get away from Tony. The letter from England was an offer by Oldham of sorts that basically stated, "If you ever get to London I'd be interested in working with you." My previous disregard to his invitation now looked like my chance to leave America and get as far away from Tony as I could.

I believed, and still do, that had I stayed, Tony would have tried and possibly succeeded, in conning me into believing everything could be worked out and we could go on. I didn't want to stick around and find out, so I implored Peter to find someway to get me to England. I had no idea what to expect from Tony once he knew I wasn't going to talk to him. I avoided all contact with him and kept a constant eye out for him.

I knew Tony believed his golden egg was being stolen from him and he wasn't about to let that happen. His position was that I was his property, because he had made me into something of value, but after the office trip I was convinced that he was capable of just about anything. I had no money, but I was still living with Lois, the ex wife of Gordon Gessler, the guy Tony had conned into backing the Billboard campaign.

My life was like a hurricane and the only way to live in it was in the calm of the eye of the storm. Everything outside of that was madness. This meant that all my energy was directed at one goal. Get out of here before something really bad happens. Tony had no contract with me, another flaw in his thinking, so he couldn't legally force me to do anything. This is why I was able to walk away from him in 1964, and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

He had never paid me, as I've stated, so I wasn't suddenly going to be without money, hell I never had any to begin with--again another flaw in the character of Tony Alamo. No leverage! He always managed to chase people away, without having some sort of leverage to get them back. As weeks went by I kept hearing things about how Tony was not going to let people steal me away from him now that I was the star he'd made. The constant reports of these kinds of things just kept me on edge and I in return put pressure on everyone around me to get me the hell out of LA and away from this crazy bastard.

Friday, December 28, 2007

(part 15) LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING

The day was grey and drizzling. I remember it being like that most of the time I was in England, just cold and damp. For a kid from Southern California and Arizona this was a big change. It colored everything I did there whether I knew it or not at the time. Peter, Lee, and I ventured out into the city in one of those famous black cabs that forever roam the streets of London.

We did a little sight seeing and tried our hand at English food which was a shock in itself. I finally learned about Whimpy Burgers, but not soon enough. This was not like the US where you could always find some place that had something you liked. It was a whole new ball game and most of the time a poor experience.

I don't remember exactly where we were when this happened, maybe Picadilly Circus, but a brand new 1964 Chevrolet drove up and everybody on the street stopped to look at it. They were

and everybody on the street stopped to look at it. They were gawking like it was the rarest thing they'd ever seen. While they stared at the car we stared at them. It seemed to me that whoever was driving had just parked in the middle of the street and gotten out.

He was a young guy, maybe early 20's, when all of a sudden I heard, "Bobby! Bobby Jameson, is that you Mate?" I figured out quickly enough that it was Andrew Oldham. "Yeah it's me, you must be Andrew?" I said, as he approached. "What an accent," he replied. That was something I had to get used to. Everywhere I went people would comment on my accent which was quite strange at first.

"I didn't have an accent," I thought, "they did." "Alright!" said Andrew, "Well let's get you out of the road so we can be properly introduced." We all piled in the Chevy and headed out into traffic. Everything was going the wrong way it seemed and was just something else I'd have to get used to.

"Where'd you get this Chevrolet, Andrew?" I asked, "I'd of thought you'd be driving a Rolls Royce or something?" He said he used to have a British sedan, but when he got the American Chevrolet it was like nothing he'd ever imagined. "People go wild over it," he said, "everywhere I go." Man did he like that car.

I looked out the window, at London zipping by, while Peter and Lee talked to Andrew about the schedule and what to expect in the next few days. I was tired from the long flight and my sense of direction was nonexistent. I couldn't figure out where we were or where we were going. It always seemed like we were moving in circles.

After an hour or so of driving around London and getting acquainted, Andrew dropped us off at our hotel. We stood on the sidewalk out front and watched as the Chevy Belair drove out of sight. "Man he likes that car," we all said, and laughed as we walked inside.

Andrew was a tall lanky guy with longish curly hair and glasses. He looked like kind of a geek, but handled himself well, and had an air of self assuredness about him that made you think he was on top of things. He didn't hesitate when he spoke and had no

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Andrew was a tall lanky guy with longish curly hair and glasses. He looked like kind of a geek, but handled himself well, and had an air of self assuredness about him that made you think he was on top of things. He didn't hesitate when he spoke and had no shortage of opinions about everything. After the first meeting we all pretty much decided we liked him from what we had seen and began looking forward to the coming events and meeting Mick Jagger.

The jet lag was killing everyone, so we thought we'd try and get to bed early and get ready for the next day. The trouble with that kind of jet lag is, you're tired as hell, but your body won't go to sleep. This ended up in the long run being a major problem for me.

Wednesday, January 2, 2008

(part 17) ME, MICK, AND ANDREW IN THE STUDIO

Mick and Andrew in the studio with engineer-Life.com

After some time, we all ended up in the studio with Andrew. Up until then I'd heard nothing about what he wanted to work on with me, so it was a burning question in my mind. For weeks, before ever coming to England, I'd wondered about it, and now I would find out. Andrew said he was going to play me a track that he'd already recorded called "All I Want Is My Baby."

He signaled the engineer to roll the tape and I listened intently to what came out of the speakers. It sounded a bit like a Phil Spector track, but not as well organized. In the middle of the song was a fuzz tone guitar solo, that, at that time, was pretty much off the wall. You gotta remember that this was before many effects were used in recording. It was before most of the feed back guitar players of a couple of years later. I liked the guitar solo, but the song didn't sound anything remotely close to what I did personally.

song didn't sound anything remotely close to what I did personally. As the tape came to an end Andrew and Mick looked at me in anticipation of my reaction.

"Well what do you think Bobby, is that fucking great or what?" asked Andrew. I was stuck. I didn't want to say the wrong thing, but I didn't want to be forced to lie about my opinion either. "Yeah, well that's pretty cool, Andrew, and I really like the guitar part, who's that playing?" I asked. "A member of a group called The Poets, said Andrew, "named Jimmy Page." At the time the name meant nothing to me because I'd never heard it before. "It's a great track," I said, "but I don't know if it's my kind of song, I mean, like something I'd do." There was an uncomfortable moment of silence. "Well let me play it again," said Andrew, "and show you how the vocal's supposed to go so you can get a better idea of what I want."
"Ok," I said reluctantly.

I felt the world shifting, and I didn't know what to do except go along with him. I eyed Peter and Lee to look for support, but they seemed unaware of my discomfort with the song. Andrew again signaled for the tape to roll and the track boomed out through the studio. He picked up a paper with the lyrics and started singing them for me, and then Mick began filling in with back-up vocals. It was quite a spectacle. I tried hard to concentrate on what Andrew wanted, as I eyed the lyric sheet, trying to sing what he was singing. I felt like shit inside and that old, "I don't want to do this," part of me began kicking my ass.

I just kept bearing down on the work in front of me trying to latch on to the feel of the song, but it was no good. I waved at Andrew to stop the tape so I could talk to him and the studio went quiet. "What's wrong Bobby?' he asked. "Look," I said, "I don't think this is my kinda song. Can I play you a couple of things I wrote so you can get an idea of how I sing?" He looked at me and said "No! I'm not interested in hearing your songs Bobby. I need you to concentrate on this song and get the vocal right, because I know you can do it."

Andrew had said no to my songs point blank. It was like getting slapped in the face, but at the same time, he'd managed to challenged me to work with him. He wanted to get me to go along, so I said, "Ok, play it again." The tape rolled over and over and

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Andrew had said no to my songs point blank. It was like getting slapped in the face, but at the same time, he'd managed to challenged me to work with him. He wanted to get me to go along, so I said, "Ok, play it again." The tape rolled over and over and over. My vocal got better, but I never thought it was much good. To me it just felt disconnected. I was jet lagged and miserable. I was ready to walk out, but stayed. At some point, Andrew suggested recording my vocal with the track so I could get a better idea of what it sounded like by hearing it. I agreed, and we pushed on. After awhile both Mick and Andrew teamed up on background vocals, as I sang the lead. After hours of working, Andrew said that was enough.

"What a relief!" I thought, because I was spent, from both the work and the continuing jet lag. Andrew seemed pleased about what had been done in the studio that day, but I was not. The possible exception to that was when we worked on another song for awhile just to change things up. The song was was called "Each And Every Day" and was written by Jagger and Keith Richards. It was far easier to learn and to sing than "All I Want Is My Baby" which Keith Richards and Oldham had written.

As we gathered our belongings together to leave the studio for the day, I shook everybody's hand and told Andrew I was starting to get it, and with a little more work, could probably record it. He smiled and agreed, and I felt somewhat better as we departed. I don't remember ever talking to Andrew again after that day, and I don't know why. I tried to, but all I ever got were people who worked for him. Not long after that one and only recording session, I was informed that the rough track I'd been led to believe was just for rehearsal was being released on Decca Records as a single, as is. It came out with a lot of publicity, and there was nothing I could do about it.

Wednesday, January 9, 2008

(part 19) "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS" OR "READY STEADY GO"

The record came out, "All I Want Is My Baby/Each And Every Day" preceded by a lot of promotion. I'll give Andrew Oldham and Decca UK their due, they pumped the record hard, but that made it worse for me personally because I had no faith in it. I felt like, "Oh no! You're not goin' to put that out are you?"

When I was doing "I'm So Lonely" at least I believed in it. But this was entirely different. All of a sudden I was doing interview after interview and I didn't even like the record. I was torn between the hype and the fear that it would bomb, which it did. I kept trying to get to see Andrew, but it was no use, he was not talking to me.

I started making up things about myself to deflect the interest in me, but it just seemed to make things worse. I took to wearing one "black glove" as a goof, and it got famous. I did a story with a London newspaper on "the Glove," which it became known as, and people took it seriously.

Somewhere during this time frame I had a visit from Brian Jones, and we liked each other right off. He came by my place one afternoon and we just talked about a lot of things. He was intelligent and sensitive and did seem taken by his own fame. He told me about his passion for animals as we sat together smoking hash in my flat. We spent the afternoon hanging out for the most part.

A year later by some quirk of the universe, Brian's picture would end up as the photo on the cover of the Chris Lucey album "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest," which I wrote and recorded when I went back to America in 1965. I did not speak to Brian again, but have always remembered the day we spent together. I consider myself lucky to have had that time with him, and it is those kinds of moments from my past that I hold on to. They are some of the things that made it all worthwhile in the long run.

As the publicity increased, I was introduced to a very popular club in London called "The Ad lib Club," where everyone who was anyone went at night. It was the "In Place" in 1964 and I was like the "American Pop Prop" along with P J Proby, so it was easy to mingle with just about everyone.

I used to sit at the little tables that lined the walls of the place and drink Mateuse wine with the Beatles. Every time John Lennon saw me he'd say. "Eh, here comes "The Glove." Hey Jameson whot's wrong with yer hand mon, do ya ave a diseese or somethin?" I think he got a big kick outta doin' that because he did it a lot. It was a trip sitting there with The Beatles at 19 years old because I was a huge fan. So now here I was in London sitting right there with them and having John make fun of the glove thing.

I was getting the star treatment alright, but underneath the outward appearances I was just plain worried about having to go on British television to lip sync the record. In my gut I knew it was gonna be bad, but when it actually happened it was worse. I tried everything I could think of to get people to reconsider what they were doing. I told them all "Let's do the other side, "Each And Every Day," it's a better record.""No!" they said, "We're not going to do that Bobby, it's gonna be fine." It was not fine. It was a disaster.

Have you ever been around people when they've convinced themselves of something, even though they're wrong? Well that's

Have you ever been around people when they've convinced themselves of something, even though they're wrong? Well that's the way this was. For whatever reason, and to this day I still don't know why, everybody was just locked into Andrew's track record and believed if Andrew said it was good, it was good, whether it was or not.

So the day finally came and I told Peter I hated the goddamn record and wished I'd never heard it or worked on it. He kept telling me it would be OK, and I remember listening to him and trying to believe it myself at that point. I mean what the hell was I supposed to do? I was gonna be mouthing this thing live on TV whether I wanted to or not, so I tried to get with the program and give it my best shot.

The trouble with a pre-recorded dud is that it's still a dud, even if you give it your best shot. I remember the announcer on either "Thank Your Lucky Stars" or "Ready Steady Go" saying, "and our next guest, all the way from America, is Bobby Jameson singing his hit record "All I Want Is My Baby." As the music started I was directed by someone to move out on the floor into camera range and walk slowly through a visual set while lip syncing the song.

Good Luck! I had no idea which way he wanted me to go. I kept watching the guy directing me and forgetting the words of the song. I still didn't have the lyrics down pat, so I didn't remember where to come in with the vocal. I just kept screwing it up and knew it as it was happening.

I had never been in that position before. I always knew where the song was, but not this time. This wasn't my song and it wasn't me. It was forced, and I could hear it as I tried desperately to find my place. I sleep walked my way through the rest of the song feeling ashamed deep down inside. I don't recall anything after that. Not leaving or speaking to anyone.

Tuesday, January 15, 2008

(part 20) SO NOW WHAT DO I DO?

1964 Dave Lawson

After the "Ready Steady Go" television debacle I felt like hiding underground forever, but the publicity raged on anyway. I couldn't believe they were still promoting the record after what I'd done on TV, and I couldn't get Andrew to meet with me. I began assuming the worst, which was, that he had no plans to talk to me, ever.

I complained bitterly to Lee and Peter about Andrew refusing my calls, but they were unsuccessful at getting a response from him either. It became apparent that Oldham had done a one shot deal with his Bobby Jameson project, and if "All I Want Is My Baby" wasn't a big hit, which it wasn't, he was not planning to do a follow up.

The investor friends of Lee Karsian, the people who had paid for me to come to England, began questioning Lee about the Oldham deal and any further plans regarding another record. From what I could gather, because I hadn't been in on the original deal Lee and his partners made with Andrew to get me to England, Lee had simply trusted Andrew and there was no contract, or it was limited to a single release.

To this day I still don't know what actually happened--so much for trusting the adults. In both the case of Tony Alamo and Andrew Oldham there were no contracts that I ever signed. It seems that people were just taking shots and releasing a record and waiting to see how it went. In the case of "I'm So Lonely" it did pretty well, but in the case of "All I Want Is My Baby" it had not lived up to the hype.

Tony Alamo and I could have continued, but he had flipped out on his God trip. Andrew on the other hand appears not to have had any follow up in mind unless my record with him was a big hit, which it proved not to be. Although I had been treated pretty well since I'd come to England, lived in a nice flat, and was treated like a star, things had begun to unravel over the months since I'd first arrived.

The mood of everything changed. Lee had obviously pissed off his London contacts when they learned there was no real agreement to continue forward with Andrew Oldham and Decca Records. I was just someone who had cost them a lot of money and hadn't paid off in the way they believed I would. I was now just dead weight to them. A bad investment. Because of this Lee Karsian bailed out and went back to America, saying he had to leave because of pressing business in the states. He has not spoken to me since that day.

I was notified by messenger that I still had the use of the flat, because of a lease, but that it would run out in a matter of weeks. As if things weren't going bad enough, Peter Caine's girlfriend Susi, came over to London with Lois Johnston out of the blue. It seems Susi came to London to tell Peter that he could either stay in England forever with me, or go back to America with her. "It was one or the other," Peter told me. He said he had no choice but to go back with her, and within a week they were gone as well.

I was now in London alone, and was 19 years old with no one to turn to except myself. I had been at the top of the pile a few months before, but now found myself struggling to make sense out of what was going on. When I least expected it, Lois showed up at my door. In case you don't know or don't recall who Lois is, she was the ex wife of the man Tony Alamo had conned into guaranteeing payment for the Billboard Magazine ads. I'd been living with her in L.A. before I came to London. Anyway here she

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Why? Because she had come from the U.S. with Susi over a week before and this was the first I'd seen of her. It seems, according to her, that she had been a guest of Victor Lownes who ran the Playboy Club in London. So here she was coming over to visit with me. I told her I wasn't too happy about playing second fiddle to that guy and asked her "why she even bothered to come at all?"

Her reply was almost life threatening at the time. I was already feeling like an abandoned child, because everyone had left, when Lois lit in to me saying "I was a failure and that everybody knew it except me, and that she had decided that if no one was going to tell me then she would." Her words hit me in the face like a hammer and I told her to "Shut up!"

She just kept going, and going, and going, like a mother scolding a child. I lost it! I slapped her across the face and said, "Get the fuck out and leave me alone!" She refused to leave and I slapped her again. I had never hit a women in my life, but I hit her. I was not prepared to handle the verbal attack on me, and hitting her was all I could come up with to make her stop.

There is no justification for what I did. I am telling you what happened. It is for the reader to decide how I should be viewed in light of this information. Lois finally withdrew and I sank into a state of depression like I had never known. I was totally alone and had no idea of what to do.

Monday, January 21, 2008

(part 21) ALCOHOL SAVED MY ASS

The Pretty Things ImageLibrary/ZANI

I remember feeling as scared as I have ever felt. I had never been in the situation I found myself, that night in London, in 1964. I was absolutely on my own and did not know what I was going to do. The guilt from hitting Lois was overwhelming, while at the same time the anger at her for attacking me after shacking up with some playboy mogul for a couple of weeks was real.

I went back and forth for hours until I'd worked myself into a frenzy of confusion and fear. I had no money to speak of and had nothing going in the way of any business contacts or opportunities. I had always relied on others to do the business while I concentrated on the music. Even though the people I'd trusted had pretty well made a mess out of things, I still wished there was someone who could take the reins and guide me in the right direction.

As I sat alone that night I thought I was going to lose my mind. I went and got a drink of scotch from a bottle we kept around and poured a big glass half full. This was to change my life, though at the time I didn't know it. I was just trying to calm down and gain some sort of control over myself.

As the alcohol began to take effect I found myself begin to think more clearly and rationally. I began to formulate a plan in my head about what I could do to help rectify my crumbling situation. First, I thought, pull yourself together and act like somebody who knows what they're doing. I went and took a shower, washed my hair, and

thought, pull yourself together and act like somebody who knows what they're doing. I went and took a shower, washed my hair, and dressed to go to the "Ad Lib Club."

"I was a Goddamned pop star," I thought, and I was going to Goddamn well act like one and look like one. Honestly, it was all I knew how to do. Kinda like a good whore dressing up to do business. In essence, I was a good little "pop whore." I have nothing but admiration for whores by the way, because I am one. I looked at myself in the mirror in the living room of my flat, which was full length, and I looked good. I looked like a "pop star."

I finished my drink and headed for the street to hail a cab and go sell myself to the highest bidder. That was my plan! To present myself at the "Ab Lib Club" and circulate the message that I was looking for new representation and a new record deal. That night started a long time trend for me called "have a drink and make a new deal." I became a professional at starting over and over and over. In fact I'm currently doing it again.

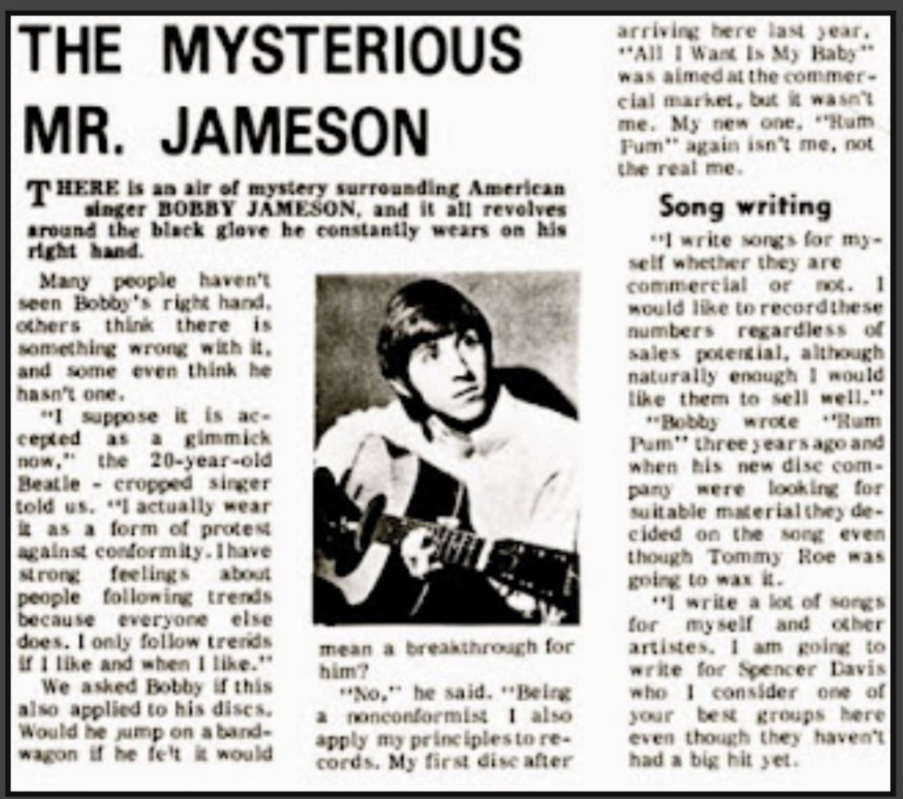
As I milled through the crowd at the "Ab Lib" I looked for familiar faces as a form of anchor for my still newly fractured reality of being alone and unemployed. I ordered a drink, because I wasn't about to let the fear from earlier that night get a hold on me again. Alcohol was clearly my friend and ally.

I ran into the band "The Pretty Things" along with some of their management, and made it clear to them that I was seeking a new deal. They were interested right off and said so quite clearly. I felt as though they were an ace in the hole for me, and it relieved some of the pressure I'd been feeling. But remember! I said, "I was a whore!" and like a good one, I was gonna keep on lining up interested clients as long as I could.

Even though I'd been abandoned by everyone I'd started out with, it didn't mean that there wasn't significant interest in me as an artist. Like it or not, I was very well known in London at the time, and in the world of celebrity that counted for a lot. "The Pretty Things" management were no fools. They recognized the potential and voiced their opinion quickly. I have always remembered them with great fondness for that.

Friday, January 25, 2008

(part 22) A NEW COMPANY AND A NEW START



THE MYSTERIOUS MR. JAMESON

THERE is an air of mystery surrounding American singer BOBBY JAMESON, and it all revolves around the black glove he constantly wears on his right hand.

Many people haven't seen Bobby's right hand, others think there is something wrong with it, and some even think he hasn't one.

"I suppose it is accepted as a gimmick now," the 20-year-old Beatle - cropped singer told us. "I actually wear it as a form of protest against conformity. I have strong feelings about people following trends because everyone else does. I only follow trends if I like and when I like."

We asked Bobby if this also applied to his discs. Would he jump on a bandwagon if he felt it would mean a breakthrough for him?

"No," he said. "Being a nonconformist I also apply my principles to records. My first disc after arriving here last year, "All I Want Is My Baby" was aimed at the commercial market, but it wasn't me. My new one, "Rum Pum" again isn't me, not the real me.

Song writing

"I write songs for myself whether they are commercial or not. I would like to record these numbers regardless of sales potential, although naturally enough I would like them to sell well."

"Bobby wrote "Rum Pum" three years ago and when his new disc company were looking for suitable material they decided on the song even though Tommy Roe was going to wax it.

"I write a lot of songs for myself and other artistes. I am going to write for Spencer Davis who I consider one of your best groups here even though they haven't had a big hit yet.

click

I left the "Ad Lib Club" that night with a changed mind about the current crisis I was living in. Even though I'd lost my connection with Andrew Oldham, it was now immediately evident that there was, and would be, interest in me as an artist in London. I felt a bit more at ease, but vowed to stay on the job until I accomplished my task, which was to secure a new deal with a new company.

I knew "The Pretty Things" people were serious, and looking back on it now that's where I should have gone. But where I was in my mind back then was scared. I think at the time I thought I needed people who appeared more prominent, and that's what I continued looking for until I found it. Once again it turned out to be the wrong move.

"The Pretty Things" and their people were down to earth and straight forward. I incorrectly assumed that to be a negative back then. I don't know why, but if I'm honest about it I was just wrong about them and have always regretted it. I foolishly believed that people in expensive suits were somehow better than ones who

people in expensive suits were somehow better than ones who didn't dress up to do business. It probably had to do with the appearance of money, and since I didn't have any I wanted to be around what I thought were people who did. I was very insecure and it showed itself in many different ways now that I look back on it.

Be that as it may, I was finally introduced, probably at the "Ad Lib Club," to a group of English businessmen who all wore 3 piece suits and ties and talked all that high class bullshit I was searching for. Chris Peers and Harry, I'm sorry I can't remember his last name, represented a new company called Brit Records, which turned out to be the forerunner of Island Records, Chris Blackwell's company. They had a hit with a girl named Millie Small called "My Boy Lollipop" and were out shopping for new artists. I was looking for a new company, so it was a match made in heaven, or so I thought.

They agreed to take me on and pay my rent, and make sure I didn't starve to death. They agreed to give me a small allowance each month so I wouldn't walk around penniless. Now when I say a small allowance that's what I really mean. Probably 60 or 70 dollars a week. I never had any money. I was about to cut my 4th record, for the third company, on two different continents, in less than a year, and I still hadn't made 10 cents. So 60 or 70 dollars a week was like a windfall to me.

I ended up moving from Belgravia where I was first located, kind of like the Beverly Hills of London, to Knightsbridge. Still nice, just not as nice. I was dating an English girl named Judy Foote who's father was in the House Of Commons, kind of like the House of Representatives here. Anyway, PJ Proby, who was an American from Texas, and a big pop star in England when I got there, introduced me to her and we kept on seeing each other over the next few months. She had a thing for "American Pop Stars" as she called them, and that was her interest in me an "American Pop Star."

As I settled into my new surroundings the story of the "glove" just kept getting bigger and bigger. It had became part of my new public persona as it were. I'd always thought it was just some stupid thing I'd done for attention, but people liked it and wouldn't let it go. While I was looking to get into a new cycle of creativity, and work on songs that I wanted to record, the English press was

Tuesday, February 5, 2008

(part 24) THE GLOVE "AMERICAN POP WHORE" IN LONDON

I worked on various songs to record for Brit. They were more along the lines of "All Alone", "Vietnam", and "Gotta Find My Roogalator", which I recorded when I went back to America in 1965. They are also on my myspace site currently, which you can go to by clicking on a myspace link at the top of the page.

I had zero luck at trying to convince the powers at Brit to go along with me, which was another disappointment in my English adventure. I had also written a song called "Rum Pum Mum Num Dip Ta Dip, which was shortened to "Rum Pum" for the record. It was an overly cute song using old nursery rhymes strung together, and Brit loved it. They also loved another better song called "I Wanna Know" for the B side.

It was recorded with about a third of the players from the London Symphony Orchestra. It was a long way from Bobby Jameson and his guitar in his bedroom singing Buddy Holly songs a few years

his guitar in his bedroom singing Buddy Holly songs a few years earlier to recording in London England with an orchestra of that calibre. It was a hell of an experience, but once again it was not me. It was an overly exaggerated super teeny bopper pop thing and I had a hard time coping with it.

As usual I gave it my full attention and the recording was good, it just wasn't me. The goddamn "Glove" thing was being hyped up to the eyeballs with the new record's release, and I kind of groaned about that, but had only myself to blame for starting it in the first place. I felt like a little dancing puppet all the time running this way and that for whoever was paying the bills, and it became annoying the more I did it.

It had been that way with Tony Alamo, and with Andrew Oldham, and now it was happening again. I felt like a girl with a sugar daddy. Ok we'll pay your rent but you gotta do what we tell you to do. Bobby Jameson, the good little "pop whore." It was a trade off for sure. I wanted something so I had to provide something, and "they" got to call the shots because they had the money and the power.

My life was like a crash course in the music business. In less than one year I had learned a ton of shit about myself and other people. Had it not happened to me the way it happened, I reckon I would be a completely different person than I am now, but it did happen the way it happened and I'm still trying to sort it out. When you're as young as I was at the time, you are transformed by things much more than you would be if you were older and more settled. I didn't know shit, so all of these things affected me deeply.

On top of that I didn't have anyone to rely on, you know, like a person I could talk to about how I felt inside. I was always running around with that "pop star" look in my eyes, so people never knew what I was thinking or feeling. Anyway, I was living in Knightsbridge during this time and every day, like clockwork, Lady Grey would come to my flat and hang out with me for hours. When I say Lady, I mean like "Lords and Ladies", she was "Lady" Grey.

She showed up with her two little Whippet dogs and listened to me play music and talk. I never made love to her, although I believe I could have, I just never did. I can't really remember how we met, but I think it was through Peter Caine. I think she met Peter first

It had been that way with Tony Alamo, and with Andrew Oldham, and now it was happening again. I felt like a girl with a sugar daddy. Ok we'll pay your rent but you gotta do what we tell you to do. Bobby Jameson, the good little "pop whore." It was a trade off for sure. I wanted something so I had to provide something, and "they" got to call the shots because they had the money and the power.

My life was like a crash course in the music business. In less than one year I had learned a ton of shit about myself and other people. Had it not happened to me the way it happened, I reckon I would be a completely different person than I am now, but it did happen the way it happened and I'm still trying to sort it out. When you're as young as I was at the time, you are transformed by things much more than you would be if you were older and more settled. I didn't know shit, so all of these things affected me deeply.

On top of that I didn't have anyone to rely on, you know, like a person I could talk to about how I felt inside. I was always running around with that "pop star" look in my eyes, so people never knew what I was thinking or feeling. Anyway, I was living in Knightsbridge during this time and every day, like clockwork, Lady Grey would come to my flat and hang out with me for hours. When I say Lady, I mean like "Lords and Ladies", she was "Lady" Grey.

She showed up with her two little Whippet dogs and listened to me play music and talk. I never made love to her, although I believe I could have, I just never did. I can't really remember how we met, but I think it was through Peter Caine. I think she met Peter first and then me. I liked her a lot. She is in my memory forever. Her and many other details of what it was like to be an American "pop whore" in London, in 1964 and 65.

Friday, February 8, 2008

(part 25) "THE GLOVE" ANOTHER TV DISASTER

Brit's build up to their new release of Bobby Jameson on it's basically new label, was as much for their own self promotion as it was for me. They calculated that making me into a star all over again would do nothing but good for Brit itself. I think they determined, at least in their own minds, that they could succeed where Andrew Oldham and Decca had failed.

As I said, "The Glove" was now becoming a story unto itself. I had these custom made gloves with zippers on the back so I could get the thing on and off with out much trouble. The glove was long and ran about 3/4 of the way up to my elbow. That was so you couldn't see where it ended. It went under my shirt cuff and just kept going. It was jet black and the zipper was silver, so it stood out pretty good.

Everywhere I went people would look at this thing and wonder why I only had one, and was there something wrong with my hand so

I only had one, and was there something wrong with my hand so that I had to cover it. I gotta tell you that this was one of the stupidest things I ever did. It was a great gimmick, but I got tired of wearing it. I wanted to shit can it altogether, but the guys at Brit wouldn't let me. They kept saying how important it had become and that they were building a publicity campaign around not only me but "The Glove" too.

I wore one only on one hand, but every now and then I'd switch hands just to see if people were paying attention. Every now and again someone would ask me about it, in a kind of confused awkward way. "Didn't you wear that glove on your left hand"? "No man, I always wear it on my right hand." This was pretty entertaining for me, because it gave me a way to put up with my own bullshit creation that I was now trapped into continuing.

But I had to be careful and not end up saying what hand I wore it on to someone I'd previously said it to, just in case my answer was in conflict with what I'd stated earlier to them. Pretty damn confusing, but even that became part of "The Glove" game. "What hand does Bobby Jameson wear his mysterious black glove on?" This went on for months, if you can believe it, frankly I still don't know why.

Christmas and New Years came and went and I began to feel a sense of loss not being in America at Christmas. I guess it was that I'd never been away from America at Christmas until then. As the months wore on I moved again to Chelsea, and I don't think there was a reason for it other than I conned the Brit guys into believing it was necessary. I must have played "I'm your little shining star" on them and they reluctantly agreed to it.

Knightsbridge just wasn't where most of the "pop stars" were. A lot of them lived in Chelsea. So there I was in Chelsea, playing "I'm a pop star" once again. With a new record and a new label, there was only one problem, I didn't like the record and I didn't like my image. I was as phony as a three dollar bill. I was caught again by my own dreams and chained to the "Dream Makers." They, amongst other things, had booked me on one of the biggest television music shows in England and I was going to have to lip sync "Rum Pum" for all of Britain once more, as I had with "All I Want Is My Baby."

I think the first TV show that I originally said was "Thank Your Lucky Stars" was actually "Ready Steady Go," and that this second big TV shot was "Thank Your Lucky Stars," out of Brighton, England. The producers of the TV show had arranged with Brit, without my knowledge, to do some very elaborate stuff with me, but I wasn't let in on it until the day of the show when I arrived at the television station.

They showed me a 30 foot ladder that I would be climbing up with a mirror at the top of it. The TV camera was on the ground and focused on the mirror at the top of the ladder, so as I climbed up the ladder the TV screen shot, going out nation wide, would show my hands, "The Glove" coming toward the camera. In other words it would appear to the television audience that the camera was at the top of the ladder taking a picture of me climbing up.

These days with smaller lighter cameras they'd of just had a camera up there, but back then the cameras were big huge floor models, thus their mirror gimmick. (If I didn't make that clear enough I'm sorry.) I thought the whole idea was pretty lame, but agreed to do it none the less. I was then ushered back to a dressing room to wait for my turn on the show. When I got back there, I met another act from America, who was also on the same show with me, John Hammond Jr., the son of Hammond Sr., who'd discovered Bob Dylan.

John was strictly an authentic "Blues" guy and we hit it off from the gate. We were back in that room for at least an hour and a half and ended up loaded on "hash" and "whiskey" from a pint that John brought with him. We were talking about what they wanted me to do on this TV show and laughing our asses off at the whole thing. I believe Donavan was in there with us, but wanted no part of our party, even though we tried to get him to smoke some dope with us. At some point John and I decided the coolest thing I could do was not to wear "The Glove," because the whole appearance was built around it.

"Yeah" I said, "that's a good idea, I won't wear the glove." After a while someone came back to get me saying that my spot was coming up next. I made my way back to the main stage and readied myself for their cue. We'd already run through what they wanted me to do, so I just stood there waiting for the music to start. I kept my hands in my pockets so no one ever noticed that

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About half way to the top I could hear voices hissing below saying "Where's The Glove? He hasn't got The Glove on." At the time, I thought this was pretty damn funny, but soon found out that no one shared that opinion with me. When the stunt and song had ended I went back down the ladder to the ground, where an incensed British TV producer greeted me with absolute scorn. He told me in no uncertain terms that I had destroyed his vision and that I would never be allowed to do that television show again.

Wednesday, February 13, 2008

(part 26) AMERICAN POP STAR GOES HOME A FAILURE

It was a big deal to both Brit Records and the TV show's producers. I'd crossed some line that you don't cross according to all of them, and they were not going to stand for it. They demanded an apology from me and went on and on about how much they'd done for me, and how insensitive I was and this and that and... That was it! I kind of lost it at that point, because all I'd heard for over a year was how much other people had done for me, as if I hadn't done a goddamn thing.

I told Chris Peers, who was the big cheese ball at Brit, that someone should have told me about what they were planning to do on the TV show before I got there, so I might have had an idea of what to expect before they dropped it on me at the last minute. "I thought it was a bullshit idea Chris," I said, "but nobody asked me. You guy's all expect me to do what ever you say and that's it. Well I guess you know now that's not just it."

I laid into him pretty good at that point and aired some of the feelings that had been building up for a long time. "When I was in America," I said, "I was singing live on stage in front of thousands of people. Ever since I came to England all I do is go in the studio and then on TV. I told you guys that "Rum Pum" was not the right song, but you wouldn't listen so I did it your way." "Look Bobby," said Chris, "We told you in the beginning that we at Brit thought it was the best way to to things. To gain a commercial success with a song like "Rum Pum," and then you'd be able to do the kinds of songs that you wanted to do."

"Well it's not working out Chris," I said, "You've got another TV record just like before. Why don't you give me a band and let me put together a live show?" "Now Bobby, we've been through all this before, and everyone agreed that the way we're doing it is the proper way to present you to the British audience."

I interrupted him and said, "Chris, I frankly don't want to do it your way anymore, or Andrew Oldham's way. All I know is that I'm the one going on television not you, and that both of those times have made me look and feel like a fool. I never had that happen until I came to England and let other people tell me what and how to perform. It's just something I always knew how to do. But for some reason no one in this Goddamn country will let me do it."

At that point, some of the other people in the room said it was time to end the meeting and let everyone have time to reflect in a calmer fashion. So there I was, alone again. Bobby Jameson, boy wonder, pissing off the hand that fed me. I felt like shit and had no idea of what to expect or what I should do. I knew I didn't want to keep parading around like a "teen dolly" for the likes of Chris Peers and Brit Records and do more absurd TV performances. So what then? What should I do?

I remembered what PJ Proby had told me when he was in a similar jam over splitting his pants and being threatened by the British Home Office with deportation for lewd public acts, as they called it. "Bobby," said PJ, "You'll know when it's time to leave England. It'll just be obvious to you when it's there." That was the last time I ever spoke to Proby, but now here I was, asking myself if that's where I'd gotten to. "Was it time? Was this it?" I had that feeling like, "Yeah, fuck it! It's time to go home."

My life had been like a buzz saw for over a year now. I was a completely different person than the one who'd been discovered in Hollywood, at the "Carolina Pines" by Tony Alamo. I'd seen and done things in the past year and I don't know how many months, that a lot of people will never even know about let alone experience. I felt lost and lonesome for the States. I just wanted to get out of England and go back to America, so that's what I set out to do. No matter what anyone said, and they had some things to say, I was going home.

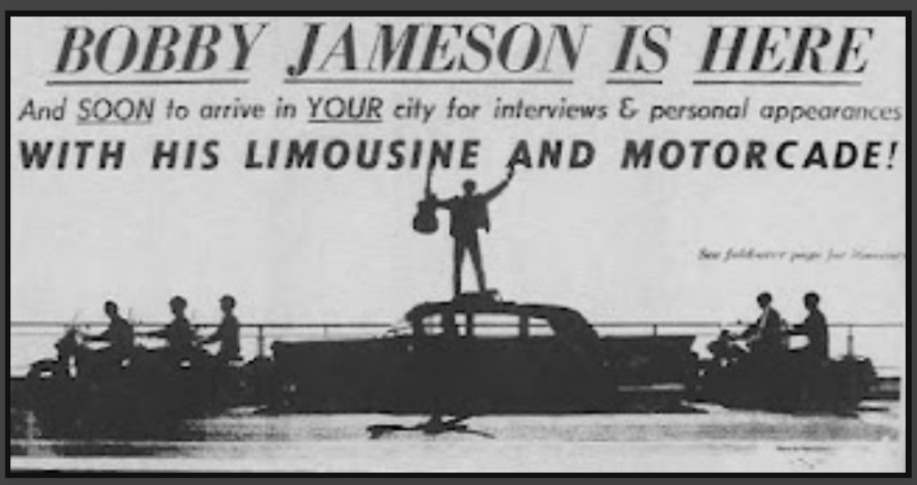
Brit refused to help me in any way and that was that. They turned their back on me and I understood why. I had no money and no friends. There wasn't one person in that whole country I could ask for help. The only way I ever got help was to put myself up for sale, as I have already written about in a previous post. I had no way to buy a plane ticket out of the country. Brit would only assist me if I continued to do what they wanted, and that was out. So what was I supposed to do with this new pile of shit I was living in?

I didn't know then, and I don't remember now, but somehow I ended up at the American Counsil or something. You know, like a diplomatic US building in a foreign country, that's where I went. I told them who I was, where I was from, and how I got into England in the first place. I told them I'd been brought to England by a bunch of people, both American and British, as an American pop star to work with Andrew Oldham and make records. I said that things hadn't gone too well and now I wanted to go back to America, but none of the people who brought me here had made any arrangements to get me back. "They all abandoned me," I said.

The guy looked at me like I was from Venus. He got so mad I thought he was going to have a stroke right then and there. "What do you mean they abandoned you?" he asked. "I mean they just left me here about 5 months ago and went back to America and I haven't heard from them since," I said. This guy got even more pissed off after I said that. "We'll bloody well see about that," he said. He told me to go back to my flat. He asked if I could do that and I said I could. He told me he'd contact me as soon as possible with news on what we'd do about my situation. He verified my passport and wrote down a lot of information and then politely sent me on my way.

Saturday, February 16, 2008

(part 27) LOOKING BACK AND MOVING FORWARD



8th week Billboard ad campaign with Tony Alamo

So there I was. After 3 records, with 3 different labels, in 2 different countries, I hadn't made 10 cents. The only one of the records that had really done well was "I'm So Lonely" which I wrote, arranged, sang, and produced. Somehow at 19 years old and turning 20 I was blamed for each and every failure that occurred. Tony Alamo, Andrew Loog Oldham, Brit Records, Lee Karsian, and his rich British friends who'd walked out, were all blameless according to them.

Still in a foreign country without so much as lunch money, I was concerned with my tenuous circumstance. I analyzed the closing chapter of my English experience and my overall career to date. Whatever the final outcome was to be, I felt, and still do, I deserved more credit for persevering than I have ever received.

I learned it's easy to blame the artist for failures rather than admit to any yourself. It was management, producers, and record labels who were responsible for many of the failures, but it is Bobby Jameson that they blamed. Be that as it may. I was headed back to the USA with only a tarnished reputation to show for the prior, nearly year and a half, of the Bobby Jameson story.

I would ask that the reader be somewhat patient with me, as I am experiencing dreadful headaches, and find it somewhat difficult to

I would ask that the reader be somewhat patient with me, as I am experiencing dreadful headaches, and find it somewhat difficult to remember and write clearly my experiences. I have tried to highlight specific parts while acknowledging that many details have been omitted from these writings, though nothing of a pertinent nature has been left out. Admittedly I could have done many things better, looking back, but I and the reader have to keep in mind that I was only 19 years old and completely inexperienced.

I had no lawyer, no manager, and obviously no friends by the time I left England. I did the best I could at the time of these events.

Here are the facts...

Bobby Jameson and Tony Alamo. No contract of any kind. That includes publishing. I never signed away the rights to any of my songs to Tony Alamo or anyone else who may be claiming to own my songs or any one of the songs that I recorded while with Tony Alamo and Talamo Records. That would include Kim Fowley Music, who claims to own "I Wanna Love You" which he does not. I reject his claim outright.

Bobby Jameson, Andrew Loog Oldham, and Decca Records, no contract. I have never been paid one penny for the record I made with Andrew Oldham, Mick Jagger, and Decca Records. I never signed a contract with anyone at any time regarding the record "All I want Is My Baby/Each And Every Day." That record has been released numerous times as a single and as an addition to numerous albums world wide in 44 years.

Bobby Jameson and Brit Records. Probably some sort of an agreement made with a 19 year old kid under duress, on foreign soil, with no legal representation at the time of the signing. Questionable at best. I have never received any compensation from any source at any time for this record and song other than my rent was paid and I was fed while working for Brit Records. Again, Kim Fowley Music claims ownership of the song "Rum Pum Mum Num." I reject his claim outright and claim all rights to my song and performance.

As I relive these facts from my past, and attempt to clearly detail those events here, I am forced to examine how it is that not one penny in royalties for writing/publishing/and or performances has

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As I relive these facts from my past, and attempt to clearly detail those events here, I am forced to examine how it is that not one penny in royalties for writing/publishing/and or performances has ever been paid to me, or seems to be of any consequence to those who shared in the responsibility of the events that occurred. I have never made a penny from any of these recordings or songs, or spoken to, or been contacted by any of those involved.

Sunday, February 17, 2008

(part 29) NO ONE TO SAY GOODBYE TO, NO ONE TO SAY HELLO.

Ben Franks coffee shop on Sunset Blvd.

I boarded the plane at London's Heathrow Airport and looked out the window at England for the last time. There wasn't anyone to see me off, and no one was waiting for me back in America. Other than looking like a "pop star" I was again the boy from Tucson, Arizona via Geneva, Illinois, who played songs he wrote on a guitar in his bedroom.

I was leaving with nothing more than 2 failed records and 2 dismal British TV appearances. I was the has been that never was. The big hype! Mr. publicity and not much else. It was a strange feeling to have done what I had for the past year and a half and to now be leaving as if nothing had ever happened.

I had no idea at 20 years old what this all meant. I had no money, other than about $20, and no plan for what to do when I got back to the U.S. No one on earth knew where I was at that moment, and most likely didn't care, with the exception of my own family who didn't know either. I hadn't called anyone and asked for help, because I was too ashamed to.

I believed they thought I was doing great so I couldn't tell them I was coming back a failure. The use of the word failure has caused some people to scold me after having read what I have written. But "failure" is what I was. I hadn't succeeded at getting anywhere. I had just made a lot of noise, and got my picture taken, and my name printed. There was no hit record, no money, and no anything else.

Hell I couldn't even find someone to take me to the airport. So if the word "failure" is out of place I'd like to know what else to put in as it's replacement? I had not succeeded. Where I come from that is known as failing. I also learned "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." I had every intention of trying again.

I didn't exactly know how at that moment, but I believed that Bobby Jameson would come up with something just like he always had. It was like some sort of magic with me. Something I couldn't explain, but something that I relied on no matter what the conditions around me looked like.

I landed in New York City many hours later and got off the plane. I had a layover until my flight to LA so I was put up for the night in The Americana Hotel. After getting my room straight, I went down to the bar to try and get a drink. People stared at me because I looked the way I did and they thought, well you get it, they thought what they thought. I was dressed in a suit so I looked pretty good and had no trouble getting a drink at the bar. I was 20 years old but no one asked me for any ID.

I was standing at the bar by myself when two couples started watching me and whispering to each other. They'd look over at me and then laugh. I guessed at what they were saying, and eventually they came over to where I was and one of the guys said, "You're one of them aren't You?" "One of who?" I asked, "Oh come on now," said the guy, "we know who you are."

I started to correct him and say he'd made a mistake, but stopped because he wanted to buy me a drink. Hell, I didn't have any money and I wanted to drink, so I said "OK!" I'd been speaking with more of an accent than I'd realized from living in England for nearly a year, and coupled with the way I looked, they'd mistaken me for one of The Beatles.

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We were all getting along famously, but as I drank my southwestern accent began to emerge. All of a sudden this guy starts accusing me of being a liar and tricking all of them into believing that I was somebody that I wasn't. It didn't do any good for me to explain. They were just pissed off and insulted that I'd duped them into believing something that wasn't true.

The following day my plane landed in Los Angeles. I arrived at LAX with zero fan fare. Nothing! No one to pick me up and no one to say hello. I will never forget it. Just the sense of aloneness, like I didn't exist. Just another body pushing along through the nameless crowd to I didn't know where.

I took a bus transport to the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel for $3, it was all I could afford. I wasn't going to stay at the hotel, it was just the closest place to Sunset Blvd. where the bus stopped. Once there I got a taxi cab, another 3 bucks, to Ben Franks on the Sunset Strip near La Cienega Blvd.

I got out of the cab and told the guy driving I was broke and couldn't tip him while I paid the fare. He was a black guy and told me not to worry about it, that he understood. I watched him pull away and then turned to look at Ben Franks. I had no money and no where to go. I had no one I could call and no plans. I was just there, standing like a statue, in the parking lot of that coffee shop. I didn't know what I was going to do or where I was going to sleep that night. I just stood there and didn't move for a long time.....

(part 28) BOBBY JAMESON Fab Magazine 1964

click

Sunday, February 24, 2008

(part 31) CHRIS DUCEY BECOMES CHRIS LUCEY ?

Sunset Blvd. and Clark 1965

There was a new feeling in the air. It was different from when I had been in LA in 64. It was partly due to the wave of British bands sweeping across America, but there was something else, something completely new about the atmosphere around the Sunset Strip and West Hollywood.

I began to notice that people were more open and friendly than they had been in 64. There seemed to be a genuine interest and level of acceptance between people on the street who were strangers. Instead of just ignoring each other, they actually were taking time to stop and communicate. Petty differences seemed obsolete, while curiosity in and about others, seemed to be taking the lead.

You could quite literally walk outside, not knowing anyone, walk from Sunset and La Cienega to Sunset and Clark, where the Whiskey A Go Go was, and have a whole new set of friends. Really! It was a trip! And words like trip, groovy, right on, it's boss, far out, etc., were all being born out of this new sense of community. It was happening in a lot of places all over the country, but it would be a while before everyone knew how powerful and

but it would be a while before everyone knew how powerful and wide spread this social movement really was.

The world was being changed, right before my eyes. LSD was something I started hearing about as soon as I got out on the streets. Rumor was that you could find God on this stuff and alter your consciousness for the better. Almost immediately, I forgot about my losses and began to assemble a new personality, mixing the British pop scene, where I had just been, with newer elements of the psychedelic world springing up around me.

Color and design began popping up everywhere. Peace signs were a new and powerful reminder to people, that a war was going on, and the country was taking sides for and against it. "Make Love Not War" was one of the best slogans I have ever heard in my life, and was something 10's of thousands of young and not so young people practiced religiously, myself included.

A new phenomenon called "Hippies" began appearing everywhere. Young people, who thought dancing to good music, smoking weed, and making love, far out classed the typical get a haircut, a job, and join the army generation. These two factors would eventually clash violently, on Sunset Blvd., in and around Pandora's Box and The Fifth Estate, which were roughly located at Sunset and Crescent Heights Blvd., about a year or so later.

Everywhere I went, people were talking about music and new groups that sprung up like flowers out of the pavement. You could get some people together and just make a tape and walk in to countless record labels in Hollywood and get the damn thing released as a record. It was fantastic! Up at the Whiskey A Go Go, Johnny Rivers was doing live afternoon shows and killing em.

This would soon give way to bands like The Byrds. But I don't want to lose sight of my own story here, because just before this new wave of bands came ploughing through LA, there was a transition period. In between Johnny Rivers and The Byrds, I had begun to meet a lot of people, and one of those was a girl named Pam Burns. I don't recall how exactly we met, we just met. That was the way of it then, you just ran into people everywhere and got to know each other, it happened all the time.

Pam worked at Mira Records, a company that was started by Randy Wood, who at one time had been president of Vee Jay Records. He had offices on Sunset Blvd, west of the Whiskey and Pam was one of his personal secretaries. Pam liked me a lot and learned about my past quickly. She remembered the Billboard ads and asked me where I'd disappeared to. I told her the story and she couldn't understand how someone like me had just come along and then just vanished more or less.

I told her that I didn't know either, but that's what had happened and here I was with not a goddamn thing to show for it and no work. I played a lot of songs for her, so she knew I could write and sing and wasn't just some over hyped no talent ass hole. She said she wanted to talk to Randy Wood about me and see if she could get him to give me a shot at working on this project of his, that had run into contractual problems with an artist he'd recorded an album with named Chris Ducey. I told her thanks and to let me know if anything came up.

Posted by Bobby Jameson at 9:26 PM No comments:

(part 30) THE WOMEN AND THE STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD

I still remember that moment like it was yesterday. Staring at my suit case and guitar case, wishing I didn't have to lug them around, but having no place to leave them. So there we were, me and the 2 cases. I stared at the blacktop, covering Ben Franks parking lot, thinking about how warm it was compared to London. I was over dressed for Southern California, but couldn't do anything about that either.

If I took off my suit coat, I still had to carry it, or keep and eye on it, so it just seemed easier to leave it on. For the last year and a half I had stood on stages in front of thousands of people, been on television in two different countries, hobnobbed with the rich and famous, been written about, photographed, and recorded. Now, I was just alone, standing in a parking lot with nowhere to go.

It was a moment that froze in time, when you realize clearly, that there are, and will be, no guarantees about anything. I was yanked out of my dreamworld, literally, by the sound of a girl's voice asking, "Bobby?" I turned in the direction of her voice and tried to figure out who it was. To this day I cannot remember her name. I am sorry, she may have saved my life, at the least, she certainly made it easier.

I didn't recognize her, but she knew me. "Yeah," I said, "it's me." "Wow you look great," she announced. "Like one of the damn Beatles," she said. "Thanks, I just got back from London." I replied. "What were you doing there?" she asked. "Making records with Mick Jagger." I said. She stared at me like I was from mars, trying to incorporate what I had just dropped into the conversation. "Really," she responded, not too sure I was telling the truth, "What was that like?"

"It was OK I guess, but it didn't really work out too well." She had no idea of what I was talking about. "So what are you doing here in the parking lot? Why didn't you go inside?" She asked. "I just got here, just a little while ago." I said, "I was trying to figure out what to do." "Well where are you staying, are you here in town?" she asked. "I don't know." I said. "I don't have any place to stay." She looked straight at me and said, "My girlfriend and I have an apartment just a couple of blocks from here, you can stay on our couch if you want?" I still remember the relief I felt when she said that, like a boulder had been lifted off me. One problem solved! "Yeah, I answered, that would be great if, are you sure it's ok?" "Sure it's ok, my room mate will love you."

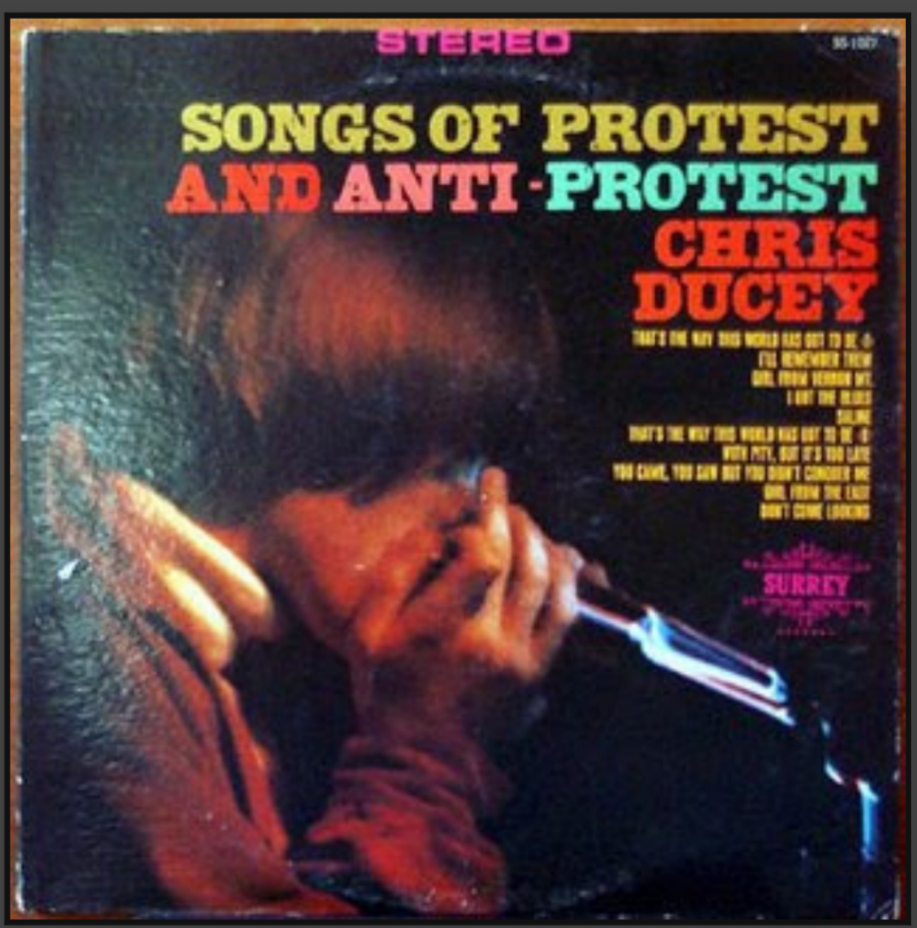
This moment in my life proved to be the beginning of how I would live in Hollywood and the surrounding area for the next 20 years. It was the women of Southern California that saved my ass, literally, over and over again. I lived with them, I loved them, I fought with them, I got loaded with them, and every other "with them" you can think of. If it were not for them, I would be dead, period.

I bonded with so many different women in those 20 years, that it would be close to impossible to recall or remember each one of them. But as far as I can tell, not one of them ever hated me and there are none that I ever remember hating. To the contrary. I am still coming across many of them, because I am writing this, and because of the internet in general. Some of them, from 30 and 40 years ago. They tell me stories, send pictures they still have, and all kinds of wonderful things. For this, I am extremely grateful and happy. I'm sure the possibility still looms large, that I have yet to encounter some, who may not hold me in high regard. This too, I will accept willingly.

After settling in on the couch for a day and having a place to stash my stuff, I hit the streets. I had to get out and get something going. I was used to having a plan and then acting on it. If no one was looking for me, then I'd go look for them. If no one knew who I was, and they didn't, then I'd tell them. It was like what I used to do, before Tony Alamo found me. Just get out and circulate, like me and Danny Whitten, Billy Talbot and Ralph Molina used to do. Find out where the action was and go there and stay there.

Wednesday, February 27, 2008

(part 33) BOBBY JAMESON BECOMES CHRIS LUCEY



Original Chris Ducey album jacket 1965 Surrey Records

Chris Lucey album jacket 1965 Surrey Records

A couple of key things occurred before I ever stepped foot into Mira/Surrey Records or even met Randy Wood for the first time. The Rolling Stones had come to America and had been in LA. The reason this is relevant, is because the cover of Chris Ducey/Chris Lucey's album, "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest" is a photograph of Brian Jones of The Stones.

They had gone to a club in West Hollywood called the "Action" for an afternoon jam session. I'd heard about it, but couldn't get in. I was outside the club in an alleyway and saw Mick Jagger with two girls, one on each arm, and had yelled to him. He'd turned and looked at me and I said "Hey Mick, it's me Bobby Jameson."

He barely acknowledged me and turned and walked away up the alley with the girls. I stood there for a moment feeling like I'd been slapped across the face and then moved on. As I said, the reason this event stands out and I mention it, is because Brian was inside the club getting his picture taken, which ended up being the cover of the Chris Lucey album. I didn't know this at the time it was happening, it's just another one of the weird details of this story that became known after the fact.

I'd also run into to Lois Johnston somewhere during that time, and she was making nice and wanted me to move back into her house in Benedict Canyon, where I'd lived before I went to England. I was surprised by this, in light of what had occurred in London, when she visited me there, but none the less, I eventually moved back in with her, something I would repeat a number of times in the future.

Randy Wood had acquired, or thought he had, an artist named Chris Ducey. They, (Mira/Surrey), had an entire album with 10 songs of Ducey's ready to go. The cover was printed, and there were thousands of them, with the titles of Ducey's songs printed on the album jackets. The album was already scheduled for a European release and part of the deal's success was strictly based on that particular album's cover, the one with Brian Jones's picture on it.

All of a sudden, they'd run into contract problems with Ducey, and he'd bowed out of the deal completely. There they were! An album

he'd bowed out of the deal completely. There they were! An album cover, with no album, and 10 song titles printed on the covers, and no songs. They had to use that cover or the deal was dead and there was all the cost already involved, so they were stuck with that cover. They couldn't use Ducey's name, but it was printed on the cover.

The printer, who had done the original artwork on the jackets, figured out that he could run the already printed covers back through the presses and cancel out part of the letter D from Ducey's name and make it into an L. This is how Chris Lucey was created. Now all Randy Wood needed was someone to write 10 new songs to the existing titles, and record them all, as a brand new album. He needed that accomplished yesterday.

Randy Wood was a demanding human being, but also a resourceful one. He'd lined up Marshall Lieb, ex Teddy Bear and cohort of Phil Spector, to produce the thing, but they hadn't yet found anyone to write the songs to existing titles and record them.

Randy was also a cheap son of a bitch, which is probably why he hadn't had any success finding anyone to do the dirty work. Pam Burns, Randy's personal secretary, had repeatedly pushed Randy to give me a chance at doing it. He had been reluctant to even meet me, but was now running up against a deadline that he could no longer ignore, so he told Pam to bring me around.

I didn't know any of the details about this, until I met with Randy for the first time. I was flat broke and it was an opportunity, as far as I knew, to make a few bucks by writing songs. I said to Pam, "Let's go meet him." Randy was a black guy that looked almost white. He was well dressed all the time, and you could tell instantly that he was in charge of the entire universe, and if you questioned it, even slightly, he would straighten you out immediately. I on the other hand, was a 20 year old washed up pop star, who believed he could do anything, if given the chance.

We were a match made in hell, which I was intimately used to. He launched into the story of the Chris Ducey album and songs, and drug me over to where the album covers were. As soon as I saw the cover I said, "Hey, that looks like Brian Jones." "It is," said Randy, "We got that shot at "The Action Club" when they were here in LA. Great picture isn't it?" "Yeah," I said, "It's a real good

could do anything, if given the chance.

We were a match made in hell, which I was intimately used to. He launched into the story of the Chris Ducey album and songs, and drug me over to where the album covers were. As soon as I saw the cover I said, "Hey, that looks like Brian Jones." "It is," said Randy, "We got that shot at "The Action Club" when they were here in LA. Great picture isn't it?" "Yeah," I said, "It's a real good picture. Why are you using that? I thought this guy's name was Ducey or something?" "It is," said Randy.

He showed me the two different covers, identical except for the "L" and the "D". He explained in detail what they had done and why, and what they needed now to keep the whole deal from going down the tubes and losing a lot of money. He said that I was there only because Pam Burns was relentless at promoting me to him. I said I knew that, and turned and smiled at Pam, who was quietly listening to how all this progressed.

Randy asked me again if I understood what he needed, and said that he needed it now. I told him I was clear on it, and asked him how much money I'd make for doing it. That seemed to piss him off a bit, because I'd changed the subject slightly and had assumed that I had the job, which he quickly straightened me out on. "I didn't say you could do it yet man, I don't even know if you're the right guy." "Yeah, sorry," I said, "I just wanted to know if you did let me do it, how much would I get?"

He looked at me, kind of disgusted, and then looked over at Pam, like, "Who is this guy?" We ended that particular meeting on somewhat of a sour note and I figured I blew it. As I left with Pam I told her I was sorry for screwing it up and thanked her for trying so hard. "What, are you kidding? You'll get it, don't worry." "Yeah, but..." "Don't worry," said Pam. "You got it, at least you got the opportunity. Just write him a couple of songs and if you do that the way I know you can, you got it." "How do you know?" I asked. "Because I know Randy, and because you're all he's got, and he's running out of time."

Thursday, February 28, 2008

(part 34) WRITING THE SONGS FOR CHRIS LUCEY

Randy Wood

Randy Wood and Marshall Lieb screwed around for another week or two, trying to get someone they knew to do the work on the Chris Lucey album, but came up empty. Let me clarify something here which I have noticed in reading what has been written about this subject, and is completely out of whack. Chris Lucey/Chris Ducey was not and was never intended to be a big album release.

Surrey Records was a budget line label of Mira Records. Rack Jobber stuff. That means it was always destined for metal racks in super markets and such, where you could pick up unknown records and artists for cut rate prices when you bought groceries and things. It was bottom of the barrel merchandising. The reason Randy Wood was so hung up on getting Chris Lucey released was that it was a key part of a bigger deal involving a whole line of Surrey releases in Europe.

It was the maiden voyage for his Surrey Records line and he didn't want it screwed up because of one lousy album. It was a European release date with a deadline, and the whole deal revolved around the European's fascination with the album jacket of the Chris Ducey/Chris Lucey record. It was the album's visual appearance that they wanted for display, the music was secondary. So any references to a big ad campaign regarding the release of the Chris Lucey album are completely inaccurate. The big ad campaign has already been discussed in connection with my relationship with Tony Alamo and Billboard Magazine in 1964. The two things have nothing to do with each other.

Pam Burns finally gave me the word to come back and meet with Randy again about the Lucey record. That was the first time I found out how much I would make for writing 10 new songs and recording them all. I would make either $20 or $25 a song. That was for writing and recording them. It was either $200 or $250, but I can't remember which. There was no contract and no discussion of publishing or any other rights. I would just get a couple of hundred dollars for doing the job and Randy would get off the hook. This was not an artist/writer deal whatsoever.

Randy was still leery of me because he'd never heard anything I'd done. He was going on Pam Burn's word completely and trusted her judgement. It was arranged so that each evening after the offices closed Pam and I would go upstairs and I would work on writing the songs. This started immediately! Every night I'd pick out one of Ducey's titles and work out a song that could be construed to have been written with that title in mind.

Some of them were matched pretty well, but others are a bit vague. The title and content of the lyrics I wrote sometimes seem disconnected, and that's why the album is the way it is. Not only did I have to use Ducey's titles, but I had to get it all done in less than 2 weeks. I finished 2 songs the first night and Pam said they were great. "Wait till Randy hears this, he'll be knocked out," she said. "I hope so Pam," I replied, "I really hope so."

Randy was knocked out by my songs alright, and had no problem letting me know it. I guess it was partly a sense of relief for him that Pam Burns had come through with the goods and Randy's problem was being solved. His attitude toward me improved greatly and he started treating me better. I never got too worked

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Randy was knocked out by my songs alright, and had no problem letting me know it. I guess it was partly a sense of relief for him that Pam Burns had come through with the goods and Randy's problem was being solved. His attitude toward me improved greatly and he started treating me better. I never got too worked up about writing the songs, because I never had any doubts that I could do it. If I had had more time Chris Lucey would be a better album. What I did though was as good as I could do under the circumstances. As far as the money went I was broke. "I did it for the money!" It was not a career move. It was just a job I got. Who knew where it would end up decades later?

There are other inaccurate stories about the making of Chris Lucey that I want to clear up as well, such as references to the group "LOVE" and Arthur Lee, who I knew nothing about, nor had I ever heard when I wrote and recorded Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest. The band "Love" was known as "The Grass Roots" in 65, but had to give up that name because it belonged to another group. They changed it to "Love." Their first record was in 1966. I met Arthur Lee after I wrote and recorded Chris Lucey in 1965. If I copied someone's work I would freely admit it, but in the case of the Chris Lucey album it just doesn't apply. To this day I have heard very little of "Love's" work. Once again I leave it to the readers to decide for themselves what it is they believe. I am just telling my story.

Sunday, March 2, 2008

(part 35) FAST WAS NOT FAST ENOUGH FOR RANDY

Song in video written by Bill Jameson

I would like to say to the reader that if you sent a comment to me it is appreciated in a way that you may not understand. I am gratified by any comments, good or bad, because they indicate an interest in this subject which gives me strength on bad days to keep going. I am determined to see this through, but the comments really help. Thanks to each and every one of you. If you want to send a crappy comment, I accept those too. Bobby Jameson aka Chris Lucey 2008

As I began showing up at Mira/Surrey Records daily, I began to get a feel for the way things worked there. Randy Wood, who was a pretty good drinker, would spout off about business at the end of the day when he'd had a couple of cocktails in his office.

This became a time for me to pay attention to what he was saying. He did a lot of bragging about an attorney he worked with named Abe Somer. He said that Abe could write a contract that no one

Abe Somer. He said that Abe could write a contract that no one could get out of, and that no one could understand until it was too late. Meaning that by the time you signed an Abe Somer contract and figured out you shouldn't have signed it, it was too late because you already had. I took this seriously when I heard it and never forgot those words.

Abe was a studious looking fellow, kind of like Bill Gates, with the personality of an assassin. He used to eyeball me when ever I was around, and I quickly concluded that I did not trust him at all. He acquired a reputation for helping change the music business from a lot of small independent labels into a larger corporate structure, which bought out the independents thus creating a larger structure, whose sole goal was to own and control more and more publishing and master rights. Abe Somer was one of those who did as much damage to the L A music scene in the 60's as any human being I know of. I was there when this was occurring. I warned people about it, but they just laughed at me and said I didn't know what I was talking about. Looking back now, I knew exactly what I was talking about.

I wrote 2 or 3 more songs for the Chris Lucey album and Randy was even more pleased than before. He started telling everybody what a good writer I was and that he ought to get me signed up. I was putting the songs down on a 2-track tape recorder at night, that was in the office, so Randy could listen to them the next day. They were pretty rough, but it was a good way for Marshall Lieb to hear what he would be producing, and get charts written for the players he was going to use on the record.

I finally met Marshall and he was unimpressed by me or the songs, in fact he was down right obnoxious. He did not want to do the album at all, but was beholden to Randy for something, so he'd agreed, reluctantly, to do it. But he made no attempt whatsoever to cover his feelings about me, my songs, and the project overall. He was a good producer, but a pain in the ass to work with. He always acted like the whole thing was beneath him, and who knows maybe it was.

While I was writing the songs for the album, I enlisted my brother Bill (Jamie) and Bruce (Baby John) Hinds to take a whack at writing something for the record. I told them if Randy liked what they wrote, it would be on the album. My brother came up with

While I was writing the songs for the album, I enlisted my brother Bill (Jamie) and Bruce (Baby John) Hinds to take a whack at writing something for the record. I told them if Randy liked what they wrote, it would be on the album. My brother came up with "That's The Way The World Has Got To Be" (part 2) (Too Many Mornings) and he and Bruce Hinds came up with "I got The Blues." These two songs are stand outs on the record. I helped a bit on both songs, but Bill and Bruce, for the most part, wrote the them.

Bruce Hinds, if you don't recall, was a sidekick of Danny Whitten, Billy Talbot, and Ralph Molina's, and became their roadie, for both "The Rockets" and "Crazy Horse" bands. Randy Wood liked "I Got The Blues" so much that he had it recorded with a full orchestra in England when he went there. As I pushed on with the writing, I encountered difficulties with some of the titles that I was forced to use. Trying to write new songs to somebody else's titles can be a real challenge at times, and that was something I found out the hard way.

If I didn't have new stuff for Randy every time he asked, his personality would shift from I like you to I hate you. It seemed to be about the deadline in Randy's head regarding his overall Surrey agreement with Europe. So the Chris Lucey album getting finished was a priority and I, unfortunately, felt this pressure from Randy, to hurry up and get done, so we could go in the studio and cut the thing. Forget the fact that I had to accomplish this all in about two weeks, the writing that it. Randy was impatient and let me know it. I learned very quickly that Randy Wood could seem like your best friend one minute, and then turn on you the next. I was always ready for his personality shifts and they would always show up.

Along with Randy Wood and Abe Somer there were others who shared the offices that made up Mira/Surrey Records. Phil Turetsky, one of the better people I met in the music business, also had an office in that suite. Phil had, among other things, Pacific Jazz Records. He was also a business manager and his primary client and music partner was Johnny Rivers, who at the time was doing very well with both with live performances at the Whiskey A Go Go, and hit records like "Memphis."

I got to know Phil pretty well. I would watch him sitting behind a desk reclining in a chair like he was on vacation. He seemed to know where all the bodies were buried, let's say. He wasn't like anyone else I knew in the music business. He didn't make moves on you, or if he did, they were so subtle and well placed that you either didn't notice or didn't care. I liked Phil and we got to be pretty close over time, as you will see later.

I continued writing the songs for Chris Lucey and ended up with nine completed songs and a tenth one without lyrics. It was good enough for Randy who was chomping at the bit to get into the studio and start recording them. Like I said, Marshall Lieb was not a pleasant guy to work with, so when I would try to get him to talk to me about what his plans were for the album he refused to tell me anything and would not allow any input from me.

I complained bitterly about this and threatened not to cut the damn record if he kept it up. Randy intervened to some degree, but not enough to give me much of a chance to have any real say about who was gonna play on it. Marshall had his mind made up from the outset, and I guess it worked out OK in the long run. I did not know any of the players that he got for the Chris Lucey album, and to this day I can't tell you who played on that record. I don't know if it was a union date or if it was done under the table.

We recorded it at American Studios on Ventura Blvd. in North Hollywood. It had been a house and was converted into a recording studio by the engineer who I believe owned it. I do not remember his name. This may all sound pretty vague to the reader, but that's the way this record was done. Everything about it was hit and miss. Randy was so cheap that I would assume the whole thing was done non-union and recorded at a relatively cheaper studio on purpose. He just wanted a record any way he could get it. In the end I was not paid any more for playing on the

could get it. In the end I was not paid any more for playing on the album or singing all the songs. All I received was the original $200 or $250 for everything I did on that record.

As we began laying down the first basic tracks, I was pleasantly surprised to hear how Marshall had charted them out. They began taking on a distinct personality from the beginning, and I was able to interact with the musicians more and more. Randy Wood was pleased with what was happening. I think he was surprised that the whole project was ending up a lot better than what he'd originally anticipated. Marshall's choice of instruments was odd to me at first, but created a unique texture for the songs. We thought up creative ways to use them in the best possible way, like the echo on the piano in "That's The Way The World Has Got To Be." "I Got The Blues" was distinctly folk rockish and was most likely influenced by the recently released Byrds version of "Mr Tambourine Man" which came out in 1965.

The album's problem, in a way, was that it couldn't decide whether it was blues, jazz, pop, or folk rock, so what you get is a combination of all those elements mashed together. The song "Saline" has a guitar part that was played, by the engineer, directly into the mixing board so it has a distinct and very alive sound. The echo chamber in this place was an old tile covered shower stall with a stand up mic in the middle of it. Patch cords everywhere and things that worked and didn't work with great regularity.

The song "I'll Remember Them" was the tenth song I mentioned, which I hadn't written lyrics for. I told them just play the track and I'll make something up. So the lyrics to that particular song were made up as I recorded it. One take, one song. That more than anything else sums up Chris Lucey. If you don't have it, wing it. The whole damn record was "wingin' it." It's also part of the magic, if there is any, to the process. Everybody was inventing it as we made it, and that's what gives it it's particular feel.

Various changes in music were occurring everyday in the industry, and Chris Lucey was being created as these changes were happening. This is not an over statement! One day no Byrds, the next day The Byrds, or Bob Dylan's "Like A Rolling Stone". Everybody was scrambling to try and figure out what was happening musically. At the time, this was a state of massive confusion. It is far easier to look back now than it was to see

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Various changes in music were occurring everyday in the industry, and Chris Lucey was being created as these changes were happening. This is not an over statement! One day no Byrds, the next day The Byrds, or Bob Dylan's "Like A Rolling Stone". Everybody was scrambling to try and figure out what was happening musically. At the time, this was a state of massive confusion. It is far easier to look back now than it was to see forward back then. Anyway, in the midst of all this upheaval Chris Lucey was born out of a mistake with contracts, with another artist, and a printer who changed the letter D into an L. That's why and how Chris Lucey even exists. It was born out of a fluke and I became it's voice and it's music and words.

Friday, March 7, 2008

(part 37) NO CONTRACT ON CHRIS LUCEY ALBUM

click

Original Surrey album and logo

The Chris Lucey album is what it is. The people who worked on it worked hard as I recall. Everybody got wrapped up in this odd little record and gave it their all. It was a strange time in 1965, and Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest seemed to capture that in some a way.

As I said before, music and the music business were in a state of massive change and not everyone was sure about what that meant. Even Marshall Leib finally admitted that the record had it's own unusual charm and said it came out better than he'd expected. Randy Wood was a happy man and made no attempt at downplaying his enthusiasm.

Pam Burns was hailed as a genius by Randy Wood and there was a sense of relief at Mira/Surrey over the completion of the project

Pam Burns was hailed as a genius by Randy Wood and there was a sense of relief at Mira/Surrey over the completion of the project that had had them so hung up. I was getting a lot of pats on the back for coming through under pressure, and Marshall Lieb and Randy seemed to have squared their differences, what ever they had been, with the completion of the Chris Lucey album.

I never saw Marshall much after that, and have always wondered what happened to him. Pam reminded Randy that he'd said that if I got the Chris Lucey record done on time, and Randy approved of it, he'd let me make a record of anything I wanted and release it on Mira Records as a single under my own name.

Randy said, "Damn! You ought to be this guy's manager." "Just making sure you remembered what you promised," said Pam. She was always looking out for me. From the moment I met her she was always on my side. I have the fondest memories of her. She was a true friend, probably better than I deserved.

There were still things to be done to the album. A couple of overdubs, like the harmonica part I played on "That's The Way The World Has Got To Be," the final mix, and then mastering. But for all intents and purposes the album was done and I was glad. It was hard writing songs to someone else's titles and I swore I'd never do it again.

I was now Chris Lucey in an odd sort of a way, even though Chris Lucey didn't really exist. He was a figment of the the printing press and imagination of some weird destiny. No one, with the exception of those at Mira Records and the musicians, knew who Chris Lucey was or cared. The public certainly didn't know I was him nor did anyone else for years to come.

Chris Lucey was released in other parts of the world as "Too Many Mornings" by Bobby Jameson sometime after it was released as Chris Lucey "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest" in 1965. Although both albums are identical, they were seen as separate from each other until many years later. The album was also released on Crestview Records in the 70's, another Randy Wood label, and in a box set of Vee Jay masters as well.

It wasn't until 2003 that I even knew anyone cared about the album or knew that Bobby Jameson and Chris Lucey are the same

It wasn't until 2003 that I even knew anyone cared about the album or knew that Bobby Jameson and Chris Lucey are the same person. I spent over 40 years trying to forget that I ever made the album, because so many people had put it down as a worthless piece of junk.

At some point after most of the work on Chris Lucey was drawing to a close, Randy and Abe Somer got me alone in Randy's office one evening. They said they wanted to talk to me about my plans for the future or something to that effect. After going in to his office Randy closed the door, which he almost never did, and started smiling at me and telling me what a good writer and singer I was.

I eye-balled Abe Somer who was standing there with a thick stack of papers in his hand grinning like a cheshire cat. I immediately felt uncomfortable, because this scenario was completely out of the ordinary. I was used to being treated like the odd man out most of the time so I sensed that something was up. Randy went on and on about how surprised he was with my ability and that because of it he was prepared to offer me a contract as an artist and writer.

I asked him if that included Chris Lucey? He said it did. I asked him about what the contract said and how long it was for. He told me seven years and that he would be willing to publish all and anything I wrote from then on. There was no talk of anything for me, just what he and Mira would get if I signed. The feeling in that room was like a kid being ganged up on by two bigger kids.

I told Randy that this was totally unexpected, and that I didn't know if I wanted to be tied up with somebody for seven years. Randy's expression changed immediately from that point on. "Whatta ya mean for that long? That's standard," he said, "for an artist's contract." "It might be Randy," I said, "but I don't know if that's what I want to do or not. I'd have to think about it for a while."

"Think about it," he yelled, "I just gave you a chance to cut a whole goddamn album you ungrateful little prick. What's there to think about?" I stood there looking back and forth between Abe and Randy, trying to gather my wits, as the whole meeting seemed to go out of control. "Did Abe write the contract?" I asked, "You know he did. What's that got to do with it?" yelled Randy. "That's why I'm not going to sign it," I said, remembering what I'd learned from Randy about Abe Somer contracts.

"Think about it," he yelled, "I just gave you a chance to cut a whole goddamn album you ungrateful little prick. What's there to think about?" I stood there looking back and forth between Abe and Randy, trying to gather my wits, as the whole meeting seemed to go out of control. "Did Abe write the contract?" I asked, "You know he did. What's that got to do with it?" yelled Randy. "That's why I'm not going to sign it," I said, remembering what I'd learned from Randy about Abe Somer contracts.

Randy moved in on me like a street fighter and grabbed the collar of my shirt with both hands and threw me up against the office wall with a thud. "Listen you little son of a bitch, I..." He trailed off realizing what he had just done. I stood there motionless until he released me from his grip. I looked over at Abe who had not moved one inch since the whole thing began. Not because he was afraid, but because he was a steely little prick who was unaffected by Wood's occasional outbursts.

Randy kind of mellowed as fast as he went off. He was like that. He'd change back and forth in a matter of minutes. "Go ahead, get outta here," he said. I pulled myself off the wall and headed for the door not saying a word. I remember thinking, "No one will ever do that to me again. No one! Ever!"

I never signed a contract with Mira/Surrey for writing the songs for "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest" or performing as the artist Chris Lucey. To this day that remains the case. No one owns the rights to those songs except me. I never gave them away knowingly or unknowingly. I created them, and until someone can come up with a contract with my signature on it, stating a legal difference, I own the rights to my songs and performance on the Chris Lucey album.

Wednesday, March 12, 2008

(part 38) DUCEY/LUCEY CONTRACTS?

click

The Leaves album with my song GIRL FROM THE EAST

Because there was no contract for Chris Lucey, Mira/Surrey was left in much the same situation they'd been in with Chris Ducey's contract problems. The difference was that I, unlike Ducey, had no legal or any other representation at the time.

Randy Wood was not about to hold up the album's release and stop Surrey's move into Europe again. He and his partner, Betty Chiapetta, along with Abe Somer, decided to go ahead with the scheduled release, based on their assumption that no one would question me or Mira/Surrey about contracts back then. That of course proved to be accurate at the time and true as well for ensuing decades.

Had Mira/Surrey offered me a contract with even the slightest of benefits given to me I probably would have signed it, but in Randy Wood's mind I was due nothing. I was simply expected to roll over when asked. But I'd already played that part with Tony Alamo, Andrew Oldham, and Brit. I was unwilling to go along with Wood's and Somer's demands after completing Chris Lucey. In my mind I had saved their ass and believed they owed me much more consideration than they were offering.

Mira/Surrey was focused on their deal in Europe not on whether Bobby Jameson was treated fairly. With or without a contract they moved ahead, dismissing any problems with me as details that could be sorted out later. It was not as if anyone expected the Chris Lucey album on it's own to be a hit. It was just one of the cogs in a larger wheel.

Randy Wood was such an ego maniac that he in essence dismissed me and my rights as irrelevant to his forward motion. The fact there were never any legal agreements between me and Mira/Surrey for the Chris Lucey project was literally buried in a box that had "Who Cares!" stamped on it. Business was business in Randy's mind and no little piss-ant like Bobby Jameson was going to get in his way.

The history of Randy Wood had already been written by the time I worked for him. Long before there was any Mira/Surrey, Wood's reputation as President of Vee Jay Records had been well established along with his partner Betty Chiapetta. The addition of Abe Somer was just another black mark against the likes of Mira/Surrey's reputation of questionable ethics and business practices.

In the picture above you can see my song Girl From The East, from the Chris Lucey album, on the Mira release of The Leaves record which followed Chris Lucey. It says that Girl From The East was published by Mirwood Music another of the many companies belonging to Randy Wood and Betty Chiapetta. The songs from Chris Lucey have been moved and moved again for decades, creating an endless trail of "hide the pea."

I have never been paid a penny for Girl From The East no matter which version or record we are speaking of. Nothing! Ever!

1965 was a big year for me. I took my first LSD trip and started using downers on a regular basis. My first acid trip was with Danny Hutton who had come into prominence with a single record "Roses And Rainbows." He then went on to Three Dog Night fame. Our trip started in Hollywood and ended after dawn on Venice Beach and then back to Hollywood. When it was over, I was different.

My use of downers gave me a sense of well being like nothing I'd ever known in my life. The tension I was used to was gone when I was loaded and I loved it. I felt as if I could do anything. I was addicted from the very first time I used them. When I mixed them with booze I would fight anyone anywhere. This became a trademark of mine over the next number of years and got me in a lot of trouble.

After being bounced off the wall by Randy Wood at Mira's offices, I vowed that no one would ever get physical with me again in the music business. I made that promise stick without exception. As far as LSD went, it altered all of my perceptions about everything, and I used way too much of it for way too long.

When Chris Lucey was finished I figured I was too, at least where Mira Records was concerned. But Pam Burns kept after to me to go back and cut a single for Mira. She told me that Randy was ashamed of what he'd done to me and wanted to make it right by letting me cut a record of my choice under my own name.

I was confronted with a number of issues in 1965 and received a letter from my mother containing my draft notice. The war in Vietnam was starting to escalate and I was going to have to go. "Jesus Christ man, just what I need!" I complained, after seeing the notice and finding out I was 1-A. That meant I was eligible for military induction and on my way to Vietnam, period.

This fact, as you may have guessed, was the very reason I wrote the song "Vietnam." Randy Wood was not too keen on this song but said, "If that's what you want to cut then go ahead." This was of course prompted by his promise to Pam Burns regarding my work on Chris Lucey.

I wrote "Metropolitan Man" as a b-side and used Don Conka on drums and some of the guys from "The Leaves" to record both songs. The Leaves were also on Mira and had recorded my song

songs. The Leaves were also on Mira and had recorded my song "Girl From The East" for their album. The Leaves had a hit with the song "Hey Joe" at the time and I was lucky to have their help on the record. It came out pretty well I thought.

There were 2 versions of "Vietnam." I wrote the song at the end of 65 and demo'd it with just me, guitar, and harmonica. The version with a band was cut in early 66. As promised, it was on Mira Records as a single, but was never promoted by the company. Randy was reluctant to back an anti-war song on his label so the record just died without ever getting a chance.

I once asked a group of L.A. DJ's at the Whiskey A Go Go during an afternoon radio promotion for something unrelated to me, why they never played my records in L.A.? Reb Foster accused me of using the anti-war demonstrations to further my own career. He was referring to the demonstrations that were starting to occur on the Sunset Strip with great regularity.

They all laughed when Reb said that and chimed in, "Yeah, you're too political." They laughed some more and ignored me as if I weren't there. That was pretty much the story with L.A. radio and me. I never got any airplay. There was a lot of resentment toward me because of the Tony Alamo days. The big ads and then nothing. People used to say, "Oh, you're the guy who had all that publicity and then blew it." I heard that a lot from music industry people in L.A. I was kind of the has been who never was to them and they never let me forget it.

Randy kept his promise alright, but managed to kill the record before it could get off the ground. I didn't know back then whether he did it on purpose, or just didn't get the point of "Vietnam" and refused to promote it. Hell there was a war going on and a lot of people were pissed off about it, so you'd think a song as relevant as "Vietnam" would have had a real shot if Mira would have gotten behind the record.

I don't recall any contracts regarding "Vietnam" and "Metropolitan Man," so I can't say much about it. Knowing Randy though, I'm sure there was some sort of agreement about it somewhere. Randy and I learned to have kind of a love hate relationship with each other that went on for quite awhile, but it was Pam Burns who kept any balance going between Randy and me. She was

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As usual, I made no money for writing or recording "Vietnam/Metropolitan Man." Unfortunately I was getting used to that. It kind of seemed normal to me. I just liked writing songs and making records whether I got paid or not, so I kept doing it whenever I got the chance. It proved to be a bad way to do business.

Like I said, I liked writing songs and making records, so I kept at it for a long time. It was just what I did. If I wrote a song and liked it, it seemed only natural to record it so I could share it with people. Then I could say, "Hey listen to this." That was what it was all about for me, the music. The music business was just a way to accomplish that, not the other way around. When I looked at what I had done and realized I hadn't made a dime I would tell myself, "Just keep writing and recording Bobby. Sooner or later you'll get a hit and everything will work out fine." I really believed that so I just kept doing it.

It was early 1966 and a lot of things happened in that year. When "Vietnam" was recorded with The Leaves, Bob Cohen filmed it for a movie he was making called "Mondo Hollywood." I never thought much about it at the time, it was just something I did because somebody asked if I wanted to be in a movie and I said, "Yeah OK." It was just about that simple.

I signed a release form, not a contract, but a release form saying it was OK to show me in the movie and use my songs. "Wham Bam Thank You M'am" kind of stuff. You would have to get Bob Cohen to show you the piece of paper and I do mean a single slip of paper. It was not a contract. Cohen put out a soundtrack album on Tower Records and Sidewalk Records called "Mondo Hollywood" and I have never received a penny from it. The movie was on VHS tape, and is now a DVD, but I have never gotten a penny from either, nothing. So who knows what that little piece of paper says?

I moved out of Lois Johnston's house again and was going out with a girl I'd met at "The Trip" on Sunset Blvd. It was a new rock n roll club on the strip and she was a cocktail waitress there. Her name was Gail Sloatman. If you've ever watched "Mondo Hollywood," and depending on which version you watch, there is a scene at the beach where I am walking with a girl, that's Gail.

I drive away with that girl in a Corvette in the movie and that was Pam Burn's car. It was leased by Randy Wood for Pam because she worked for him. Pam used to let me drive it so I could look like a successful recording artist. That's how it got in the movie. Everything I showed up in or with was either loaned or borrowed. I owned my clothes and that was about it. The interesting part about Gail was she became Mrs. Frank Zappa, about a year later. But before I write about that there are a number of things that

I started living with Jeff and Stu Eisen up off Woodrow Wilson Dr. above Laurel Canyon. Stuie and Jeffie, as they were called, used to sell a lot of LSD, and for the most part it was still legal at the time. I moved into their house, along with a lot of other people, so I could be close to the source of the acid. The trouble was I was too close, so I spent a lot of time loaded on it. It was during that time when the use of downers increased as a way to compensate for getting fried on acid a lot.

It was in that house that I came in to direct contact with Arthur Lee and Johnny Echols from Love. I used to sit on the living room floor, there wasn't any furniture, and make up songs and play them. That is as close as Arthur Lee and I ever got musically. Me loaded on LSD singing songs in that house.

Another regular occurrence were the "love-ins." They happened mostly in Griffith Park. This was where I got to know Frank Zappa, because he'd show up just about anywhere and play. That's how Frank was in the beginning. Try to imagine a time before Frank Zappa was famous, that's what I'm talking about. Before "The Mothers Of Invention." Frank would go to the Whiskey A Go Go if he could play, or to a parking lot gig, it didn't seem to matter. He'd just show up and play and that's how he got known.

I would go to all the same places as Frank and we just got used to seeing each other and started talking. I liked Zappa and he liked me so we decided we ought to make a record together, in fact we made more than one. I have to jump around here because a lot of different things all happened at the same time. I will try to be as clear as I can.

After "Vietnam" Randy got involved with the distribution of a new label called Penthouse Records that was started by Ken Handler and Norm Ratner. Ken Handler was the son of the people who owned Mattel Toys, and Norm Ratner was the son of the people who owned Troy upholstery, a well known business in L.A. in the 60's. They were rich kids who wanted to be in the record business, so they were.

I was introduced to them by Randy Wood and Mira Records as an artist for their new label. I guess Randy thought it was a way to keep me close and have someone else pay for it, and who better than a couple of eager rich kids who Randy made a deal with to

label called Penthouse Records that was started by Ken Handler and Norm Ratner. Ken Handler was the son of the people who owned Mattel Toys, and Norm Ratner was the son of the people who owned Troy upholstery, a well known business in L.A. in the 60's. They were rich kids who wanted to be in the record business, so they were.

I was introduced to them by Randy Wood and Mira Records as an artist for their new label. I guess Randy thought it was a way to keep me close and have someone else pay for it, and who better than a couple of eager rich kids who Randy made a deal with to distribute whatever they released.

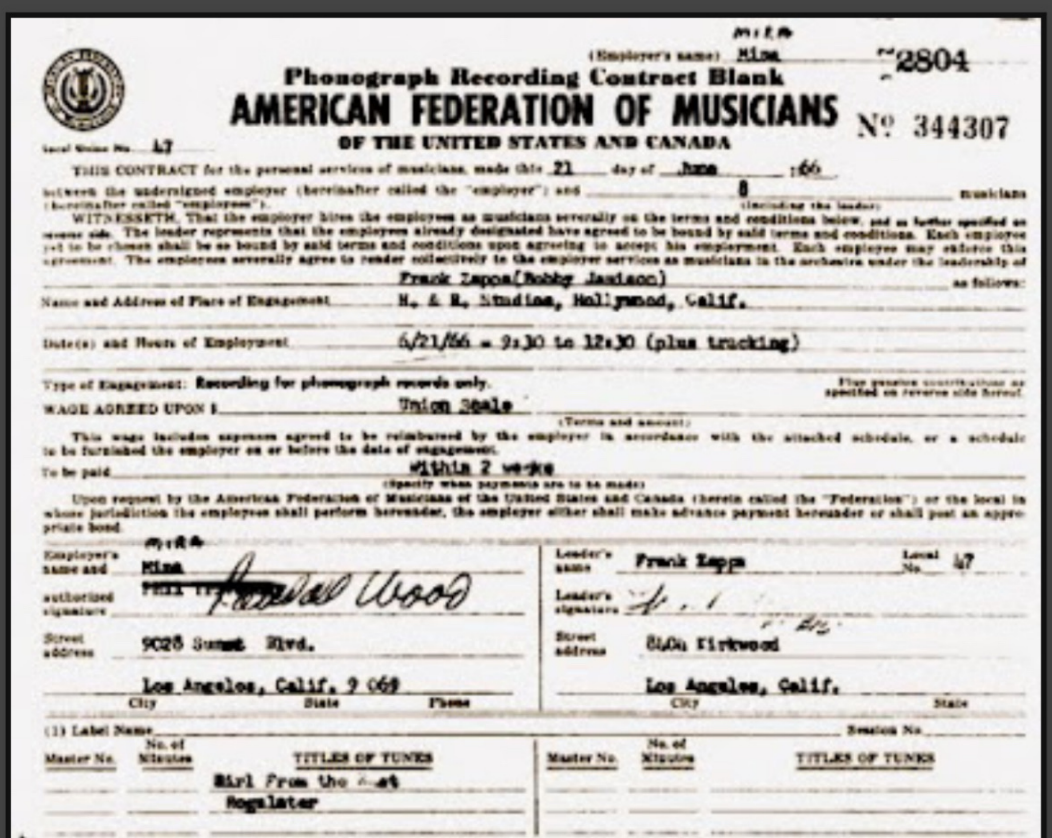
I made 2 records for Penthouse. The first was "Reconsider Baby" which I had written after hearing Percy Sledge's "When A Man Loves A Women." This is when I went to Zappa and asked him to work on the record with me. He agreed, because amongst other things Frank was a studio musician and arranger. He was a Union member and he did dates, so I got Penthouse to hire Frank to work on "Reconsider Baby."

Frank did everything. I played him the song and told him about the Percy Sledge record and he understood completely. He put together the band, got the girl backup singers, The Dixie Cups, (I could be wrong on the name) and wrote all the charts. He basically arranged and produced it but received no label credit at all from Penthouse, who printed on the label that the record was arranged and produced by Handler and Ratner, which is bunk. They did shit.

Frank and I made the record along with the players, most of whom became The Wrecking Crew. The record came and went nowhere like all the others, but to my surprise Penthouse didn't quit. Ken Handler said he figured he'd have to learn some things about the music business, and that he wasn't going to quit just because his first record wasn't a hit. He told me he intended to be successful and that he wanted me to make another record for Penthouse and I agreed.

Friday, March 28, 2008

(part 43) "ROOGALATOR" WAY UP AND THEN WAY DOWN



(Employer's name) Mina 2804

Phonograph Recording Contract Blank

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Nº 344307

Local Union No. 47

THIS CONTRACT for the personal services of musicians, made this 21 day of June, 66 between the undersigned employer (hereinafter called the "employer") and 8 (including the leader) musicians (hereinafter called "employees").

WITNESSETH, That the employer hires the employees as musicians severally on the terms and conditions below, and as further specified on reverse side. The leader represents that the employees already designated have agreed to be bound by said terms and conditions. Each employee yet to be chosen shall be so bound by said terms and conditions upon agreeing to accept his employment. Each employee may enforce this agreement. The employees severally agree to render collectively to the employer services as musicians in the orchestra under the leadership of Frank Zappa(Bobby Jamison) as follows:

Name and Address of Place of Engagement H. & R. Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Date(s) and Hours of Employment 6/21/66 - 9:30 to 12:30 (plus tracking)

Type of Engagement: Recording for phonograph records only.

Plus pension contributions as specified on reverse side hereof.

WAGE AGREED UPON $ Union Scale (Terms and amount)

This wage includes expenses agreed to be reimbursed by the employer in accordance with the attached schedule, or a schedule to be furnished the employer on or before the date of engagement.

To be paid within 2 weeks (Specify when payments are to be made)

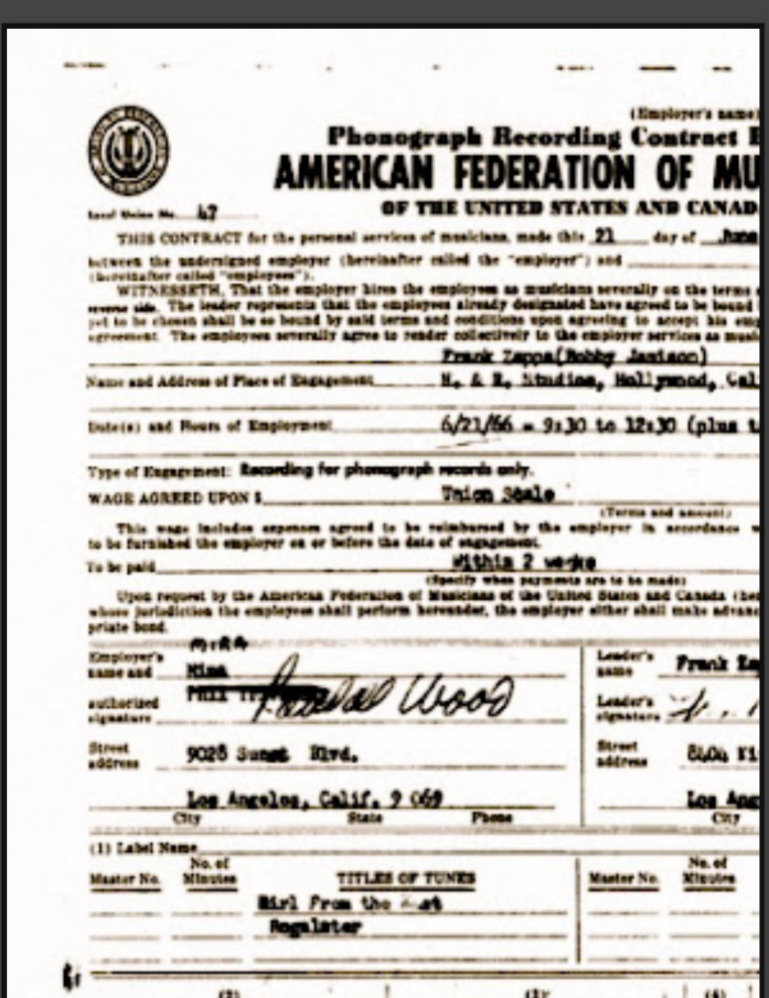
Upon request by the American Federation of Musicians of the United States and Canada (herein called the "Federation") or the local in whose jurisdiction the employees shall perform hereunder, the employer either shall make advance payment hereunder or shall post an appropriate bond.

Employer's name and authorized signature: Mina, Phil Tr[illegible] Wood	Leader's name: Frank Zappa, Local No. 47
Street address: 9028 Sunset Blvd.	Leader's signature: [illegible]
Los Angeles, Calif. 9 069 (City, State, Phone)	Street address: 8404 Kirkwood
	Los Angeles, Calif. (City, State)

(1) Label Name _____ Session No. _____

Master No.	No. of Minutes	TITLES OF TUNES	Master No.	No. of Minutes	TITLES OF TUNES
		Girl From the East			
		Roogalator			

Local 47 contract for Roogalator and Girl From The East



(Employer's name)

Phonograph Recording Contract B

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		Roogalator		

(2) (3) (4)

Local 47 Union contract for Rooglator and Girl From The East

"Gotta Find My Roogalator" by Bobby Jameson and Frank Zappa 1966

As I stated, Ken Handler was the heir to the Mattel Toy Estate. He could do anything he wanted and what he wanted was me. He began buying me instruments, amplifiers, etc. He provided a small house in the valley where I could live if I wanted. He bought me a brand new BSA motor cycle to get around on. He said he was going to make me a star!

I'd heard all this before, so I wasn't as impressed as I would have been, if it were the first time, but Handler was not all that up on my recent past history. I went along with it though, in hopes that it would lead to something concrete as opposed to just another story by someone trying to impress himself.

After Tony Alamo, it was going to be pretty hard for anyone to top his bullshit, but Ken did lay out some real money for the gear, so I went along. One of my complaints, which I vocalized to both Handler and Norm Ratner, was that they'd made a ridiculous mistake with regards to Zappa. "Freak Out", by The Mothers, had been released and had begun to make it apparent that Zappa was not just another run of the mill musician, but something special.

I told them that not giving Frank any credit at all for his work on "Reconsider Baby" was about as stupid as anything they could have done. Ratner was not impressed, but Ken listened to what I was saying and took it seriously. He asked me if I thought Zappa would do another record with me and I said I'd ask him.

The name "Roogalator" was something I picked up from Johnny Rivers. Phil Turetsky, who was River's business manager, had introduced us to each other along the way, and Johnny liked riding motor cycles. He had a 750 Triumph and I had the 650 BSA, so we started riding together. Anyway that's where I picked up the "Roogalator" thing. I believed it was similar to "mojo", like "I Got My Mojo Working." I started fiddling around with the word and told Johnny I had written a pretty good song, but never got him to record it. I think John may have written his own version, but I've never heard it.

I talked to Frank about doing another record, and told him Handler was sorry for not giving him credit on "Reconsider Baby." Frank really didn't seem to care all that much about it, but I assured him he'd get credit if we did anything else. I asked Frank to listen to "Gotta Find My Roogalator" and he liked the song. He said he knew exactly who he would use on the session.

Who he chose to use on "Roogalator" became known as the "Wrecking Crew." They were Louis Morell on guitar, Carol Kaye on guitar and bass, Larry Knechtel on piano, Gene Estes and or John Guerin on drums. Frank played guitar and arranged the song. In reality, Frank and I produced the record, but of course were not given credit, but Frank was at least credited as the arranger.

We recorded it at HRT Studios and got a good sound out of the that room. Another song was cut with it, which has never been released, and that was my song "Girl From The East" off the Chris Lucey album. It has never been used, so that is why "Low Down Funky Blues" is the b side of both "Reconsider Baby" and "Gotta Find My Roogalator."

I must not have been too happy with the way "Girl From The East" came out, or it would have been the b side of "Roogalator". "Low Down Funky Blues" was just a song I made up on the spot for the b side of "Reconsider Baby" when we cut that record, it got reused as the b side for "Roogalator" because we had a shortage of songs that I was willing to use. This is the best recollection I have of how that happened. Someday I will release "Girl From The East" by me and Frank.

Not Secure — bobbyjameson.blogspot.com

My brother Bill, "Jamie" was staying at the house out in the valley that Ken Handler had provided. This proved to be a bad thing, because Bill was pretty isolated out there and started a downhill pattern of mental illness that eventually led to a complete psychotic break with reality, causing me to have to put him in a mental hospital, so he wouldn't hurt himself. This with many other things was one of the miseries of my life.

After "Gotta Find My Roogalator" was finished and scheduled for release, I had a long conversation with Ken Handler about promotion. I told him that if he didn't promote, and I mean really promote "Roogalator" it was going to do exactly what "Reconsider Baby" had done, nothing. Surprisingly he agreed with me and said he wanted me to come to dinner at his house in Woodland Hills to discuss the details of what he had in mind. I immediately felt that we were on the same wave length and was eager to take him up on the invite.

I arrived at Handler's house on a Sunday afternoon by myself, and was greeted by his pregnant wife who was busy in the kitchen preparing food. Ken asked me if I wanted a drink and I said, "Yeah, a scotch and water." He made me a drink and asked if it were OK and I told him it was fine. He said, "Let's go upstairs to my office and talk about our plans for your future." "Wow," I thought, "This is going to be alright."

I followed Ken upstairs, as he yelled to his wife we were going to the office for awhile. She yelled back, "Ok," and we continued on to a small room on the second floor that had been furnished like an office. "Go on in Bobby," he said, and I went into the room followed by Ken. He closed the door and stood there smiling at me for a moment and then said, "I'd like you to spend the night here Bobby." I looked at him closely and said, "Why, what'd you have in mind?" He said, "I want you to stay here with me."

I was all of a sudden in a different world. He was asking me to sleep with him. "Well Ken, I appreciate the compliment, but that's not my thing," I said. He looked at me almost hurt in his expression and said, "Is that final?" I said, "Yeah pretty much Ken, that's final." "No chance that you'd change your mind in the future," he asked? "I don't think so Ken, sorry." "Well that's too bad Bobby, because my plans for you really depended on what you said at this meeting

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Ken just stood there looking at me with that, "You can still change your mind look." When I heard myself say, "Well I guess I better get going, eh?" As I opened the door to leave, Ken said, "Bobby you know the things I bought for you will all have to be returned in light of our conversation here." "Yeah, OK Ken, I'll make sure to bring all the stuff to your office at Mira," I said, wanting to punch his ass out at that point.

"I'll make sure you get it all back." I stumbled down the stairs and looked for the front door not wanting to be in that house a second more than I had to. "Honey, Bobby can't stay for dinner this time, something important has come up," he yelled to his wife. "Oh that's too bad," she said back... I was out the door and said nothing. I remember the feeling, it was getting to be a habit, it was getting to be my life. Way up and then way down...way up and then way down...way up and.....

Monday, March 31, 2008

(part 44) MATTEL TOYS, KEN HANDLER, AND MY RIGHTS

So once again I did the right thing and the wrong thing happened. It was getting to be a world of backwards reality with me. It wasn't like I was screwing up back in 1966. I did my work but the outcome always seemed to depend on somebody else's agenda. Ever since Tony Alamo everything I did came out like this.

I didn't care that Ken Handler was gay. Hell I'd been around plenty of gay people, it was just a fact of life. The problem was, Ken Handler had all the power because he was rich and the son of the Mattel Toys family. He didn't have a damn thing to worry about. He was covered no matter what he did. I on the other hand was 20 years old and trying to do something with my life to get it off the ground.

I'd been misled by Handler, and didn't find out about it until the last minute. He forced me to choose between giving him what he wanted to get what I wanted, or to give up what I wanted, because I was unwilling to give him what he wanted. To him I was little

I was unwilling to give him what he wanted. To him I was little more than a piece of ass as it turned out, but to me it was my whole world at that particular point. It wouldn't have mattered if it were a man and a girl or a women and a boy. Whatever configuration you come up with, it was a chicken-shit thing to do to anybody, and that anybody was me.

I brought all the gear Ken had bought me back to Penthouse Records at Mira's offices. His attitude was someone who put himself above everyone else, though I had not seen that part of him until I returned the equipment. He barely took time to acknowledge my presence as I recall, but asked the whereabouts of the motorcycle? "I'm not giving it to you Ken," I said, "I'm gonna keep it because I earned it."

He started to object and I got very cold with him saying, "I'm keeping it Ken and that's all there is to it." I stared at him until he understood that I wasn't kidding. He got to see a part of me that day that he had not been familiar with either. Anything said after that moment I pushed aside. I stood my ground, making it clear that no one would get me to change my mind about keeping the motorcycle. I considered it payment for my work and my time.

I had not been paid for my work on "Reconsider Baby" or "Gotta Find My Roogalator" so keeping the bike seemed reasonable to me at the time. Hell I should have kept everything. I'd experienced too many losses at the hands of others in the past couple of years to just keep standing around at the end with absolutely nothing to show for it. I was tired of the Tony Alamo's, Andrew Oldham's, and Randy Wood's of the world. Ken Handler became the first one I took something from. I took it and dared him to do something about it, and he did not. It was one small victory.

No one will ever convince me that in light of what the facts were, as they relate to Ken Handler and myself, that any contract I may have signed with Penthouse Records could be enforced. He and Penthouse dropped me and failed to fulfill even the most minimal of obligations as a record label and or publisher. In a court of law I would dominate on the law and facts alone, not to mention the fraud perpetrated on me personally by Ken Handler. His sexual advances and demands forced me into a "Do what I want or else stalemate." I was maneuvered into a no win situation and my

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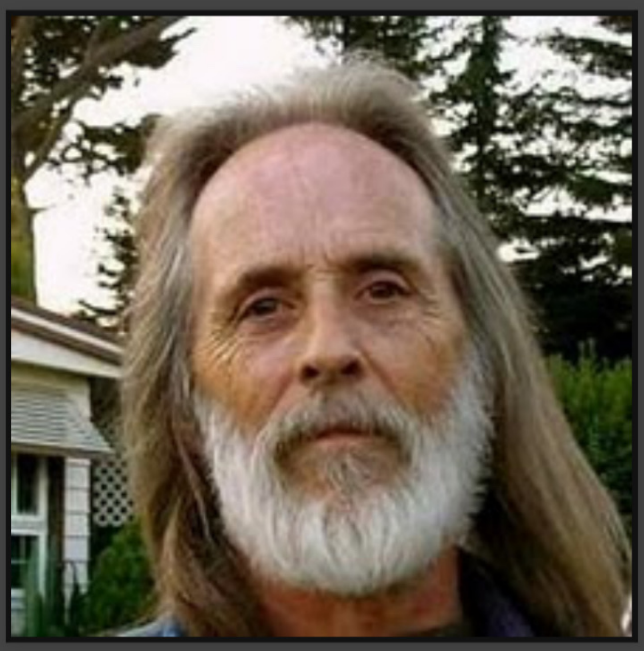
At the time of this writing I do hereby claim all rights to my songs "Low Down Funky Blues" "Gotta Find My Roogalator" and "Reconsider Baby." I further claim all rights to my recorded performances of those songs as well as "Girl From The East" which was recorded at the same time in 1966.

I don't recall with great clarity, following the Penthouse fiasco, what Randy Wood's position regarding me was. I was probably blamed by everyone for screwing the whole thing up. That I have found, is the nature of people who won't take responsibility for their actions. It has taken me many years to realize that many of the calamities in my past were brought about by the actions of others, at least in part. I have paid enough dues to those people. I am determined to one day set the entire record straight. I have no plans to sit by and allow forever, others to claim ownership of my work or profit from it while I live as a pauper.



Me in 2007

No comment! Excellent! Either my last post was completely uninteresting or I said something of an unacceptable nature. It doesn't matter which. I'm not trying to win a popularity contest. I'm trying to tell a story. I'm not trying to win you over or get you to agree with me.

It occurs to me at times as I remember all this, that I spent the last 40 some years mostly blaming myself for everything that happened to me in the 60's. What I am learning as I go, is a lot of what transpired had nothing to do with me screwing up. Don't get me wrong. I do a whole lot to screw me up later.

My point here is, I always came up with the goods. I had the songs and I recorded them. How that was dealt with by record labels, music publishers, producers, and managers, was pretty much out of my hands. I was 19 and 20 years old at the time most of this took place. I had no power or control over anything except writing and singing the songs.

From 1964 through 1966 I wrote and/or recorded 7 or 8 singles and 2 albums. I'm So Lonely/I Wanna Love You, Okey Fanokey Baby/Meadow Green, All I Want Is My Baby/Each And Every Day, Rum Pum Mum Num/I Wanna Know, Please Mr. Mailman/I Wanna Know, the album Chris Lucey Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest, Vietnam/Metropolitan Man, Reconsider Baby/Low Down Funky Blues, Gotta Find My Roogalator/Low Down Funky Blues, All Alone/Your Sweet Lovin, and the album Jameson Color Him In. For all that I received $250 and a $650 BSA motorcycle. Both

For all that I received $250 and a $650 BSA motorcycle. Both albums and 4 of the singles were written and recorded in less than a year's period. From the end of 1965 to the end of 1966.

Although I was using drugs and drinking neither of them had done what they later did to me, which was to completely and utterly destroy my life. From 1964 through 1966 I always showed up and did my work. What was done with that work was not under my control.

What is becoming clearer to me as I write is the basis for my later complete freak-out which started years earlier. That is what I'm relating in these pages. The growing frustration that occurred over a number of years culminating into a very different person than the one who started out writing songs and singing for the fun of it.

If you think I'm attempting to heap blame on others you're Goddamn right. As much as possible. But if you think I'm not willing to heap blame on myself as well you're wrong. I, in the long run will eat, by experience, every single disaster that is the history of Bobby Jameson/Chris Lucey. I have not escaped any of the blame and/or criticism that goes with being me. I have lived through all of this, and still do, for over 4 decades now.

You cannot know, other than me relating it to you, what it has been like, and what it is like to this day. I have nothing to show for my work other than the work itself. I live in poverty. I am not saying that for effect. I live, and have lived in poverty for a very long time. I have this computer, my first, because a bootleg record company (Fallout) sent me a $1,000 when they illegally released "Color Him In" about a year ago. Thank God they did. They are the only ones who have. I bought this computer with that money.

I sit at this keyboard breaking my ass and my head, learning how to use it, and trying to recall and articulate the facts as best I can. I am not interested in anything other than putting the facts forward, for the first time, about my side of my story. I have been asked what I expect to achieve or gain from doing this and I have answered. Nothing! Nothing at all, except to know in my own mind, that Bobby Jameson's version of Bobby Jameson's past history has finally been put somewhere.

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A small bit of attention may be given to this story. A story that has been taken so far out of context that I could no longer sit by and accept what others have said about me. That is the world I live in. I am sure that I will never gain anything from what I have done or do here. Getting blamed for all that went on is now, unfortunately, second nature to me. Maybe you think that's why things go wrong in my life, because I expect them to. I accept that criticism. But old dogs like me find it hard to trust humans, because it is humans who cheat and beat on old dogs like me. I'm not interested in a better philosophy. I am interested in better people.

Wednesday, April 2, 2008

(part 46) ALL ALONE / THE MONKEES / WHAT NEXT?

The next record I made in 1966 was "All Alone/Your Sweet Lovin" on Current Records. The company was run and partially owned by one Mike Goldberg. After my Penthouse Records experience I went outside of Randy Wood's reach and signed a 1 record deal with Current Records. I was given label credit for arranging, writer, and artist. It was a good record.

I cut that record in a couple of hours one afternoon but don't remember everybody's name who played on it. I am sorry for that, because they all did a hell of a good job. J. Fisher is listed as producer and I have vague memories of who that is. He also played guitar as I recall, and possibly did the harmonica parts.

After the record was cut nothing was done with it. There it was and that was it. Same old shit. I went to Goldberg's office and asked him why nothing was being done with the record? He told me all the reactions by L.A. radio were negative and there wasn't much he could do about it.

I'd signed a contract that was going to tie me up for a minimum of 1 year and there was nothing he could do about it? I told him that was no good for me and asked him to release me from the contract which he said he could not do. I recall getting mad at him almost immediately because this was just one more bullshit hangup in a long list of hangups where my life and career were involved.

Goldberg finally said he'd let me out of the contract if I paid him for the cost of the session. Great! I was broke, as usual, and this guy wants me to pay for my own session to let me out of a contract that he's using to hang me up? He wouldn't work the record, so it's dead, and I gotta pay him to get out? Man was I was pissed off.

This guy had sweet talked me with promises into signing the goddamn contract in the first place and now wanted money to let me out of it because he wasn't doing his job promoting the record. It wasn't that it was a lot of money $500 or $600, but for me that was a lot. Fortunately at the time, I'd met another women named Carol Paulus, who I still know to this day, and she gave me the money to get out of that contract.

The record says Lightswitch Music is the publisher, but I will challenge that on similar grounds to those involving Penthouse Records and claims by other publishers. Record labels and publishers are bound, at least minimally, to do something more than record a song, claim the publishing, and sit on it. A contract is between the various parties involved, and each party has some sort of obligation to perform some duty to make the contract binding.

I upheld my obligations by writing and recording the songs so I challenge Current Records and Lightswitch Music on the basis of purposeful and knowing nonperformance. I would like to see the contract again, because my belief is it would be found to be insufficient as a legal document. Therefore I do claim all rights to my songs "All Alone" and "Your Sweet Lovin" and my recorded performances of those 2 songs.

That is 4 singles in a row that I wrote and recorded for 3 different companies in a matter of months. In each case I was promised something which I never received. I was led to believe by each of those companies who signed me, that they had made a good faith promise to do the best job possible with each record.

This by no means was the case with any of those recordings I made in 1966. In each of the circumstances the record was recorded by me, using my songs, and then abandon to a scrap heap by those who held the power and purse strings. The records were basically shelved by those labels and their executives, while at the same time their publishing arm claimed the rights to my songs. It is because of this practice that I feel each of these agreements must be challenged at this time.

Back at Mira Records Phill Turetsky had been watching this absurdity unfold for months. He finally got me away from everyone and told me he wanted to get me something more legitimate than what he had witnessed from his vantage point ay Mira. I was surprised by this and welcomed Phil's involvement in my life, knowing he was Johnny River's business manager and was capable of accomplishing something more concrete.

The first thing Phil did was tell me about a new TV show being planned called "The Monkees." Turetsky said they were casting for the show and believed I had a real shot at it. I was completely

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The first thing Phil did was tell me about a new TV show being planned called "The Monkees." Turetsky said they were casting for the show and believed I had a real shot at it. I was completely overwhelmed by this news and told him I was very interested. He told me Burt Schneider and Bob Raphelson, at Columbia, had based their idea for "The Monkees" on "The Beatle's" movie "A Hard Days Night." On hearing that you know how excited I must have been about doing it.

A meeting was set up and I was scheduled to meet with the producers at Columbia. It seemed to me at the time, that Phil Turetsky had intervened, for whatever purpose, in the black comedy he'd watched over at Mira concerning the career of Bobby Jameson. I guess he thought he could do a better job than what he'd seen Randy Wood, Ken Handler, or Mike Goldberg do.

When I arrived at Columbia Studios, on Gower St. in Hollywood I was ushered in without trouble. That in itself was different from what I'd gotten used to. I met with Raphelson and Schneider right off the bat and then David Jones, who had already been chosen as the first "Monkee." They were extremely nice and very excited about meeting me. It was a positive experience. I asked if the show was really going to be as hip as "A Hard Days Night" and was assured it would be that hip. But from the very beginning I kind of got the feeling that it was going to be exactly the way it turned out, kind of lame.

Thursday, April 3, 2008

(part 47) ZAPPA, GAIL, AND BOBBY JAMESON

I started going up to Zappa's house in Laurel Canyon and writing songs on his living room floor after Frank and me made a couple of records together. Most of what I wrote there was a lot of stuff used in the making of Color Him In, though at the time I had no idea that would be the case. I just liked hanging around with Frank because all either of us did was work all the time.

We didn't talk a lot, because we were busy doing stuff and were both comfortable with that arrangement. But on one particular day Frank did want to talk and it was about my girlfriend Gail. Gail use to go with me to Frank's and just hang out while we were working on music or Frank's film. I knew she and Frank got along well and that was fine with me. That afternoon when he asked if he could talk to me about something it was different than all the other times Frank and I had been together.

I could tell it was important to him so I really gave it my full attention. Like I said, it was about Gail. I could see he was having a tough time getting to the point and I realized it was because he didn't feel too comfortable bringing up the subject. "I know Gail's your girlfriend," he said, "but I wanted to know how serious you were about her?" "I don't know Frank," I answered, "I just kind a hang around with her you know. I don't think I'm too serious about her other than we just like to hang out, why?"

"Well," said Frank, "I really like her and I don't want to cause you any problems, so I thought I better ask you about it and..." "Hey man, no problem," I said, "If that's all it is don't worry about it. You can do whatever you want. I'm not gonna be bothered by it." Frank stared at me for a second or two and then said,"Really?" "Really man," I said, "it's OK. If you like her and she likes you then whatever you guys decide to do is fine with me." He seemed immediately relieved and that was all that was ever said about it.

Gail was living with me up at the house off Woodrow Wilson Drive, where all the LSD was being sold. I don't think I ever remember Gail getting loaded much. She just happened to be around people like me who did. I had a bedroom at the house, with a bathroom attached that was directly across the hall from the front door. On one particular night Gail was in the bedroom and I had gone into the bathroom to write.

I used to sit up on the sink. It was big, and I'd lean against the wrap around mirrors in there and write lyrics. On this one night I dropped some acid and was waiting for it to kick in. While I was noticing the first waves of getting loaded, I heard this loud pounding on the front door about 12 feet from where I was sitting. The next thing I heard was a huge crash coming from the hall outside the bathroom where I was starting to hallucinate.

I jumped off the sink and went through the door to the bedroom where Gail was now standing at attention, it appeared, and staring wide eyed at something. The look on her face was fear, but I didn't know about what. I was hallucinating so much at that point I couldn't figure out what was going on. I heard something like yelling, but I couldn't make out what it was or where it was coming from. I just kept moving around the room trying to put the pieces together when all of a sudden I heard clearly, "Stop moving or I'm going to kill you!"

I looked in the direction of the sound and into the barrel of a 12 guage police riot gun which was aimed at my face. The guy with the shotgun was shaking and yelling for me to quit moving. If you can imagine, try to think what a 12 guage shotgun barrel looks like when you're hallucinating on LSD. All at once reality slammed back into my consciousness. We were in the middle of a drug bust and this guy was an undercover plain clothes narc! Fuck! What a trip!

I was hallucinating like a son-of-a-bitch and was in the middle of a drug bust with a guy about to shoot me. Finally I stopped moving. I stood deadly still at that point and glanced over at Gail who looked like she was gonna have a heart attack. This was one of the worst nights of my life and I'm sure hers too. It went on for hours while about 14 cops went through everything in that house.

I sat handcuffed on the floor and just tried to keep remembering what was happening and that I was on a drug. I kept saying to myself over and over again, "Don't lose it Bobby, don't freak out or these guy's are gonna kill you. Keep it together man, keep it together." I think that was the last time I saw Gail until the 70's when I ran into her and Frank at a recording studio. She was then Gail Zappa, and wanted nothing to do with me.

Friday, April 4, 2008

(part 48) WELL I DON'T GIVE A DAMN, NEXT STOP IS VIETNAM

click

The war in Vietnam was really starting to get out of control in 1966 and I was scheduled to be drafted into the army at any moment. There I was trying to get my life to make sense while worrying about getting sent to Vietnam. The "Monkees" thing was still on and I was trying to get over being in my first major drug bust which was as fresh as wet paint in my mind.

I had to sit in jail for 3 days thinking my life was as good as over, when out of nowhere I was just kicked loose without explanation. To this day I'm not sure what happened, but I figure the police had done something wrong, like not getting a search warrant, or violating some other provision of law.

LSD had been legal, but somewhere along the line in 65 they had written new legislation and I guess it kicked in sometime in 1966. I learned to pay far more attention to things like that after my arrest.

LSD had been legal, but somewhere along the line in 65 they had written new legislation and I guess it kicked in sometime in 1966. I learned to pay far more attention to things like that after my arrest. Everybody heard about it, but because I was out on the street and it was the 60's, it didn't cause that much trouble. What I'm saying is that I was not avoided by anybody or blacklisted because of it. It didn't effect my position for example as a possible "Monkee".

My draft date came and I was ordered to show up at the draft board to be inducted into the military. I had no choice and I hadn't come up with any way to get out of it, so I just went there on the date specified. I stood out like a sore thumb and attracted negative attention from the wrong people as soon as I walked through the door.

"Well who the hell are you bright eyes, one of the Goddamn Beatles?" This was a question hurled at me, amongst others, as soon as I arrived. I tried to lose myself in the crowd, which was large, and not get noticed so much. I looked around at all these young guys of every color and description and it was not a pretty picture. Each one seemed to be terrified on the inside but trying hard to put the brave face on the outside.

I knew I was scared. Hell I didn't want to go to Vietnam, period. I thought I'd get shot or shoot someone on our side for ordering me around. I was as piss poor at following directions as anyone you've ever met. We were told to remove our clothes down to our underwear, and then got put through a bunch of arbitrary jumping-jacks for what purpose I don't know, maybe just humiliation.

It was real similar to what they'd done when I was arrested and booked for drugs. There didn't seem to be a lot of difference. I stood in line while some drill instructor screamed at us. I tried desperately to think up some way to get my ass out of this situation. I heard the guy who was doing all the yelling say, "Has anyone here been arrested in the last 6 months for narcotics?" I looked around the room and up and down the lines of some 300 or so guys and didn't see a single hand go up.

The whole room was silent and everybody else was doing the same thing I was. Looking around to see if anyone was stupid enough to raise their hand. "Me," I said, "I was arrested for drugs." All eyes turned toward me. "You what?" the D. I. screamed, "What

All eyes turned toward me. "You what?" the D. I. screamed, "What the fuck makes you stupid enough to raise your Goddamned hand and admit to a chicken shit thing like that you asshole?"

I was scared but said, "You asked if anyone had been arrested and I had, so I told you." The Drill Instructor looked at me in utter disbelief. The whole room was completely silent. "Why you cowardly little shit. Do you see this yellow line on the floor asshole?" he screamed, "Yes Sir I do," I said, "Well I want you to follow that yellow line where ever it goes until you can't go any further, do you understand me?" he yelled, "Yes Sir," I said, "Well then move your ass and get out of my sight you goddamned little coward."

I pulled on my pants and hauled ass along the route of the yellow line. It went on for a long way and it was a big building in the crappy part of L.A. I went down halls and up a flight of stairs and down some more halls until it stopped outside the door of an office. I figured I was supposed to knock on the door so I did.

A voice yelled from inside for me to enter. I opened the door slowly and looked in. It was a tiny dark office with a desk and chair and that's about it. Behind the desk was another guy in uniform who ordered me inside. He had a similar personality to the guy who'd sent me there.

This schmuck wanted every detail about my arrest I could give him and was just plain pissed off at me. I filled him in on the details of my arrest and then he basically kicked my ass out and said I'd be notified by mail of the decision regarding my military status. That was it! I left the building and I was the only one who did as far as I know. Every one of those other guys was still there when I left. I have always wondered about it. Why I was out and they were in? I didn't know whether to be grateful or feel guilty.

Months later I received a letter from the government telling me that I had been reclassified as 1-Y. I didn't know what that meant so I found someone who did. I asked them what 1-Y meant and they said, "It's a National Security deferment." "Well what the fuck does that mean?" I asked, "It means if the Russians attack Long Beach the army will take you, otherwise you're out." "You mean I don't have to go to Vietnam?" I asked. "Right! You don't have to go to Vietnam."

Wednesday, April 9, 2008

(part 49) THE SECOND MONKEE, LONG HAIR, AND THE 60'S

Each one of these posts, and the content, is written with a purpose. I do not talk about being busted, my drug use, or who was with me just for the hell of it. Each part played a critical role in what actually transpired in the scheme of things over time. For example. If I had not been busted for drugs I surely would have gone to Vietnam. The fact that Gail Sloatman, Franks eventual wife, was with me will again play a specific role in how things turned out.

I went back to Columbia to participate in the planning of the "Monkees" TV show. David Jones and I went with someone from Columbia to The Ashgrove, a folk club in Hollywood in the 60's. There was always new talent there so we went to scout out other potential "Monkee" candidates.

I was beginning to notice that what they expected of me was to be that shiny faced "pop star" personality that I had learned to dread in England. I had started growing a beard and my hair was getting longer and there were hints that they wanted me cleaned up.

It sounds like a small thing, but at the time I was extremely reluctant to once again be guided toward a personality that was not really my own. A lot of things had happened to me in the past couple of years and had changed me. I was not so trusting and naive as I had once been. For me it was a form of protection to decide for myself who I was rather than have that critical point determined by others.

This fact began to push and pull me in two different directions at the same time. I knew I would benefit in a lot of ways if I became one of the "Monkees" but I also felt that being true to myself at that point was of equal importance, at least to me if not to anybody else.

I spoke to Phil Turetsky about it because he had gotten me the original audition for "The Monkees." He didn't make a big deal about it, but in fact said he had someone else he wanted me to meet who was looking for a new artist who wrote and recorded their own songs. Phil said they wanted to make an album with that artist.

His name was Steve Clark and he had a production company called Our Productions. They'd had a hit with "The Association" and the song "And Then Along Comes Mary" which I was familiar with. He told me Steve had a genius kid he was working with named Curt Boettcher and thought I might get along with him real well.

A time was set up for me to meet with Clark at his office in the tower at Sunset Blvd. and Vine St. in Hollywood. I had a lot of songs at that point, because like I said, I had done a lot of writing

A time was set up for me to meet with Clark at his office in the tower at Sunset Blvd. and Vine St. in Hollywood. I had a lot of songs at that point, because like I said, I had done a lot of writing at Zappa's house and the other house where the drug bust occurred.

Phil told me that Steve Clark would be as easy to get along with as anyone I'd ever met. This was a good thing, because I was having trouble with the endless personalities and egos of record executives and wanna be producers. I was leery at that point about who I met and how I'd react to them. I was, needless to say, somewhat edgier than I had been earlier.

I think at that point in my life I had a lot of frustration, anger, and disappointment bottled up inside me and was kind of a walking time bomb in the making. I used drugs and alcohol to steer myself in a particular direction. Drugs and alcohol were working for me at that point and had become a prominent part of my new personality.

I have to remind myself, and possibly the reader, that this was the 60's. Everything was alive and electric. Things moved at a ridiculously fast pace. For a growing number of people, drugs were not negative. They were part of the mind alteration and new philosophy of social understanding. Drugs were part of the mind expansion and new sense of freedom that was sweeping across America and the world, and I was determined, in my mind, to be at the front of the battle lines.

These brave words nearly killed me in the end, but at the time they were deeply and sincerely felt by myself and an ever growing number of others world wide. I still believe that the 60's did more to change the world than anything I have ever seen or heard about. I'm sure there are those who would agree, but believe that most of those changes were negative.

Even though I was as much a victim as a survivor of those times, I believe I learned some of my most important lessons from those years. Even now, I am looking for the kind of openness and peace that many pursued in earnest back then. The world would be a far better place than it has become with a whole lot more peace and love than exists today.

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Hippie girls, for me, were the loviest creatures I ever met. Every now and then I see someone who looks like that picture in my mind and I am instantly returned to the Sunset Strip, Griffith Park, and the 60's.

Friday, April 11, 2008

(part 50) STEVE CLARK, CURT BOETTCHER, AND BOBBY JAMESON

In 1966 I was at a crossroads in my life. The war in Vietnam was raging out of control and was taking it's toll on America. There was a growing split between the anti-war forces and pro-war forces, and both sides were taking to the streets. Many of the arguments for war today were heard in the 60's. They are as wrong now as they were back then. There's one reason to leave and a thousand reasons to stay. It takes a lot of guts to leave but it is the only way to allow what is going to happen to happen and then heal.

In the 60's it was the same question. The streets of West Hollywood and Hollywood saw their share of huge violent street demonstrations against the Vietnam War. I don't think I missed any of them in all the time they were happening. I knew in my heart that I had been spared going because I'd been busted for drugs, but I couldn't just forget about Vietnam simply because I didn't have to go.

Sometimes on the "Strip" guys who were just out of boot camp would show up to beat up on "hippies" who they regarded as "pinko commie fags" and cowards. We actually had a gang who were always ready to go at it with these jerks when that happened

were always ready to go at it with these jerks when that happened so there was a lot of street fighting in the middle to late 60's over the war.

At the intersection of Crescent Heights Blvd. and Sunset Blvd. there was an island in the middle of the street. This is where "Pandora's Box" was located. Across the street was the "5th Estate" another well known 60's coffee house and "hippie" hangout. We fought with 1,000 or more L.A. cops and sheriff's officers one night over the war, and a newly imposed curfew and loitering law. It would make sense to keep this in mind when thinking back to all that the 60's had to offer.

There were real people who had real ideas about important things that swept this country into turmoil back then. It was by no means just a drugged out musical dreamworld. The drugs and music were always present but so were a lot of other ideas that represented the dynamics of the time.

I showed up at the Vine Tower to meet Steve Clark and Curt Boettcher at the arranged time and was unsure of what to expect. I had been told by Phil Turetsky, as I said, that Steve was an easy guy to get along with and that turned out to be the truth. He may have been a little too easy to get along with. None the less, I was welcomed into Steve Clark's world of Our Productions as a long lost child and felt immediately at home in those surroundings.

I told him about the "Monkees" TV thing and said I was up for a part in it and had to make a decision one way or another. He asked what was holding me back and I told him I was somewhat reluctant to end up a TV "bubble gummer" no matter how good it sounded. Steve was vaguely aware of my past and asked about the Billboard ads and Tony Alamo. He was also interested in the fact that I'd recorded with Mick Jagger in London.

We talked about my goals in the music business for awhile. Steve asked if I wanted to meet Curt Boettcher who was waiting in another office. "Yeah!" I said. While Steve went to get him I tried to anticipate what he would be like. When Curt showed up at the door saying, "Hi!" I knew he was nothing like I'd envisioned. He was not an arrogant record guy at all. He was small and fragile looking, like "Peter Pan" and had one of the most friendly interested smiles I had ever encountered.

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He introduced himself to me and I returned the introduction as we shook hands. His voice was almost like a child but filled with interest and respect. He spoke to me as if he were thrilled to be there and appeared to relish every moment of the time we spent together that day. He asked about my music and I told him the best way for me to explain it was to play it for him which he was eager for me to do.

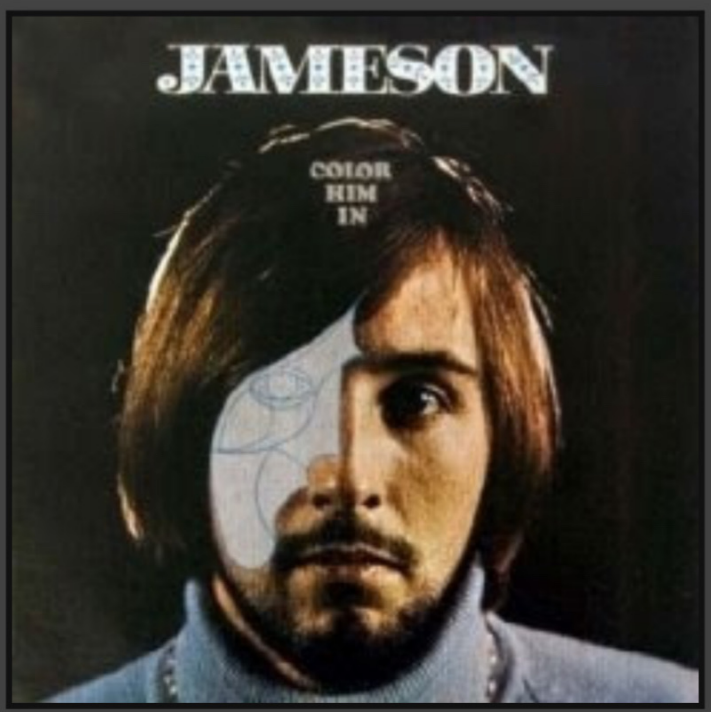
We sat in that office for an hour or more and I played song after song for him that I'd written in the past year or so. There was nothing I played him that he didn't like. From "Jamie" to "See Dawn" and "Candy Colored Dragon," etc., he was just pleased about what he heard coming out of my mouth. "We have to work together. I can already hear the arrangements for everything you're playing," he said.

He was like some frantic genius in full animation in front of me. His excitement was catching and I began to get excited right along with him. I seemed to know at that moment that Curt and I were destined to work with each other from that time on. Our Productions would be my new home and Curt and Steve Clark would be my new best friends. When Steve finally came back to join us he could see how well Curt and I were hitting it off. "I guess every things OK?" he said. "Every things wonderful," said Curt, "better than wonderful!"

There were a lot of details to work out before our new arrangement became a reality. I told Steve that I hadn't made a penny up until then and that I was bound and determined to get paid something before I said OK to any more record deals. He asked what I was talking about money-wise, and I told him I wanted a $100 a week for a minimum of a year. This may sound like a very small sum now, but from where I was coming from $100 a week for me was a fortune. Steve looked at me and smiled a big "Dennis The Menace" smile. That's what Steve Clark looked like. A huge "Dennis The Menace." He said, "I don't think that's a problem."

Monday, April 14, 2008

(part 51) CURT BOETTCHER AND BOBBY JAMESON: THE MAKING OF COLOR HIM IN



Telling the story about the making of "Color Him In" is different than the previous stories. This album was more specific in it's intention than the earlier recordings I made with the exception of "Vietnam/Metropolitan Man." Work started on the project in 1966 just prior to the "Summer Of Love" time period in 1967 which has been well documented as a central time frame and theme of the 60's.

"Color Him In" was a psychedelic work of the times. Much of what is on the record was inspired by LSD, Vietnam, and the Peace Movement. The overall context was freedom from the establishment or so we thought. It was basically a concept album, but most of the music's conceptual arrangements were Curt's. Songs I wrote like "See Dawn" dealt with duality. "What goes up must come down." The lyric "See dawn, see dawn the setting sun" attempts to look at things from opposite ends of a single spectrum simultaneously.

These pairs of opposites run throughout the work. Curt Boettcher was delighted by this kind of lyric. My words and melodies, according to Curt at the time, were like a playground for his arrangements. He would take the demos I made of me and a guitar, and arrange vocal harmonies and instrumentation around them. He would come up with entire arrangements based on a specific lick or chord progression of mine.

In "Jamie," which has a piano chord progression I used in writing the song, Curt built that progression into the dominant theme or sound for the song. He didn't just have some chords to follow, he made the progression stand out as the specific feature of the entire recording itself. If you listen to "Jamie" you will get the point.

"Jamie" from "Color Him In"

The album was recorded in it's entirety at CBS Studios on Sunset Blvd., in Hollywood. These were very up to date studios in the 60's when we worked there, but were run or engineered exclusively by Union members at the time. This was very problematic back then, because Curt was not even allowed to touch the equipment according to Union rules. Not only was this a nightmare for Curt Boettcher, but for others as well such as Brian Wilson. These guys, Curt and Brian, were better equipped to do the work than the Engineers who were running the equipment, but the rule was only the Union Engineers could run things. What you had, was two

the Union Engineers could run things. What you had, was two young genius's telling these old farts what to do and how to do it. It was a problem, but it also helped change things in the long run.

As far as the cover art for "Color Him In" went, it was Steve Clark's idea. The original picture was taken by Dan White in Hollywood in 1966. Steve thought up the idea about Color Him In, like a kid's coloring book, one evening when we were all drinking. The cover itself has always stood out and in some ways is more memorable than the music itself. I've had people say they didn't really like the record but they loved the cover.

Another problem we encountered in making Color Him In was that Curt Boettcher was trying to finish up an album with The Association at the same time. The Association wanted to produce themselves and argued with Boettcher all the time about who had the final say. So as you can imagine we were never just concentrating on one thing. We were always arranging time to suit numerous demands made by several different entities. This tended to make Curt crazy and unable to do what he wanted on some of our work.

Staying for a moment with problems involved in the making of this record, we found ourselves constantly up against the money clock. We always had a limited amount of time to do everything. Steve would tell us, "OK you've got 3 hours of studio time on Thursday to get something started or finished." No one ever really knew when these times were going to be available until the last minute. Because of this we were always under stress when most of the work was done. Musicians, like Jerry Scheff, would go from a Tommy Roe session to a "Color Him In" session back to back... Got pretty damn confusing.

Curt was surrounded by people who all became friends of mine, like Michele O'Malley, Jim Bell, and Lee Mallory. Fans of Curt Boettcher will readily know these names from other Boettcher works like The Ballroom and The Millenium. At one point I moved into a house with all of these people and we tried living together but it proved too difficult in the long run. Too many dominant personalities in one place. Working together was one thing, living together was another.

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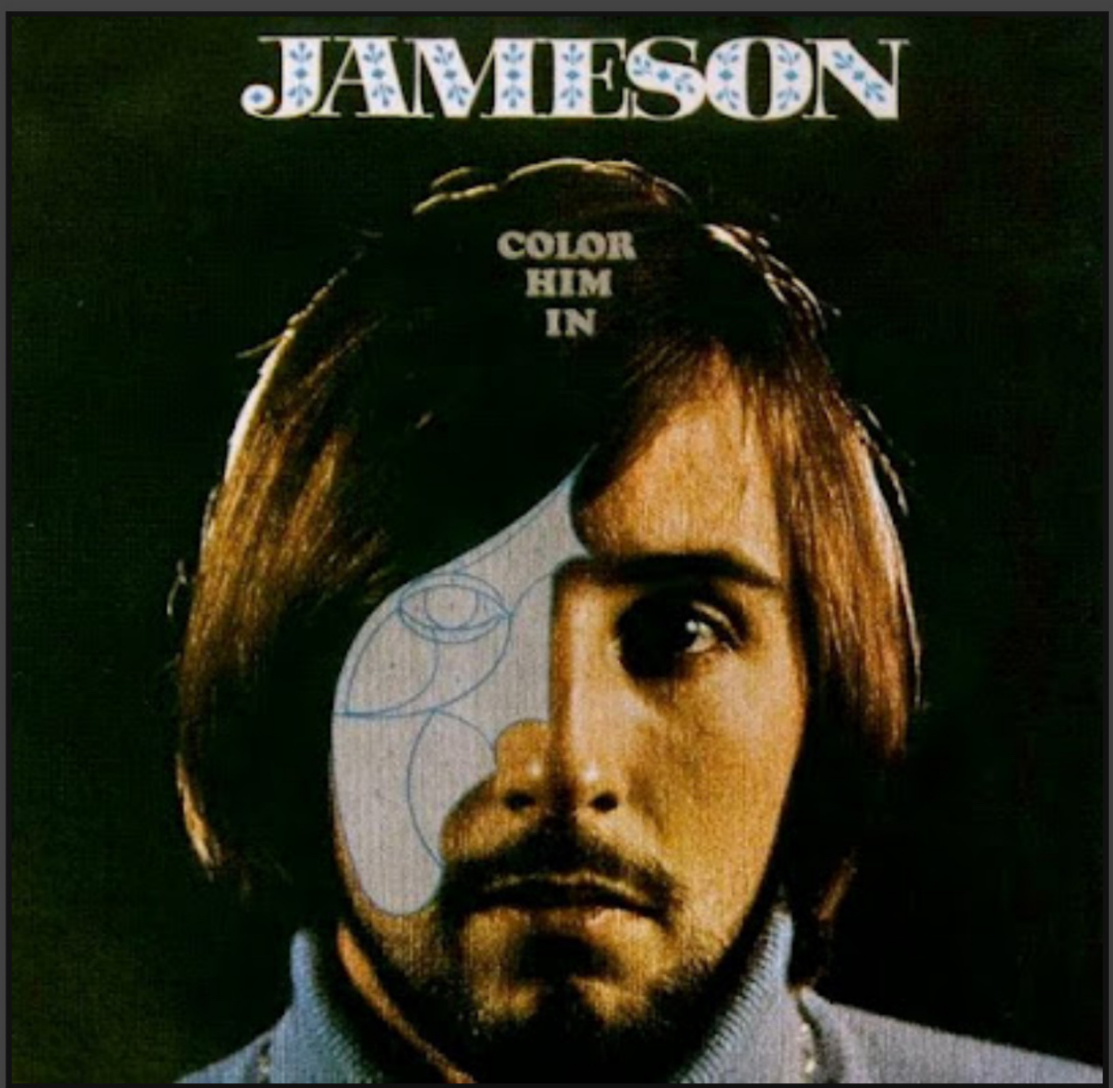
Curt and I were very close friends while we worked on "Color Him In." We were never anymore or less than friends. Those of you who are familiar with Curt's personal life can put your questions away. Curt and I were good friends. We liked working together and we inspired each other. We created a record in the 60's called "Color Him In." I have much more to say about the making of this record and the people who made it possible, but for now I have set up a pretty fair groundwork for the continuation of that story.

Before I go on with the making of "Color Him In" I want to tie up some loose ends regarding the other things that were occurring at the same time, like "The Monkees" audition. I had to meet with Phil Turetsky and tell him of my decision to go with Steve Clark and Curt Boettcher rather than become a "Monkee." Phil, who was extremely easy going as I have already stated, took it all in stride and said he figured that would be my decision. He was not surprised.

He told me that either choice would have been the right one. He said it was important that I felt comfortable with my choice rather than do what others thought I should do and be miserable. I thanked Phil for his help at getting me pointed in the right direction, and told him that without it I would have just continued doing the same thing over and over without ever getting anywhere. He assured me it had been his pleasure and hinted that he wanted to keep being involved with me if that was OK. He said he'd make sure that Columbia was notified about my decision to turn down "The Monkees" television show.

Wednesday, April 16, 2008

(part 52) "MY MUSIC IS WHERE I'VE BEEN" Jameson '67



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Steve Clark was one of the funniest guys I ever met. He was also an alcoholic and a gambler. The fact that he had some success with a number of hit records allowed him to pursue his habits openly. No one really questions you when you're doing well.

When Steve agreed to pay me a $100 a week, it was for song writing. I became a Since Music writer and that's what I got a weekly sum of money for. Since Music was the name of Steve's publishing company at the time, and I wrote a lot of songs for him. All of what's on "Color Him In" is listed with BMI as published by Since Music, which is now defunct, and Steve Clark is dead.

I learned to drink on a daily basis with Steve, I mean really drink. He would drink at lunch in a place called "The Room At The Top" which was on the very top of the tower on Vine and Sunset, where Our Productions and Since Music had their offices. I hung out a lot with Steve so if he drank I drank. It wasn't like he set out to make me an alcoholic, he just drank a lot and so I drank with him. At the end of the day it was back up to "The Room At The Top" for cocktails and snacks. We did this every day, 5 days a week, for a couple of years.

As you can see I had two distinctly different relationships going with two entirely different kinds of people. Curt on the one hand, who was gentle and creative, and Steve on the other who was a heavy weight drinker and all business. This paradox of personalities placed me directly in the middle of a strange tug of war that, at times, caused me great confusion. I was still only 20 years old when I entered into the world of Curt Boettcher and Steve Clark and was about to learn a whole lot of stuff about a whole lot of things.

One of the high points of my life was coming in contact with certain musicians that played on "Color Him In." Jerry Scheff, who is one of the world's great bass players, was on "Color Him In" and a number of other recordings I made. He was one of the very best human beings I ever met in my life and that never changed.

Ben Benay, a world class guitar player for all time, was another who did all the tracks on the album. I have worked on more records with Ben Benay over the years than any other musician I have ever known. Mike Henderson played sax and did some keyboard work on a lot of the album. Toxi French, drums. Jim troxell, drums. Mike Deasy, guitar. Butch Parker, piano and an assortment of instruments. Jim Bell, oboe, horns, and vocals. Michele O'Malley, vocals. Lee Mallory, guitar and vocals, and of course Curt who arranged everything, and played a slew of instruments. He put together all the background harmonies and basically ran the show.

The choice of songs used on the album was for the most part up to me and Curt, but there was input from Steve and others if they had any strong views on songs and/or arrangements. In a lot of ways it was pretty democratic when you get right down to it. These people all had a say if they felt strongly about something involving the making of this record.

ways it was pretty democratic when you get right down to it. These people all had a say if they felt strongly about something involving the making of this record.

For example, "I Love You More Than You Know" was a good doo wop song. Everybody liked it and liked playing on it so it ended up on the album. "Candy Colored Dragon" is a lot like Curt, like a child who was visiting dreamland. Curt was "Peter Pan."

If you listen to the cut "Right By My Side" you can hear the track playing backwards in part of the song. This was something Curt and I borrowed from The Beatles and used on that track.

"The New Age" is a song I fought to put on the album against everybody's advice, and if you listen to my vocal you will notice that I have copied Arthur Lee's vocal style from Love's recording of "Little Red Book." That was the only time I borrowed from Love and I am proud of it. This is also the only song on "Color Him In" that I arranged and produced.

"Do You Believe In Yesterday" is another one of the LSD inspired tunes that arose out of Universal questions of life and death. "Do you believe in yesterday and everything she gave you? Do you believe that anything can ever really save you from dying?" Again, this album was inspired, rightly or wrongly, by the questions raised by the era of the 60's.

Everything was being questioned all of the time. The war in Vietnam. The social structure of the entire country, and for that matter, the whole world. Sex was accepted by the young as a good thing, as opposed to going to Vietnam and killing people or getting killed.

I have read on the internet where people have made fun of what was printed on the back cover of "Color Him In." They said how foolish it sounded to say that "My music is where I have been, what I have seen, how I feel, and who I am." But I'll tell you that was the truth for me. It was where I'd been, what I'd seen, how I felt, and who I was in 1966-67.

WHEN WILL THE PEOPLE
GO WHERE THEY'RE GOIN'
WHEN WILL THEY ALL COME BACK
THE PLACES THEY GO TO
THE TIME THAT IT TAKES THEM
MAYBE THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK

STANDIN' LOOKIN' OUT OF MY WINDOW
THE RAIN IS LIKE THE TEARDROPS I HAVE CRIED
LORD THERE'S NOTHIN' BUT A ROOM AND A WINDOW
AND THE TIMES IN THE PAST I HAVE TRIED

THE PLACES TIMES AND THE PEOPLE
A TANGLE OF MISFORTUNE I HAVE FOUND
AND THE EAGLE CRIES HIGH ABOVE THE STEEPLE
TO THE PLACES TIMES AND PEOPLE ON THE GROUND

Robert Parker Jameson 1966-67

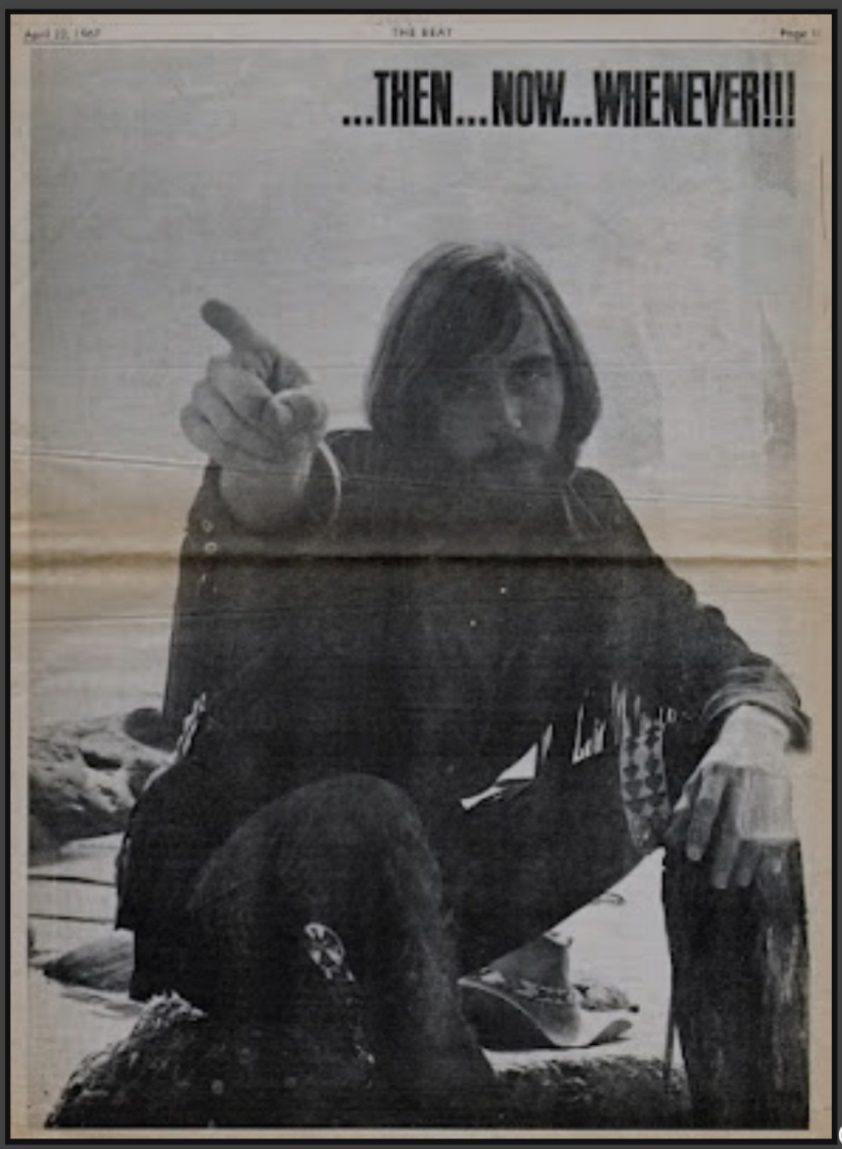
This song as much as anything on "Color Him In" clarifies the questions of the times, and the possible futility, felt by many, including myself, who looked out across America and tried to explain the "Vietnam War." Their displeasure with what the "Establishment" was doing personified the times.

It also is one of the pure reflections of myself personally, and my growing distaste with the world I saw before me. Coupled with the song "Jamie," which I wrote about and to my brother Bill, who had gone insane earlier in 1966, these 2 songs exemplified for me a bitterness toward fate and the questions I had regarding the stupidity of the war and my purpose on the planet.

The loss to mental illness of my brother Bill was a cruel reality that still haunts me today and has always been a source of anger for me. "Jamie" was a futile attempt, by me, to call my brother back from insanity and see him whole again. "Jamie" was his nickname, and for me, the song is the most important one on "Color Him In." I tried to believe that if I could just will it hard enough it would bring him back to reality.

Friday, April 18, 2008

(part 54) "COLOR HIM IN" THE FINAL MIX...



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Making "Color Him In" was an act of love as well as being frustrating. All the potential in the world was there, but the frustration of always being dominated by the money clock was a pain in the ass. We couldn't work when we were ready. We had to work when the time was available. I know I have already stated this, but it deserves repeating, because it dominated the way in which "Color Him In" was made.

There were shortcuts where there shouldn't have been, such as in the song "Jenny." It's basically a lounge singers song, granted, but there are parts of the vocal where I and the background singers are out of tune slightly and this weakened the impact of the

are out of tune slightly and this weakened the impact of the recording overall. Instead of fixing it, Steve Clark would say, "It's good enough for government work" or something similar and have us move on.

The problem with that, and there were many, was that I started getting the feeling that the whole album was going to end up suffering as a result which it did. Likewise the ending of "Windows And Doors" has a crowd applause that Steve added, because again, a note was missed by me at the end of the song. Rather than get it right dumb fixes were used to offset the mistake. What you end up with by doing that, is the mistake plus another mistake. You can well imagine the frustration over having to work in this manner.

When "Color Him In" was being made we had no record deal. The cost of recording was fronted by Steve Clark's production company "Our Productions." If a label had been involved from the start we possibly could have had more freedom to do what needed to be done. But the way it was Steve was always looking over our shoulders and trying to cut costs which hurt the album overall.

Don't get me wrong, "Color Him In" even with it's mistakes and weaknesses has held it's own over a period of 41 years. Like Chris Lucey's "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest," both albums have managed, on their own merit, to be regarded as viable period representations of the 60's.

In point of fact it was my relationship with FranK Zappa that led to the album being released on Verve Records which Frank and "The Mothers Of Invention" were on. I have always assumed that Frank felt he owed me something because of my openness with him regarding Gail. I was never a problem for Frank, and his intervention regarding "Color Him In" and Verve, was his way of saying thanks. It was Frank who asked Tom Wilson to take a personal interest in "Color Him In" which Tom did. So you see, even the deal itself with Verve was handed to Steve Clark. He didn't have to go out and shop the record. The label came to him via my friendship with Frank.

The ongoing difficulty between "The Association" and Curt Boettcher was again one of the problems that interfered with our work. Curt would get depressed over it and his creativity would

work. Curt would get depressed over it and his creativity would suffer as a result. The way that showed up in his work on "Color Him In" was lack luster ideas instead of his usual genius and creativity.

The clearest example of this would be on "Who's Putting Who On" and the horn parts which at best are annoying. Instead of using Jim Bell's talent to make those parts what they could have been, it was passed over and left as is which was never adequate. These imperfect pieces of "Color Him In" are some of it's weaknesses and have always bothered me personally, but the main criticism of the album was the final mix.

It was always mushy! Too much bass, too little mid range, and almost no high end. This kept the record from ever having the clarity it could have had, and negatively affected the separation that was built into the original recordings. It was a sloppy mistake and I complained about it from the very beginning.

When the album was being mixed it was played back through those Goddamned "Voice Of The Theater" speakers at high volume. When you played it on those, and mixed it, there was no possible way it would sound the same as it would when played on smaller speakers like people had in their homes or cars. It took years to get people to quit using those damn mammoth speakers for mix down. There is pretty much zero clarity of sound when that is done which would explain a lot of the muddiness in recordings from the 60's and 70's.

Because of Curt's personal clash with both "The Association" and Steve Clark, the final stages of production for "Color Him In" suffered. You know how that goes. You work hard on something in the beginning, but as time passes your enthusiasm wears thin. If you add a few other major distractions to the mix it gets worse. "The Association" had a hit and they understandably had to be dealt with, by both Curt and Steve, but as a result "Color Him In" did not finish in the same way it started. It was as if we were just trying to finish it as fast as we could in the end.

I am not just passing judgement on my own creation here. I am attempting, as best I can, to relay to you with some clarity how it was this record was made. The ups and downs, the good and the bad, the successes and failures. I have waited 4 decades to

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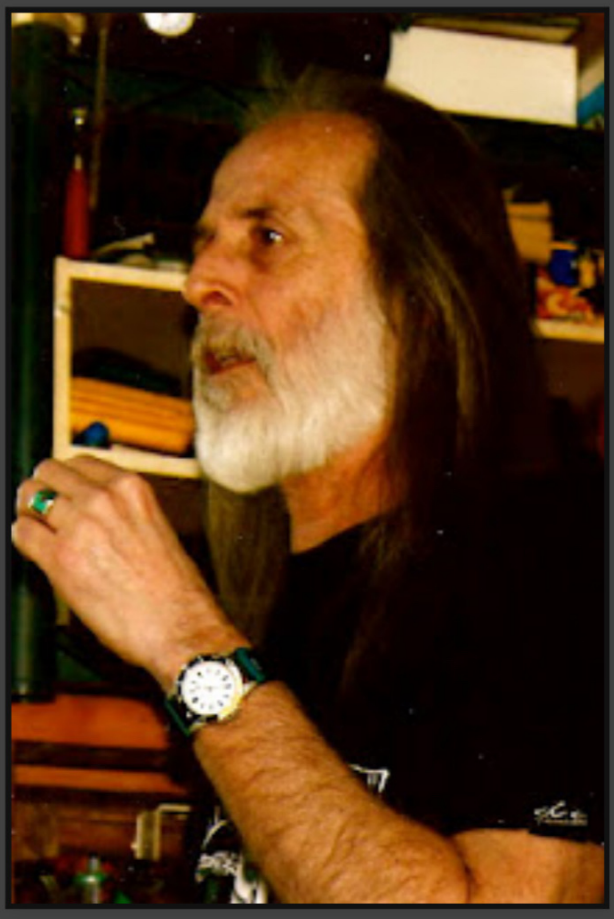
In the long run the album is what it is, and some people hate it and others love it. My feeling has always been "Let me back in the studio so I can fix what is wrong. Let me make it sound the way it could have sounded and the way it should have sounded." But alas that was not to be, and I have had to accept "Color Him In" for what it is. "Color Him In" is a part of me. My life was changed because of it. The story about that part of my life is not ending here but only beginning. The release of the album and what transpired over the next couple of years was as important to me, maybe more so, than the making of the record itself.

Sunday, April 20, 2008

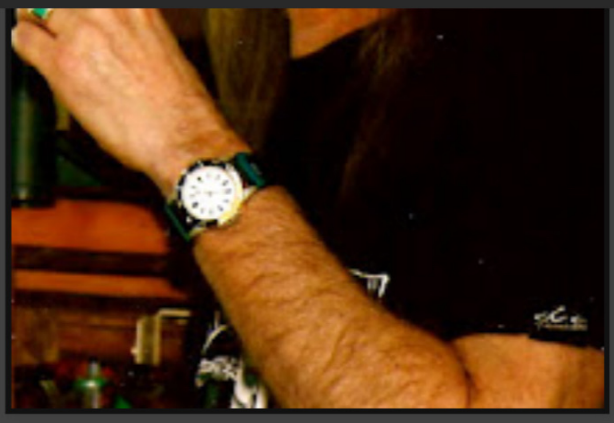
(part 55-b) Technical Schmechnical



I would like to clarify some of the points, for those who are interested, regarding technical problems encountered in the making of "Color Him In." There are specific differences in the Mono and Stereo versions of the album. The mix is better on the stereo version, if for no other reason than separation. The mono mix is somewhat cluttered and crushed. When I say the album did not finish the same way it was started it's things like this that I'm referring to. Rather than a slow deliberative mix the album in some cases suffers from a rush job.

"Right By My Side" "I Love You More Than You Know" and "The New Age" all have this problem. The mix on these three songs is muddier than others especially in the mono mixes. The stereo version is somewhat better, but the mix on these three songs in particular have too much bass, not enough mid-range, and an overall lack of high end, which is a problem for the album in general.

The whole process was done with a lack of regard for the final product. It doesn't much matter what you cut in the studio if you can't hear it clearly, or at all, in the end product. The process of mixing sound is like editing a film properly. You may have it on film, but it may be sitting on the editing floor.



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In this case a lot was lost in the mix, making it so muddy that it is hard to make out. Curt Boettcher himself, in an interview I read, stated that the mix was awful. It suffered because of the two things I mentioned in the last post. Rushed, because of money, and a lack of attention due to problems with other groups that Curt and Steve Clark were working with.

The Association, Tommy Roe, and Joe South, who was with Steve Clark's Southern partner Bill Lowery, in Atlanta, were all demanding attention from Steve and Curt Boettcher at the same time "Color Him In" was being completed.

Monday, April 21, 2008

(part 56) "THE CHRIST COMPLEX"

click

The "Christ Complex" came about with the use of LSD. For one to have a "Christ Complex" you don't necessarily have to think you're Jesus, which I didn't, you just have to develop a sense of being something or someone special, which I did. The use of drugs, particularly LSD, has a tendency in some to do this.

If you look closely at my gaze in the original photo for the "Color Him In" cover art you can see that I am very concentrated on something. That something is the "Christ Complex." It seemed to develop out of a sense of frustration and loss.

Coupled with my drug experiences and ability to keep picking up the pieces and become another version of myself, it led me to invent new personalities. This is not an easy subject to broach, but

Coupled with my drug experiences and ability to keep picking up the pieces and become another version of myself, it led me to invent new personalities. This is not an easy subject to broach, but one I feel I must to allow the reader to peer inside the person of Bobby Jameson.

I was now calling myself Jameson. The singular name and dropping Bobby was a very significant feature of the new character I was becoming. My sense, rightly or wrongly, of being connected Spiritually to the Universe, became a powerful new mechanism for me to use in the publicity of "Color Him In" and it's release.

I believed, because I needed to, that all my previous failures and trials were actually part of a bigger picture that I was then beginning to see and understand. It was a way not only to make sense out of what had happened, but to actually give it specific purpose, making it necessary as opposed to accidental in the overall scheme of things.

You can see, I hope, that in doing this I was able to redirect the past into a purposeful focus for the future of Jameson and "Color Him In." I did not have to question what had happened because I had the perfect explanation, manufactured or not. In telling you this I am hoping you will begin to understand how I became the person I became.

There has to be a basis set into this story that allows one to see, not only historical events related to the music business, but the other events more personal in nature, which have to do with emotions and thought processes. It was not just about writing songs and making records. The 60's was a supercharged Spiritual quest for many. It went far beyond the everyday things that most people attend to. I am in no way saying it was right, but conversely, I am in no way saying it was wrong.

History will delegate to the 60's, and the phenomenon of socially restructuring everything, what history itself decides over time. My job is to relay to you my story, good and bad, as best I can on these pages. I hope there will be many instances where you have a hard time with some of what I tell you, otherwise I would have failed utterly to convey truthfully what actually transpired.

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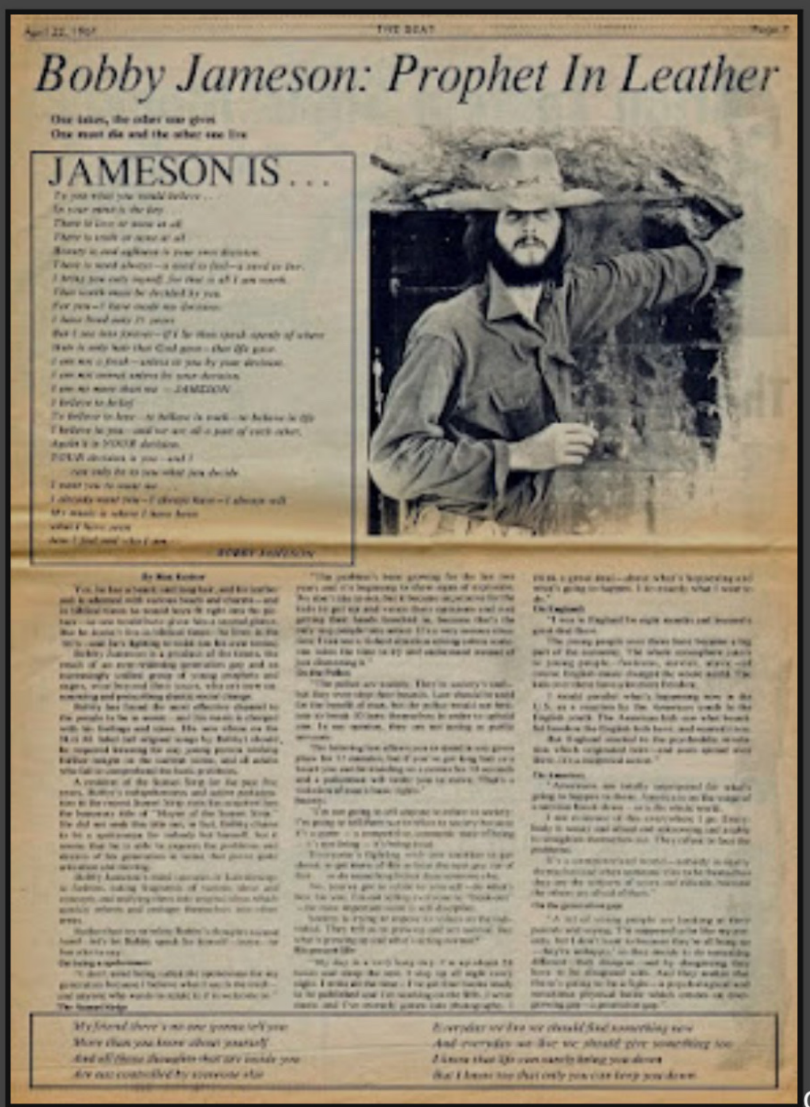
My personal focus at the time of "Color Him In" was extreme. I had convinced myself to go where I decided I was to go. In an article from KRLA BEAT in 1967 the title is a dead give away, "Prophet In Leather." I leave you to decide what the intention was in calling it that.



Bobby Jameson: Prophet In Leather

JAMESON IS . . .

click

On the back cover of the album there's a picture of me standing on a small rock at the beach. It didn't work out, but the purpose was supposed to be that the tide would come up and cover the rock making it appear as if I was standing on water. The only trouble was the tide was not coming in fast enough so the picture you see is me waiting on the rock for the water.

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Every time I got the chance to promote this view of Jameson as more than just a guy who made records I did. I was like a method actor. I was so sold on my character that I was my character. Everything I did and the way I looked was geared to the character I had become and was becoming. My continued use of LSD, downers, and alcohol fueled the motor that drove me on.

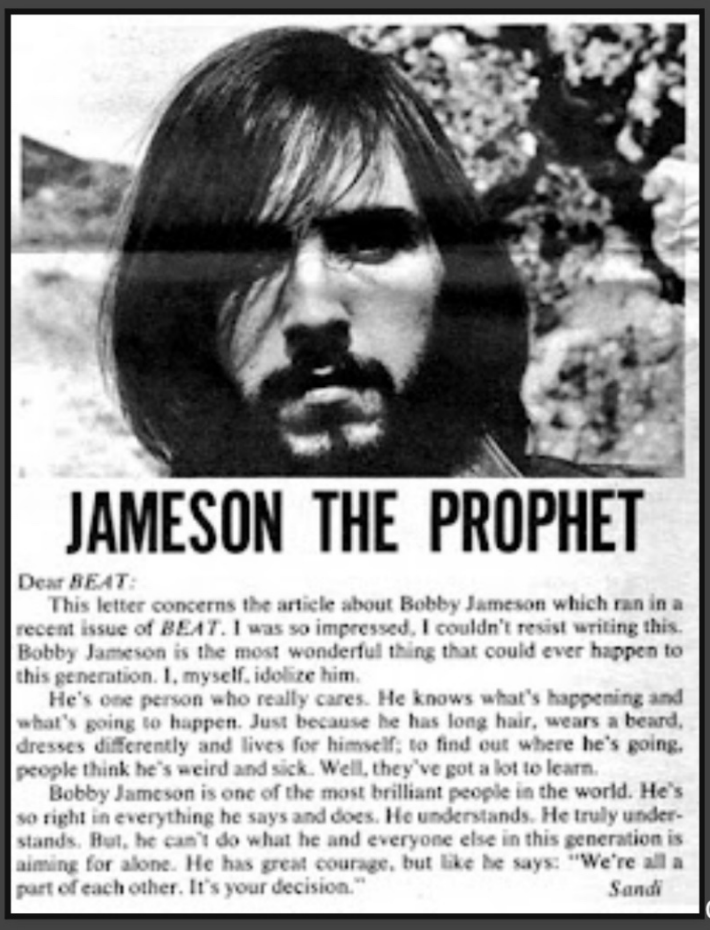
Prior to the actual release of "Color Him In" my time was spent convincing myself of my own purpose. In some ways I was a self appointed social critic. In other ways I was a self obsessed ego maniac whose intent was to enrich himself through stardom. What ever I was or wasn't, there is one thing that is clear. The making and promoting of "Color Him In" was the launching pad for the eventual disintegration into alcoholism and drug addiction of Bobby Jameson.

Tuesday, April 22, 2008

(part 57) FRANK ZAPPA, TOM WILSON, AND "COLOR HIM IN"

© Charles Steiner/Retna Ltd.

Bob Dylan and Tom Wilson Photo by Don Hunstein



JAMESON THE PROPHET

Dear *BEAT:*

This letter concerns the article about Bobby Jameson which ran in a recent issue of *BEAT*. I was so impressed, I couldn't resist writing this. Bobby Jameson is the most wonderful thing that could ever happen to this generation. I, myself, idolize him.

He's one person who really cares. He knows what's happening and what's going to happen. Just because he has long hair, wears a beard, dresses differently and lives for himself; to find out where he's going, people think he's weird and sick. Well, they've got a lot to learn.

Bobby Jameson is one of the most brilliant people in the world. He's so right in everything he says and does. He understands. He truly understands. But, he can't do what he and everyone else in this generation is aiming for alone. He has great courage, but like he says: "We're all a part of each other. It's your decision."

Sandi

click

I have already said it was Frank Zappa who asked Tom Wilson at Verve Records to take a personal interest in the album "Color Him In." Tom pressed Verve to lease the master from Our Productions, who had produced the album, and to release it on Verve. In the original deal Tom got Verve to advance $10,000 to me personally in the form of a check. I was not aware of this at the time, because neither Tom or Frank ever told me about it.

When the contracts were sent to Steve Clark at Our Productions the check was in with the rest of the paper work. I never saw what was actually sent by Verve at the time. Steve brought the check to me and said there'd been a mistake and that Verve had accidently put my name on the check. He said it was not mine and told me it was money to pay for session costs. He asked me to endorse it so he could deposit it in the company account for use in paying studio costs.

Now get this. I believed him. I never questioned him for a moment. I trusted him. This is how I was treated from the beginning by Steve Clark. He was like a big brother to me from the first time I met him, and once again, as so many times before, I responded to how he treated me and not to what he was actually doing.

It was not until years later when I ran into Tom Wilson that he made me aware of the facts. "Oh, no, Bobby," he said, "that money was for you. I made sure that Verve sent you the check personally." This was Tom's response after hearing what I have just written here about Steve Clark and his lie to me regarding the check.

As if that were not enough Steve used the money to pay my weekly salary of a $100 a week for 2 years of writing songs for his publishing company Since Music. So, in essence, Steve ripped me off for the $10,000 and then turned around and used it to pay me to write songs for him. He got about 70 songs or so and it didn't cost him a penny to do it.

It's a little hard to get ahead when your friends are doing this sort of thing to you. Like I said, at the time I knew nothing about what had transpired between myself and my good buddy "Steve-o." I was just glad that the album was getting released and concentrated on that aspect of the Verve deal.

The fact was, that I'd brought the label deal to Steve Clark via Frank Zappa, written the songs, recorded them, and paid myself with my own money to do this for Steve Clark's companies Our Productions and Since Music.

In copyright law there is something known as the law of copyright reversion. It would seem apparent to me, in light of what I have told you here, that any publishing deal I signed in 1966 with Since Music and Steve Clark would be null and void on it's face based on these facts.

What Steve did constituted a fraud against me as well as a theft. He stole my money. It would seem that any claim by Since Music and Steve Clark of rights to my songs would be clearly and legally beyond the pale of common sense at this point.

I would be more than pleased to end up in a court of law and make my case for the rights to any and all of my songs that were, and/or are listed as property of Since Music. I, Robert Parker Jameson aka Bobby Jameson, do herein claim any and all rights to each of my works listed with Since Music and/or Our Productions. This would include any and all of "Color Him In."

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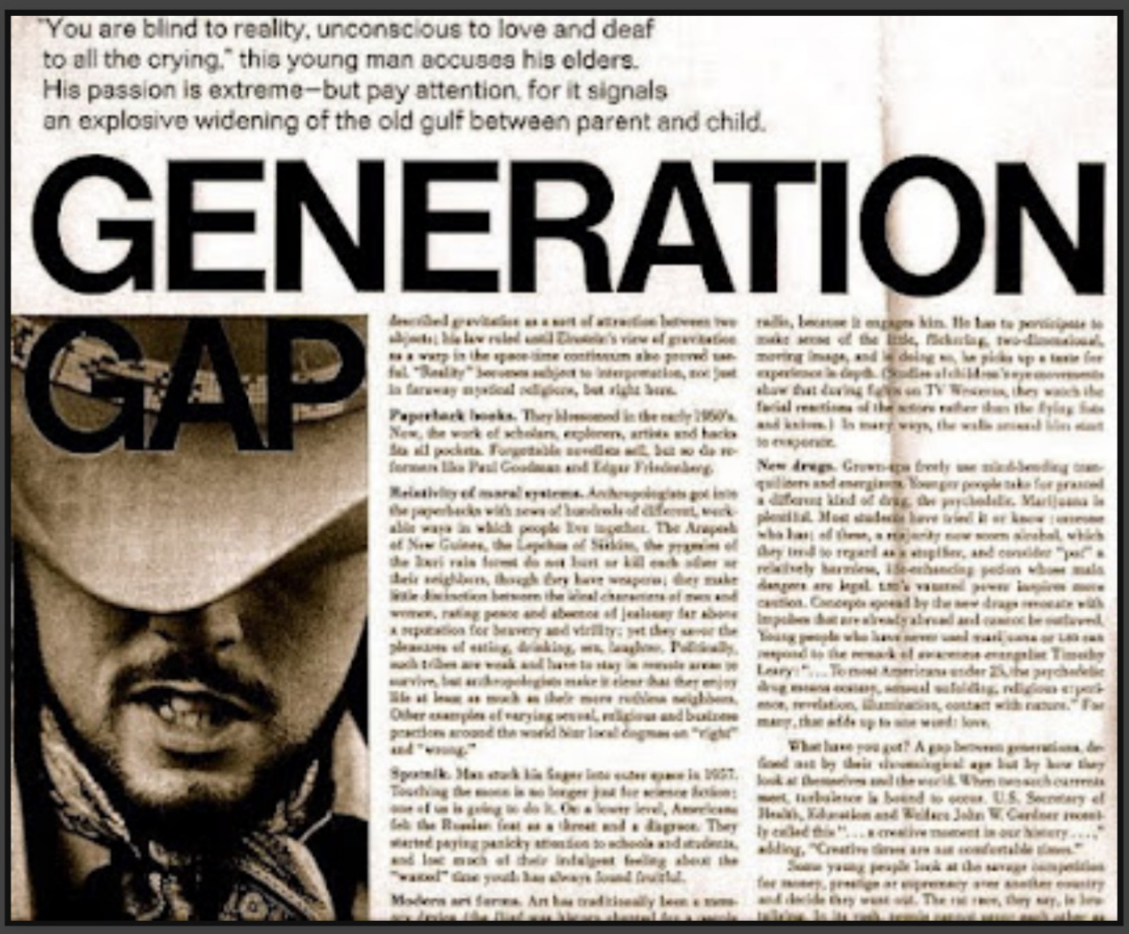
As you have probably figured out by now, there was little in the way of fair play when it came to Bobby Jameson and the business of music. I was unfortunate to a fault when it came to matching up with unscrupulous persons in the music industry. These constant elements of trust and disappointment over many years were the ground work for a version of Bobby Jameson that was combative, forceful, and destructive, as well as creative. I in no way blame what I eventually did on others, but what I will do, and am doing, is to lay out the impossible nature of the task I had to contend with throughout the 60's.

Saturday, April 26, 2008

(part 59) "THE GENERATION GAP" 1967



"You are blind to reality, unconscious to love and deaf to all the crying," this young man accuses his elders. His passion is extreme—but pay attention, for it signals an explosive widening of the old gulf between parent and child.

GENERATION GAP

click

This picture is from a 1967 article in Look Magazine titled "The Generation Gap" by John Poppy. It was brought on by the ever increasing and violent street demonstrations against the Vietnam War and police crackdowns on demonstrators who felt it was their duty and right to take to the streets of Hollywood and West Hollywood and voice their disapproval.

The 60's was a mixture of contradictions and wonderment. Incredible music, drugs, social change, and a whole host of other dynamics that altered America and the rest of the world. I was not just some doped up pop singer that went around causing trouble. I was very serious about my quest to become spiritually enlightened, as were countless others.

It is far easier now to pass judgement on the use of drugs to find God than it was in 1967. All that we did at that time had purpose and meaning to us in our search for a better world. Better than the

and meaning to us in our search for a better world. Better than the one our parents had helped to build. We clashed with every moral wall set up by older people and were determined to knock them down and erect something better and wiser.

We could not, and would not, accept the assassination of John Kennedy, Martin Luther King (1968) and Robert Kennedy (1968) at face value. We knew there was, and still is, more to those stories than we were ever told. We believed that the war in Vietnam was an example of people who had lost their way and were now dead set on forcing us to fall in line, which we did not.

The government of the United States lied to the nation about The Gulf Of Tonkin, much the same way as President Bush and Dick Cheney, lied about Iraq. This kind of course reality was what we faced in the 60's, and our decision was to take to the streets of America, and utterly refuse to permit it without a fight.

It would do some of you a lot of good today to be as committed as we were then. "He Who Will Not Question Authority Will Be It's Victim." We, as a nation, are now victims of our own weakness and self seeking. More than anything else the 60's was a time to learn. We lifted ourselves above the status quo and stayed there, willing if necessary, to be jailed, beaten, and even killed, Kent State (1970).

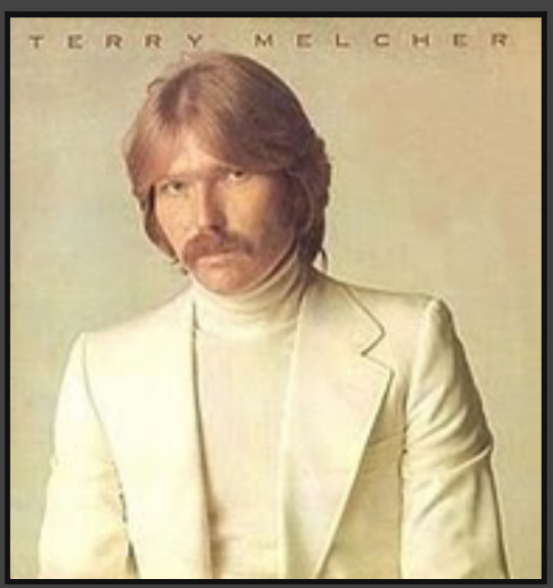
The fact that many of us became victims of our own enthusiasm is only clear now in hindsight. Even though, I still believe that what we did had to be done, and was done, by children from the 1960's. Make Love Not War was more that a clever slogan. We did make love and not war. We loved the world and each other with music and art and we changed it.

Our fight was with those who doggedly kept up the lie about Vietnam and their bull crap morality. We understood morality to be something more than talking about patriotism while killing people in Asia. Morality meant far more to us than discussions about out of wedlock sex. It seems clear to me, that we as a people, and a nation, have once again slid back into talking about morality while blowing up a country and it's people for the same kind of reasons that we fought in Vietnam.

Wednesday, April 30, 2008

(part 60) "PARTLY FACT AND PARTLY FICTION"

Dean and Dean



Terry Melcher

After the release of "Color Him In" in 1967, I started dating Deana Martin, the daughter of Dean Martin. I used to spend a lot of time at the Martin house, and it was just another one of the many contradictions about my life. I spent so much time on the streets of Hollywood and West Hollywood that I became known as "The Mayor Of Sunset Strip," a position later given to Rodney Bingenheimer, and then Kim Fowley.

I was having trouble fitting into all the different personalities that were part of my life. I met Terry Melcher at the Martin house, and he was dating Gina Martin, the older sister of Deana. We did not

were part of my life. I met Terry Melcher at the Martin house, and he was dating Gina Martin, the older sister of Deana. We did not like each other. Terry considered me another run of the mill singer/song writer, and I considered him the no talent son of Doris Day.

He took too much credit, in my opinion, for producing Brian Wilson's work and the same with The Byrds. Brian Wilson produced The Beach Boys, and The Byrds produced The Byrds. Terry Melcher took the credit, because he could, and I let him know that's what I thought, so he was not too fond of me.

At some point in 1967 I began to realize that "Color Him In" was not the resounding hit I had hoped for. Verve Records, it seemed, had backed off on promoting the album, and as usual L.A. radio was giving me 0 airplay. I bitterly complained about this but to no avail. I turned my frustration toward the streets again, and immersed myself in the culture of protest demonstrations against the war and police brutality.

One would have thought that as much press as I was getting on the streets, L.A. radio would have embraced me, but they did not, ever. My reputation with the inside crowd in Hollywood's music business sucked, and still does today. I didn't kiss enough ass, but I did show up at places like the Martin house, so people like Terry Melcher, and others, were irritated by me and my ability to infringe on their ranks. It was like a high school clique of special cases, and they kept asking each other, "Who the fuck is this Jameson guy?"

I was cutting some demo's one day for Screen Gems Music, something Steve Clark cooked up. Lester Sill, who was the head of Screen Gems at the time, had a son named Joel, and he was producing my demo session. The players were Jerry Scheff, Ben Benay, Jim Troxel, and people like that, really good players, but this asshole, Joel Sill, kept interrupting every take to tell us how to play.

Finally I'd had enough, and told him, "Shut the fuck up, Sill! Quit fucking with us!" Joel got on the the talk back mic from the control room and started talking shit to me, and that did it. I threw down my guitar, yanked off my ear phones, and went after him. He ran.

It was part of the personality of "quit taking shit from assholes" that I'd developed. The other musicians approved of what I did, because they couldn't do it. None of them liked Sill, but had to tolerate him so they could keep on working. I, on the other hand, didn't give a shit, and had taken more than my share of bullshit from ego maniacs. I was now willing to take them on just about anywhere. I'm sure this did not help my cause.

I was drinking all the time. I popped pills, and took too much LSD. I was volatile and mouthy. I would fight damn near anybody who gave me a reason. I looked like a cross between Jesus Christ and Wild Bill Hickok so there was always some dumb son of a bitch who would say something stupid to me like "Who the hell are you supposed to be?"

The reason for telling you these things is to keep reporting the changes in circumstance and personality that were occurring in my life, the context of what I was doing, where I was doing it, and some of the people involved. It is important to keep up with this, because each new part and person played some role in what occurred.

I was like a ping pong ball bouncing off each new situation and person I encountered. I never got settled into anything before it

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I was like a ping pong ball bouncing off each new situation and person I encountered. I never got settled into anything before it would change again and I would have to start over. If you look back at what I have already told you it is obvious that no set of conditions, persons, or circumstances lasted very long.

The only thing I could count on staying constant was change. I was getting arrested during street demonstrations and then getting out so I could show up at the Martin house. It didn't make any sense, my life was a pin ball machine. I was torn between the luxury of Deana's life and the hard edge of the streets.

I was torn between the Terry Melchers and the Joel Sills, and my own need to create music that stood for something. Everything always seemed to be at odds with itself. I could not get all the pieces to work at the same time, even though the pieces were there. I was barely 21 and was a total maverick amongst mavericks.

I am not blowing my own horn in making that statement. Maybe it would be more accurate to say I was an outcast amongst mavericks. Al Ruddy once said to me, "If I knew what to do with you Bobby, I'd do it, but I don't." I thought that was a pretty honest remark, Al produced "The Godfather" for 20th Century Fox in the old days. The more I defined myself the less defined I was in the eyes of those who had the power. They knew me but kept their distance, as Kris Kristofferson once wrote, "he's a walking contradiction, partly fact and partly fiction."

Thursday, May 1, 2008

(part 61) MONDO HOLLYWOOD, VIETNAM, NO AIRPLAY

Bobby Jameson from "Mondo Hollywood" singing "Vietnam"

Mondo Hollywood was released in 1967, as was Buffalo Springfield's "For What It's Worth," a song about the riots on the Sunset Strip, which were basically anti Vietnam War demonstrations.

The L.A. PD and Sheriffs had joined forces using the tactic of anti-loitering laws in an attempt to stop, or blunt, the anti-war movement locally.

My song "Vietnam" was in Mondo Hollywood and was about as meaningful to the current situation as a song could have been. But while "For What It's Worth" was given massive airplay, which it deserved, "Vietnam" was ignored.

"Vietnam" was one of the best Goddamned anti Vietnam War songs recorded in the 60's, and other than it being in Mondo Hollywood it was never heard by the general public.

Los Angeles radio at that time was dominated by people like Reb Foster and a bunch of self appointed control freaks that decided against playing "Vietnam" or anything else I recorded. Not only did that piss me off, and still does, but it kept "Vietnam," a relevant work, out of the picture completely.

From 1965 to 1967 I had written and recorded Chris Lucey "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest" "Vietnam/Metropolitan Man" "Reconsider Baby" "Gotta Find My Roogalator" "All Alone" and "Color Him In" and had gotten no airplay.

When "Mondo Hollywood" came out "Vietnam" still got no airplay, even though the streets were filled with thousands of anti-war demonstrators. I knew it was intentional to keep "Vietnam" and Bobby Jameson off L.A. Radio.

As you might imagine, I was beyond pissed off, and completely fed up with the clique of punks in L.A.'s radio and music scene. Once again, this fueled my attitude problems that were increasingly becoming well known in the localized community of Hollywood, West Hollywood, and Beverly Hills.

As I look back on this now, I'm not all that sure that I was wrong in taking on the personality traits of a gunslinger prophet. In my mind there was a concerted effort to thwart all of my work. To this very

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As I look back on this now, I'm not all that sure that I was wrong in taking on the personality traits of a gunslinger prophet. In my mind there was a concerted effort to thwart all of my work. To this very day Bobby Jameson and Los Angeles have never come to any understanding of each other.

For a place and a person, to have played such a key role in each other's existence in the 60's, I am still at a loss to understand or accept graciously that history.

Country Joe And The Fish, and their absolutely perfect song, "Fixin To Die," about the Vietnam War, was another of the milestone efforts of some, to put words and music to the feeling's of so many toward one of this nation's sorriest mistakes. I personally am utterly pleased that works such as this were not overlooked or unheard.

Friday, May 2, 2008

(part 62) A VERY BAD TRIP ON OWSLEY ACID

I had very good luck with LSD until I ran into some of the very first Owsley Acid to hit Southern California. I knew a film director named Henry Jaglom, and he'd gotten a batch of this from San Francisco. He'd been warned about the stuff, and told that it was not your run of the mill street shit that had been floating around L.A. for the last couple of years.

Henry was a bit worried about the warning so he contacted me and said he'd gotten some high quality LSD from San Francisco, but didn't know how strong it was, and if I was willing to test it for him he'd lay it on me for free. Like an asshole I agreed, figuring, "How bad could it be? I've taken a lot of acid and never had a problem."

I met with Henry and he gave me a big fat gelatin capsule of this stuff. Without so much as batting an eyelash I dropped it in my mouth and smiled. I told him I'd get back to him the next day and tell him how good or bad I thought it was. I then drove to Bel Air and went to Jerry Doff's house. He was a lawyer I'd gotten to know, and where I occasionally stayed.

It was a huge mansion inside the gates of Bel Air and I settled into a small bedroom off the kitchen, which was used as a utility room and playroom for Doff"s kids. I didn't think anything about the fact that I'd just taken this stuff without any information about it, and was curious as to what kind of trip it would be.

I was lying on the bed and started noticing crayola marks the kids had made on the wall. I stared at one of these marks for awhile and it started to multiply. I looked away thinking I was just getting blurry eyed, and then looked back at the dot like mark.

Again, the marks started multiplying. They began flying off the wall into the room around me filling the air with thousands of flying dots. Pretty soon the whole damn room was filled with literally tens of thousands of furiously little spinning dots that seemed to attack me.

I became lost in my war with the dots, when all of a sudden I realized it was the acid kicking in and I was hallucinating. I got off the bed and stood up trying to clear my mind and gather my senses. I was beginning a trip that I knew nothing about and was entering a zone I had never known. I was totally unprepared to deal with what was coming.

As I stood in the middle of the room, all the depth perception of everything ran together as if that room, and everything in it, had become liquid as opposed to solid. It is difficult to find the right words to explain the enormity of the hallucinations I began to experience.

I had hallucinated before, but this was completely different. This had an edge to it that dwarfed any previous experience I'd had, and caused me to go in and out of deep psychosis. I completely lost sight of myself from within myself. I was a spectator of someone who was me. This will take no more than minutes to explain, but it took hours to occur, so keep that in mind as I describe to you part of what happened.

I managed to leave the room, because the smallness of it was unbearable. It felt, and appeared, that the walls, ceiling, and floor were all moving in towards each other, and that I would be crushed within them when they met. I stood out in the hall. It looked like it went on forever. As I stared down it's endless length I had no idea of where I was, or for that matter, who I was.

I was just a thing, thinking things, that had no connection to anything. When I was sure I was lost I would suddenly reappear to myself, realizing how powerful the drug I was on was. I had no capacity to control, in the slightest way, what was happening to me. I understand that using LSD is a form of giving up control, and just tripping out, but this was completely terrifying.

It was like losing your mind and being a witness to the fact that you were losing your mind. I finally made my way to Jerry's bedroom, which was massive, and tried to speak to him. He looked up at me and said, "Oh hi Bobby, how's it going?" I stared at him and tried to talk but no words came out. I couldn't make my mind formulate thoughts and turn them into words.

Jerry realized something was wrong and said, "What's the matter Bobby? Is something wrong?" I looked down at a coffee table on the floor and watched it start to disappear. It began at both ends simultaneously, disappearing as it moved to the middle and was gone. It just went away. Then all of a sudden it reappeared by the same procedure in reverse.

I was completely mesmerized by this visual phenomenon and would guess my silence started to scare Jerry. "Are you on some drug Bobby?" he asked. I motioned as best I could to the affirmative which understandably pissed him off. I couldn't blame him, because the whole damn thing was pretty weird and I was in his house.

He finally got that I was in deep shit and called UCLA Medical Center in Westwood. He was able to get a psychologist on the phone and described to the guy what seemed to be happening to me. The doctor asked if I could talk and Jerry handed me the phone.

I managed to mumble something incoherent into it when a voice came out of the ear piece asking, "Are you hallucinating now Mr. Jameson?" As the sound of this guy's voice echoed in my ear the telephone began to melt in my hand, and I remember distinctly thinking that the guy on the other end of the line was in no way any more equipped to deal with the situation than I was.

I sank into a deep sense of loss while the disintegration of my mind continued. I recall vividly just plain giving into the madness. At that moment I was sure I would never come back from where I was. What happened to me in fact, took 20 years to get over and

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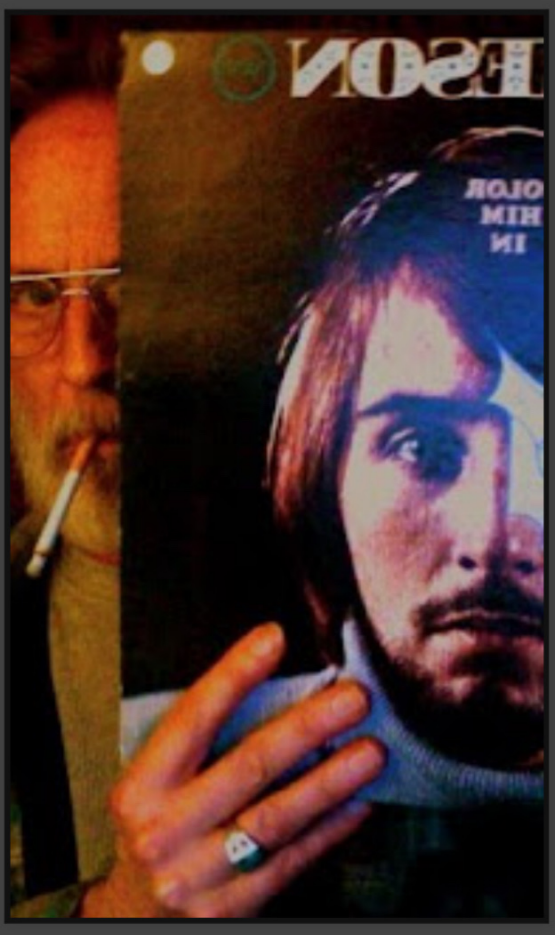
I am again telling you something that is intricately involved in the changes that occurred in me during the 60's. I feel obligated to report specific moments in time that I know were turning points for me, and because this trip was so powerful and frightening, I increased, once again, my dependency on other drugs.

My ever increasing intake of more powerful drugs and sedatives was the eventual downfall of the person Bobby Jameson, although much that was negative arose out of other actions I took as well. I have written about them here on this blog and will continue to write about them. I will add, that in the long run some good was gained.

Monday, May 5, 2008

(part 64) BEING BOBBY JAMESON SUCKS!



I guess I could write something else. Something pleasant and uplifting about my wonderful life in the music business, and how I made a host of life long friends, and am happily married and have two children, a boy and a girl, who's names are Mo and Jo and we all go to church together.

I could write that, but it would be a lie, so I write my own story. My story isn't a "happy" story but it is a true story. If you think I get a kick out of telling you about "The Christ Complex," or about a bad acid trip that changed my life, or posting a list of all the records I made and wasn't paid for, you'd be wrong.

When I complain in written words about lack of airplay in L.A. this isn't a 40 year old sour grapes issue, it's a fact that I had to contend with at the time. What do you think it felt like to make record after record, good or bad, that never got played on L.A. radio from 1964 until now?

Either the records I made were so Goddamn piss poor that they didn't deserve to be played, or I was getting screwed around. Something you don't know is that I was not really known for being a recording artist in L.A. as much as I was for being the guy in the street during riots with the police over curfew laws imposed to impede anti-war demonstrations.

How could I be known for music when nobody in L.A. ever heard it? I was considered a joke by the music industry back then and I still am today. Do you think everybody who knew me then is glad to see me back? They're not. I think about a half a dozen or so people who knew me have contacted me on myspace and said hello. Mostly I am ignored by those who knew me.

Do you think anybody has offered to help me get this mess straightened out so I can get back my life after my long absence? Not one thing has changed in my life or the music business other than 2 United Kingdom record labels have illegally released two of my old albums on cd.

One of them gave me nothing (REV-OLA UK) and the other one (Fallout Records UK) gave me $1000 and 50 cd's of my own work. That's the big change since the 60's. $1127 and 50 cd's. I guess I should be grateful. All I am accomplishing, by doing this, is to once again put myself in a position to have people pass judgement on me. I made the choice to do that.

Sometimes it feels like the facts are getting in the way of the story. I sense that the more I tell you what happened the less pleasing it is to those who read what I write. I am afraid that many of you ought to abandon reading this all together, because the story isn't going to get better it's going to get worse, a lot worse.

The reason for that are the facts. This story isn't going to have a happy ending where all my cares from the past are going to be magically transformed by a miracle of God and I live happily ever after. I am going to get the literal crap kicked out of me over and over until I finally just gave the fuck up and tried to kill myself numerous times.

If you want to know when I am going to get to the good part, forget it there isn't any. Some would say, "But you got sober and you're alive and that is a miracle." On that we can agree. But the circumstances by which I exist are demoralizing in the extreme.

As I continue to write I have to struggle with the facts of my life. I thought, and still have hope, that by writing this God awful story something will change in my life. I hope that someday I can walk away from my past and actually have a life worth living in, but so far that is something I have no experience with... Being Bobby

Do you think anybody has offered to help me get this mess straightened out so I can get back my life after my long absence? Not one thing has changed in my life or the music business other than 2 United Kingdom record labels have illegally released two of my old albums on cd.

One of them gave me nothing (REV-OLA UK) and the other one (Fallout Records UK) gave me $1000 and 50 cd's of my own work. That's the big change since the 60's. $1127 and 50 cd's. I guess I should be grateful. All I am accomplishing, by doing this, is to once again put myself in a position to have people pass judgement on me. I made the choice to do that.

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I am going to try and make a point that I believe was not fully understood regarding my description of a bad acid trip. I received emails and comments that led me to do this, because I didn't just tell that story for the sake of telling it.

Following that trip, I was informed by Henry Jaglom, the person I got the LSD from, that it was a multiple hit of Owsley acid and was enough to get a large number of people extremely high. I was pissed off by the information, after the fact, but in essence realized that I was the one who had chosen to take it.

There was no gun to my head. I made the choice. Ok! What's the point? The point is that it changed my life. It left me so shattered at the time that I had problems coping with it. It produced a paranoia and a sense of something irreversible having taken place. I was left with a peculiar knowledge of the power of the human mind that I had never glimpsed before, and was sure I didn't want to visit again.

What I write on these pages, in words, is inadequate to correctly describe the event and its consequences for me. It was in the aftermath that the real point lies, not in the description of the trip or the hallucinations. I had hallucinated many times before, but this stuff, and the fact that I took way too much of it, was totally different.

It was like somebody who had used heroin for a long time and then got something close to pure and overdosed on it. This was not just an acid trip. It was a life altering experience. It caused, more than anything else, the major upswing in my use of drugs and alcohol. I needed the sedation effect of other substances to deal with the anxiety I was left with after this experience.

This traceable lineage of what happened caused many things to occur. There is a line of progressive events that lead from where I started to where I ended up. This is key to the story and to the events as they unfolded in my life. Without context, what I write becomes a series of stories without a point. There is a point to everything I write, because each thing written about was central to the overall context. Like dot to dot drawing.

The music I wrote after this experience was completely different than what I wrote before it. The music was altered, as was I.

The music I wrote after this experience was completely different than what I wrote before it. The music was altered, as was I. Before I recorded "WORKING" in 1968, I wrote and recorded a number of songs that I worked on with Steve Clark, but which were never released.

The titles of these songs indicate to some degree the text of these unknown works. "Holy Holy Holy" "Hitler And Jesus" and a number of other songs I have little recollection of. I will try and discuss, as best I can, how these songs came to be and what events preceded and followed their creation.

As "Color Him In" began to fade out of my consciousness, as the thing that would make my life better, I ended up in New York City at Verve Records. I wanted to know why they weren't working the album, and I wanted to see Tom Wilson, which I succeeded in doing.

I found Tom in a recording studio working with Johnny Nash. I told him I wanted to cut another record and that I needed his help. Tom was gracious as always and tried to get me to see how busy he was with the Nash record, and that I was putting him on the spot, which I was.

I told him I'd come to New York and it was a big deal for me. I said I had to get something going with him while I was there or my coming would be for nothing. As I said, Tom Wilson was extremely respectful, and literally stopped the Nash session to talk with me. He said, "OK, let's hear what you got in the way of material." For the first time in my life I was unprepared to come up with some songs to record.

I stood there like an asshole, and knew it. Tom told me to go back to L.A. and get my music ready. He said we'd get together on it at a later date. As I left the studio, feeling awkward and foolish for not having any tunes ready, both Johnny Nash and Tom Wilson said I hadn't done anything to hurt them and what they were doing. I have never forgotten how well they treated me in light of my forcing myself into their important work at the time.

As I wandered aimlessly through the streets of New York, following my meeting with Tom Wilson, I began writing a song called "Black Brick Wall" which I eventually recorded but never released. The

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As I wandered aimlessly through the streets of New York, following my meeting with Tom Wilson, I began writing a song called "Black Brick Wall" which I eventually recorded but never released. The title speaks for itself. I felt like I had hit a brick wall and that it was indeed black.

After a couple of hours of walking and writing, I ended up In Greenwich Village with Frank Zappa who was playing with The Mother's Of Invention at the Garrick Theater. It was the summer of 1967 and hot and sticky in New York City and Frank was glad to see me, which was a relief.

I told him about Tom Wilson and what had happened and Frank told me not to let it get me down. "Just go write some songs back in L.A.," he said. I told him I'd already started and recited some of the lyrics. Frank nodded his approval and we let the subject drop.

Frank said he wanted me to go to a club with him so I could hear this guy play guitar. I agreed. When we neared the club I heard this thundering sound coming out of the place even though the door was closed. I touched the door handle to open it and it was literally vibrating.

We walked inside and there were three guys playing on a small stage, making more noise than I'd ever heard in my life. When I use the word "noise" I mean it in the most positive way. I looked at Frank and smiled my approval and Frank yelled in my ear, "This guy's going to be the next Elvis Presley." He was referring to his growing popularity not the sound. "What's his name?" I yelled back. "Jimi Hendrix! His name is Jimi Hendrix!"

Thursday, May 8, 2008

(part 66) HENDRIX, ZAPPA, AND LEAVING NEW YORK

After seeing and hearing Hendrix on that muggy afternoon in the Village, Frank took me to the Le Figaro Cafe to introduce me to Jimi. When we got there Hendrix was already at a table with two or three girls and otherwise occupied. The cafe was pretty empty so even from across the room you could see everybody in the place.

At one point, Hendrix looked up and caught sight of Frank and me and acknowledged Zappa's presence with a smile and a wave. He was so loaded, that at best, it was a half hearted attempt to be cordial. I told Frank it was OK, and that it was obvious that Jimi was in no shape to meet me or anybody else at the time. "

It's cool Frank," I said, "I don't think he needs to be interrupted right now." Frank agreed and we left the Le Figaro and I carried the memory of Jimi Hendrix, Frank Zappa, and me, on that hot muggy afternoon in Greenwich Village, New York in 1967.

I remembered hearing about the Monterey Pop Festival a month or so earlier, and some guy who had blown everybody's mind along with Janice Joplin. It was this guy I had just seen and heard

or so earlier, and some guy who had blown everybody's mind along with Janice Joplin. It was this guy I had just seen and heard with Frank, Jimi Hendrix. I always remembered what Frank said to me, "This guy's gonna be the next Elvis Presley." It stuck in my mind as an odd way for Frank to put it, but I never forgot it, and in some ways it turned out to be true.

When I got back to L.A. I was all hyped up about writing new songs, promising myself that what had happened in New York with Tom Wilson would never happen again. I started writing all kinds of heavy lyrics that were extreme versions of the opposing parallels I'd used in songs like "Sea Dawn" from "Color Him In."

Somehow I got it in my mind that the point of "Sea Dawn" was right, but that I needed to make it more like a sledge hammer. Two of these songs were, as I mentioned, "Holy Holy Holy" and "Hitler And Jesus." Nobody was too sure about what I was doing, but I just kept writing whether they liked it or not.

I managed to convince Steve Clark to record a couple of these songs after telling him if he didn't Tom Wilson would. Whatever it was I told Steve, it worked. I ended up in the same studio where I'd cut "Color Him In" with a 30 or 40 piece orchestra and recorded "Holy Holy Holy."

"Holy Holy Holy" was about the hypocrisy of the church and the priests' shortcomings according to me. We cut the track with no problem, but when it was time for me to lay down the lyrics the engineer got up and walked out of the studio about half way through the song.

The session stopped and Steve went running after the engineer, who we later found out was a devout Catholic. He told Steve he couldn't be a part of something like that, because it was blasphemy according to his belief. After about 40 minutes or so Steve and the engineer came back together and the session went on.

I later asked Steve how he got the guy to come back and Steve said he reasoned with him that this was art, and that I had a right to express my opinion artistically, even if it offended some people. The guy thought about that and decided he agreed with Steve's reasoning and was willing to finish the session, but said he wouldn't do any more if they were like this. I thought that was

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This is only a demo of the song Holy Holy Holy and probably only some of the final lyrics, but I wanted to get something up to give this song a real sense of existing.. I put the words, as they are, into the video to make it easier to understand. Sorry for the spelling mistakes in the video...

What I am writing about here regarding religious beliefs, or the lack thereof, was an extremely important subject to me back in the 60's. There wasn't an evangelical movement back then like there is today. Religion was viewed somewhat differently in that time frame by mainstream America.

There was no TBN (Trinity Broadcasting Network) on cable TV, or anything else like we have come to take for granted presently. There were no cell phones, no cable news channels, etc. Newspapers and magazines, network news in the morning and evening, and AM radio was where we learned about our world, unless you were part of what was making the news, which we were. We, being the anti-war pro peace hippie movement.

Religion represented the establishment and all the establishment stood for, which in our opinion was the war, fear of sex, drugs, and rock n roll, guilt, and fear of self expression. Religion and government were intertwined in such a way that set up false moral structures, which were assumed by it's supporters to be the last word on all things moral and important to the whole collective body of America.

The hippie and peace movements were embraced by the new direction of music and art and most of it's creators. They, for the most part, had very different ideas about their world. Most of these ideas were not shared by those in positions of power within the entertainment and radio broadcast mediums. As a fact, that became one of the driving forces behind underground FM radio in the 60's.

The tensions that existed between this duality of forces was what I was attempting to get at by writing some of the kinds of songs I wrote at the time, like Hitler and Jesus. The title itself was a perfect metaphor for the pairs-of-opposites philosophy I was experimenting with. Yin and Yang, positive and negative, light and dark, etc.

I saw Holy Holy Holy as a way to draw a distinction between the supposed goodness of religion, and religion's inability, to produce members who could see that blowing up Vietnam was not a net positive for the world. I saw that people who were going to church, and proclaiming their moral high ground, were also supporting a war which I, and much of the country was against.

Establishment types were afraid of braless hippie girls, but seemingly unmoved by the war's increasing body count on television and in print news media. The priests, who I saw as leaders within religious structures, whatever the denomination, had, in my opinion and that of others, a moral obligation to speak out against the ongoing slaughter of human beings.

I should add, that I am aware what I'm saying was not true in all cases. There were many, but never enough, who did speak out, such a Martin Luther King, in his brilliant speech against the war in April of 1968. My need, which was to articulate through music and lyrics, my own growing dissatisfaction with the world around me, was met with animosity and skepticism by many, and down right hatred by some.

The more I worked at capturing, through art, what I believed to be the truth, the further I was pushed to the side of the "money for music" business. A lot of music business people said, "Yeah, the guy's real talented, but why doesn't he write something commercial?"

This infuriated me, because I had written many things that were commercial and they'd complained about them too. I decided that if they were going to keep me out I might as well write the kind of songs I wanted to. I knew by then that I was far more serious about what I did than they ever figured out. I'd already had my shot at bubble gum music and wasn't planning to go back to it again.

Sometime after I'd recorded "Holy Holy Holy," and had a tape copy in my hands, I ventured up to San Francisco to see a friend of mine, Greg Thomas. Greg introduced me to the band Blue Cheer. I told them about the tape of Holy Holy Holy and they all thought it sounded pretty interesting.

One of the guys in the band said he knew the girl who was a DJ on the first underground FM rock station on the west coast. He said she was on that afternoon, and we ought to go to the station and see if she'd play the tape on the air. We all decided it was a good idea and piled into the car and headed for the station.

The lady DJ was on the air when we arrived but she invited us in anyway, feeling loved by all the attention she was getting from Blue Cheer. It seems this particular lady was known to like downers so we asked her if she wanted a couple? She, without hesitation, said, "Yes!" I pulled a couple of 3 grain Tuenals out of my pocket and handed them to her. She promptly swallowed both of them.

We all broke up laughing and said, "Damn girl, you really do like those things." While we joked around for twenty or thirty minutes it became apparent that the DJ lady was getting pretty loaded and beginning to slur her words. It was at that point we brought up the tape. Without batting an eyelash, or knowing full well what was on the tape, she asked, " Do you have it with you? Give to me, I'll put it on."

I handed her the tape and watched as she threaded it through the machine and picked up her mic, hitting the cut-in switch. Now you have to remember that this was a live broadcast. "Hello all you.." She broke in, "I have some special guests in the studio with me today."

She went on saying, "I'm here with some of the guys from Blue Cheer, Greg Thomas of Mint Tattoo, and Bobby Jameson, who's visiting us from L.A.. I'm gonna to play a brand new song of Bobby's for the first time anywhere." She clicked on the tape and let it rip. I stood back listening to the song play, when about half way through it the telephone switchboard lit up like a christmas tree and all hell broke loose.

The tape was quickly yanked off the air and the lady DJ handed it back to me saying, "You guys better get out a here because the station owner is on his way and we got big trouble." I apologized to her as we left saying, "I hope you don't get in any trouble or fired." She said, "Don't worry about it. It was worth it. Trippy song Bobby."

HOLY HOLY HOLY

I'M SURE THAT I WAS BAPTISED
BY A SUPERFICIAL MAN
THE WORDS HE SPOKE WERE MEANINGLESS
I COULD TELL WHEN HE BEGAN
THE WATER FROM HIS VESSEL
HAD BEEN GOTTEN FROM A TAP
HE RUBBED IT ON MY FOREHEAD
AND BEGAN TO RAP HIS CRAP
AND I SAID
HOLY HOLY HOLY
I THINK THAT YOU'RE A FAKE
IN FLOWING ROBES
YOU DO NOT KNOW
EXCEPT HOW MUCH TO TAKE
YOU MAKE THE SIGN OF JESUS
AND YOU BOW AND BEND YOUR KNEE
YOU DIG THE ANCIENT RITUAL
OF PLAYING AT BEING A PRIEST
HEY YOU THE PRIEST IN BLACK AND WHITE
IT'S SAID YOU WORK FOR GOD
YOU SAY YOU WORK FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS
AND BROTHER I SAY THAT YOU'RE A FRAUD
I'VE LISTENED AND I'VE HEARD YOU SAY
THE DAMNED ARE SENT TO HELL
WELL TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND YOU FRIEND
CAUSE I'M SURE YOU KNOW IT WELL
AND I SAY
HOLY HOLY HOLY
I THINK THAT YOU'RE A FAKE
IN FLOWING ROBES YOU DO NOT KNOW
EXCEPT HOW MUCH TO TAKE
YOU MAKE THE SIGN OF JESUS
AND DILIGENTLY
YOU BOW AND BEND YOUR KNEE
YOU LOVE THE ANCIENT RITUAL
OF PLAYING AT BEING A PRIEST
HOLY HOLY HOLY

Bobby Jameson 1967

Wednesday, May 14, 2008

(part 69) TABOO LYRICS - DON'T QUESTION ANYTHING

click

Either you have no opinion about the subject matter, or you do, and are offended, or possibly angered, or disappointed by it. Good! My intention when I wrote things like "HOLY HOLY HOLY" and others was to get your attention. The purpose was to mix positive and negative subjects into one single picture, and to draw a parallel to what I saw going on around me, and still see going on around me.

Good people doing bad things. Honest people being dishonest, and my favorite: spiritual people being hypocritical. I was a walking target for the hypocrisy of many, and remain so to this day. If you remember the beginning parts of this story, I had to endure the likes of Tony Alamo, one of the world's great con men, who became a so-called born again believer. He used his new found transformation to become an even bigger con man.

Presidents who lied to get us deeper into war, like Lyndon Johnson in Vietnam. The practice of mixing religion, patriotism, and morality to hide the treachery of the so-called good and decent people. Much like today, the same mixture of Jesus and America, or God and country, was intermingled by some to pressure the rest to go

and country, was intermingled by some to pressure the rest to go along with the great big lie, Iraq.

I was fighting this shit in 1967-68. The beginning of the "Jesus Movement" started in the late 60's. In 1967 I ran into Tony Alamo at Canters Deli on Fairfax Ave., a big hippie, and street people gathering place. He was out rounding up hippies for the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation.

He saw me about the same time I noticed him, and when we got close enough to each other he gave me the famous Tony Alamo stare and yelled, "There's only one Jesus and you're not him." This immediately brought back memories of the day Tony told someone that I was Jesus Christ.

The point is that the subject of Jesus and Bobby Jameson had a history that hasn't gone away. I liked Jesus Christ, but I don't like Christianity. Jesus, was a prophet in my way of thinking, not the head of some man made religion that twists everything into a state of mental illness, which is then used to back up every piss poor idea we as a country came up with, or continue to come up with.

Remember! George Bush was an alcoholic, born again christian, who used his beliefs to do more Goddamn damage then anyone I have ever seen in a long time. Conversely, the opposition has it's religious beliefs doing the same dance of death from the opposite end of the spectrum.

Again, the point is that beliefs, because they are beliefs, are dangerous. They allow people who believe in something, to justify behavior that is completely destructive and probably a state of mass nationalistic mental illness. I took the subject of Jesus and/or religion, and placed them in the most unlikely places I could think of for the purpose of examining the absurdity of what we do all the time.

Because we believe in God, we are right. Bob Dylan's "With God On Our Side." But if you place God, or religion, in a setting where you do not expect to find them, everything changes. If we could look with an objective point of view at what we do, as a result of what we believe, we might well be horrified at what we see.

The trouble is that all of this is a taboo subject. No one wants to talk about certain things, like priests who molested children, so it just continued on for decades. My use of taboo lyrics was an

Not Secure — bobbyjameson.blogspot.com

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The trouble is that all of this is a taboo subject. No one wants to talk about certain things, like priests who molested children, so it just continued on for decades. My use of taboo lyrics was an attempt to break open the box. I don't really think God is threatened by me, but people certainly were, and probably still are.

It is the easiest thing in the world to dismiss differences by suggesting that the subject is without merit, and or purpose, in your or someone's opinion. I attempted to write an entire album of this kind of material that would have knocked your fucking head off, but I was systematically prevented from doing so by the powers that be at the time.

The fact that there was a market for this kind of material was made clear after one incomplete play of "Holy Holy Holy" on a San Francisco radio station.

This is just one of many demos I made in the 1967-68 time frame. I will post others from this period as well since there are so many....

Thursday, May 15, 2008

(part 70) THE BOBBY JAMESON STORY CONTINUES...

click

I get a lot of emails about what I write, as well as comments. Sometimes there are no comments, which is in a way the loudest of all commentary. Much of what is said is positive, but some of it is hard for me to understand, such as passing judgement on me for something that happened 40 years ago.

Some of what I describe is reiterated back to me, via comments and/or emails, as if it just took place, begging the question, "Are you sure you made the right, fair, or best decision in doing it?" Hell no! I'm not sure at all. It's just what I did back then.

If I sound pissed off and frustrated, I am. I'm relating my account, good and bad, about the past. I can't now change my decisions or judgement about the things I did then. I mean I could, but what would be the point? I could tell you a completely different story if I wanted to make myself look a whole lot better, but again, what would be the point?

The things I'm telling you here are at times difficult to relate publicly, because they make my judgement look flawed in some cases. It was, but it is still what I did at the time. Being screwed over, again and again, and taking too many drugs and drinking too much, was a good way to insure chaos, which I did. That is what I'm writing about here.

If you bring your own set of morals and beliefs to the table and read this, then I am sure of one thing, we will have disagreements. If on the other hand you come and read this like a text of a history, which it is, then you may gain an understanding of what I had to deal with, and how I tried to do it.

I am not proud of some of the things I did but they are done. Would I do some things differently now? Probably so, but I can't change the past so I am attempting to look at it for what it was. I was 19, 20, and 21 years old at the time of the story so far, and it was the 60's. Everything was much different then.

The world was changing by the second, and I was loaded and getting more loaded. Like it or not, the reality of alcoholism and drug addiction is progressive. You may think I could have done some things differently, but I am telling you flat out that what I did, even at my worst, was as good as I could do at that moment, whether you like it or not, or agree with me or not.

Once again, I didn't come here to make you like me or agree with me. I came here to tell my story, warts and all. Let's clear some things up! I don't like the music business at all. I have never met such dishonest two faced pricks in my life. I was not paid money I was owed for what I did, and in some cases, to varying degrees, was cheated out of the rights to my work.

To this day, I remain one of the victims of Tony Alamo, Andrew Oldham, Randy Wood, Betty Chiapetta, Abe Somer, Bob Cohen, Ken Handler, Steve Clark, and others.

If that fact changes in my lifetime, I'll become a nicer guy. Until then get off my ass with the, "Why are you so angry and bitter" bullshit. Man! If you don't know by now, at what, and why I am angry then I would suggest you stop reading anything I write because you've missed the point.

If you, your religion, or morals, have been offended or challenged, then maybe you don't really have any. Maybe what you think you

If you, your religion, or morals, have been offended or challenged, then maybe you don't really have any. Maybe what you think you believe in is so damned fragile that it's not worth much. I have stayed sober for 32 years living on piss water and phony goodness from condescending people from church's, 12 step programs, and everything else under the sun.

I learned a long time ago that if my sobriety was dependent on anything outside of my own deeply held and personal commitment to stay sober, no matter what happened or didn't happen, that I would be doomed to once again run from reality via drugs and/or the bottle.

I stay clean and sober even though everything that could have gone wrong did. Nobody can shake that, so nobody ought to be able to shake your beliefs about yourself. God is not offended, people are. God is not afraid, people are. God knows one thing about Bobby Jameson, and that is that I didn't quit, even though I had a million good reasons to throw in the towel.

Every day is like a disaster in my life, and it has been for many decades. I do not have the luxury of multiple choices in my daily life. I take what I've been given and I make use of it as best I can for today. I try and show up at this computer to spill my guts on the keyboard so some asshole can decide whether he or she agrees with me.

I don't care whether you agree with me or not. If that were the case I'd just stop writing this, and we'd all be comfortable in our ongoing state of denial. If I complain about not getting paid, somebody questions me for doing so. If I say people in the record business are assholes, somebody gets mad at me for that.

By the time I get through editing the things people don't think I should say, there won't be anything left to say! This is the Bobby Jameson story. This is the Bobby Jameson blog. It is not "critic"s corner" online. I have an attitude! So what? That's part of what makes me me. If you want to read about someone who you agree with you're probably reading the wrong blog.

If on the other hand you are interested in what happened to Chris Lucey/Bobby Jameson 40 years ago in the 60's, I can help you there. This is a true story. There are elements in it that will offend some of you. There are elements that you will disagree with, and you will question my actions and words.

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Every day is like a disaster in my life, and it has been for many decades. I do not have the luxury of multiple choices in my daily life. I take what I've been given and I make use of it as best I can for today. I try and show up at this computer to spill my guts on the keyboard so some asshole can decide whether he or she agrees with me.

I don't care whether you agree with me or not. If that were the case I'd just stop writing this, and we'd all be comfortable in our ongoing state of denial. If I complain about not getting paid, somebody questions me for doing so. If I say people in the record business are assholes, somebody gets mad at me for that.

By the time I get through editing the things people don't think I should say, there won't be anything left to say! This is the Bobby Jameson story. This is the Bobby Jameson blog. It is not "critic"s corner" online. I have an attitude! So what? That's part of what makes me me. If you want to read about someone who you agree with you're probably reading the wrong blog.

If on the other hand you are interested in what happened to Chris Lucey/Bobby Jameson 40 years ago in the 60's, I can help you there. This is a true story. There are elements in it that will offend some of you. There are elements that you will disagree with, and you will question my actions and words.

The point of a true story is that it is true. It actually took place in the lives of real people, in real places somewhere in the past. I spent 27 years sober trying to believe that the past was the past and I should just let it be. That almost killed me. Now I am realizing that everything I am today is linked forever to what I have done, what I have said, and what I have thought about.

Only by joining my past with my present will I ever have a future and be a truly whole human being. The past and its wounds will only heal through honest recognition, by the creator of that past in the present light of day, or simply stated, "Acceptance of oneself."

Thursday, May 22, 2008

(part 71) YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT

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The tepid response to the lyrics of "Holy Holy Holy," and other songs I was writing in 1967, was used by Verve Records to moralize its way out of a contract, and to stifle artistic freedom by means of a business decision which allowed them to drop me from the label in the midst of recording my second album for them.

Had I been allowed to finish the album for Verve, which I was not, it would have been a controversial work of some merit, I believe, and would have been a meaningful record in both sales and subject matter. As was the case with my song "Vietnam," which was never promoted by Mira Records in 1966, because of it's subject matter, "HOLY HOLY HOLY" was singled out of existence by company politics at Verve.

The moral indignation of timid minds and small ideas was a throw back to the 50's and early 60's, when Lenny Bruce was getting arrested for merely using words like "shit" or "fuck" in his standup

The moral indignation of timid minds and small ideas was a throw back to the 50's and early 60's, when Lenny Bruce was getting arrested for merely using words like "shit" or "fuck" in his standup act. The moralizing about artistic endeavor had been a favorite of assholes and weaklings for too long in the music business.

It was around this time that Richard Pryor singlehandedly broke the barrier for the use of the word "motherfucker," which I'm sure still offends many of you. His courageous brilliance superseded the fear of using the word, as well as softening the venom associated with it's utterance in the arena of comedic genius. In other words, you have to view the entire context of a subject as opposed to singling out a specific word you might find distasteful.

In relating my story, and giving you the ammunition to shoot me down with it, I am moved to take a stronger position in defense of my own work, some of which I am making available for the first time in 40 years. If you think I did that so you could moralize or scrutinize my choice in subject matter, you're wrong.

I have no more patience with small minds now than I did in the 60's when I began creating this kind of material. If it were not for computers, the internet, myspace, facebook, and youtube, where I have made these works available, you never would have known about them at all.

If art is always subjected to some idiot at a record company or radio station, which it has been in the past, most of what you hear would never have been heard. Rap music is heard because the audience for it is greater than the moral opposition to it. I am not a rap fan, but that is not the point, it is the freedom of expression that has won out.

Now major labels have jumped on the bandwagon for one simple reason, money! It makes a lot of money! So where's the indignation? Where are the high minded morals? They have been tossed out for the sake of profit. So if I read this right, it means that profit is more important than morality.

My argument for "HOLY HOLY HOLY" is made crystal clear by the popularity of controversial rap and hip hop lyrics some forty years after I attempted to put forth a highly provocative work that some found offensive. If you take the position that Verve's dropping me

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found offensive. If you take the position that Verve's dropping me from their label, based on my offensive subject matter, was appropriate then you are an asshole as well. You might as well go get a placard and mobilize a group to eliminate rap.

In writing this piece I asked my 89 year old mother what she thought about this particular segment and she felt as though I might be attacking the reader. I thought about this and told her that I was attacking the reader, if in fact they were moralizing in the manner that I am complaining about.

If you are not one them, then what I have said here does not apply. I don't want to write a blog for anybody if I have to edit and re-edit my thoughts, choice of words, or subject matter. I have my own opinion. I am sure that many people who may read what I write will simply not come back to read any more, that's fine. On the other hand, there will be people who are glad somebody is saying something other than the crap being perpetrated as fact.

There is an attitude in this country that if it's negative, it's bad, which I can not tolerate any more as a rational thinker. Of course you may disagree that I am rational. It's this, "we've got to be positive at all costs all the time." Why? Maybe if we spent more time being attentive to the truly negative things going on around us we could actually do something constructive about them.

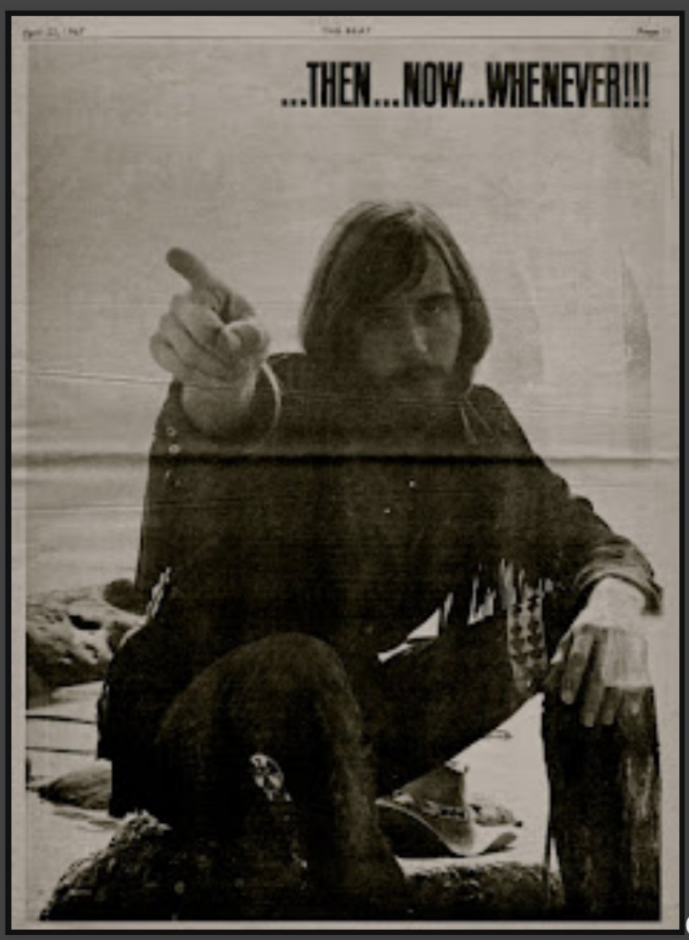
Refusing to see something is exactly why we're still in a war that is a national tragedy, because few wanted to be seen as negative, back when we had the opportunity to say no to fools like George Bush and Dick Cheney. I tried to speak out about Vietnam and I was censored. I do not plan to be censored again. So if I have offended you, buck up, I have been offended my whole life.

If censorship is permitted, then freedom is challenged. You could do away with pornography, for example, simply because some people were offended by it. That may suit a few, but I am not interested in living under such conditions. Being born in the 40's I lived through the 50's and had to submit myself to the overbearing moralistic narrowness of that time, being too young to speak out.

When the 60's rolled in it heralded massive change to the overall structure of a society riddled with false taboos and boogeymen promulgated by the likes of Joe McCarthy. I vowed then to fight for

Friday, May 23, 2008

(part 72) VERVE RECORDS AND FREE SPEECH



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Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, I am telling my story. The argument I am having with myself, and some of you, is a carbon copy of the kinds of arguments I was having with Verve Records, Steve Clark, and others at the end of 1967 over the direction my next album would take.

I am not continuing to talk about the subject of "free speech" as a side issue to the story, it is a central issue of the story. In 1967 Verve Records was the label I was on, but the exective hierarchy wanted to decide what I could or could not do as a follow up album to "Color Him In."

I was always told the album didn't do that well, but I had a vague suspicion the record had done better than I was being led to believe by those at Verve. Because of this, I wanted to have a say about the songs and production of the next album. Verve was unwilling to grant me this freedom of expression.

It soon became a battle over free speech and artistic freedom. As an artist, freedom, and the right to it, is a dominant point of my story. I suppose if all you wanted me to do was simply talk about Chris Lucey and "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest" and "Color Him In," and how they were made, then in essence the story is over.

But from a wider perspective the story has actually only gotten started. In 1964 I recorded "All I Want Is My Baby" in England, for Andrew Oldham. I had no say about the song or anything else that went on. I just cut the record the way he told me to, and was dissatisfied with it. On returning to America, in 1965, I was relegated to writing songs to someone else's titles and took on the name of Chris Lucey.

There was no free speech involved there. I was merely hired help. But "Vietnam/Metropolitan Man" on the other hand was an act of free speech, even though both songs were censored by Mira Records, because of subject matter. Each of those songs would have been forced into obscurity if not for their appearance in the movie "Mondo Hollywood."

Subsequent to that, none of my records were given an opportunity, on merit, to be heard or judged by the public at large, so for some to question my discussion about free speech and artistic freedom would seem to fly in the face of a problem I was constantly faced with. By the time I got to the follow up album to "Color Him In," the subject of freedom of speech was at the very heart of the entire matter with Verve.

What I asked for, in fact what I demanded, was the right to say what I wanted on the second album. I had paid my dues, in my opinion, by that time, and needed to be given some sort of artistic freedom with which to create a work that was not only controversial, but ground breaking in it's concept and execution.

I had gone along for years doing everything the way someone else wanted me to do it. But by 1967-68 I had made a decision that that would change. It was an exercise in "freedom" for sure, but also one of futility. Verve was afraid of what I wanted to do with the second album. They had heard some of what what I recorded, but decided not to release it, and to this day still refuse to give me copies of my own work.

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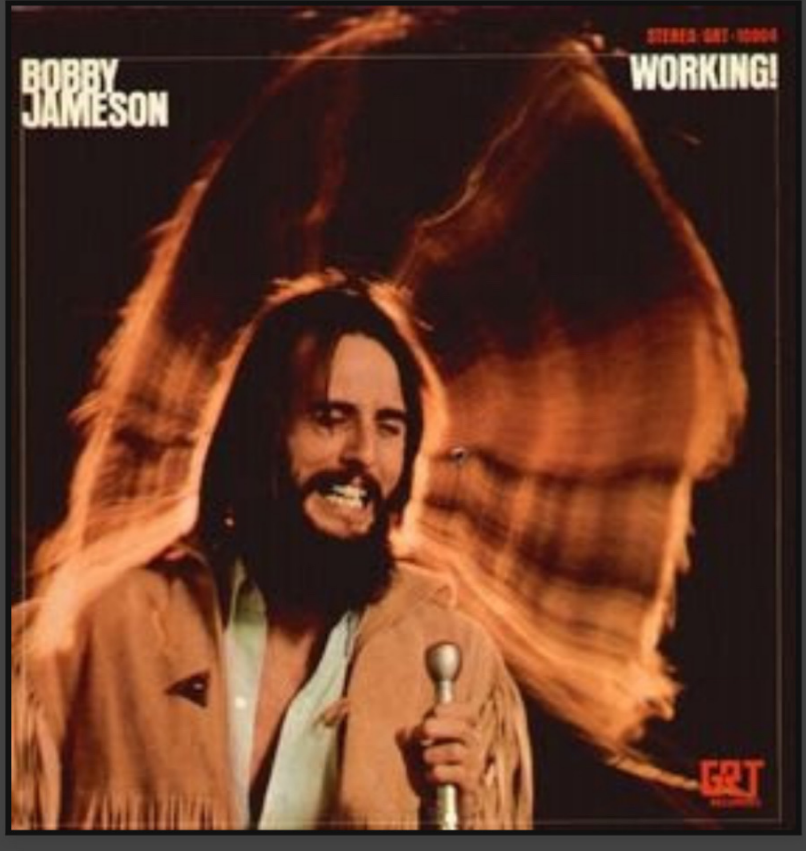
In the past 2 years or so Verve/Universal was contacted on my behalf, and characteristically would not give me a copy of my contract with them. The excuse they gave, was that their contract was with Steve Clark and Our Productions, both of which no longer exist, and not with me. So this is not a vague unrelated rant by Bobby Jameson on his blog. This is a 40 year old ongoing controversy about the rights of an artist/writer, and the moral and ethical obligation of a label to right very old wrongs. In the end, neither I nor Verve/Universal could come to any agreement.

As of today, I still do not know what the legal ramifications of the split between Verve Records, Steve Clark/Our Productions, and Bobby Jameson were or are. I have never been paid a penny by Verve for "Color Him In." Not as an artist or its writer/composer. I have never been given an accounting of any kind by the label for the album. My break with Verve Records, in 1968, became the basis, in an odd sort of a way, for my next album, "WORKING."

Saturday, May 24, 2008

(part 73) I JUST STARTED WRITING DOWN THE FACTS ONE DAY



I don't want to have to get in to this, but I feel as though I must at this point. I have been pretty damn sick for over 10 years. I have

I don't want to have to get in to this, but I feel as though I must at this point. I have been pretty damn sick for over 10 years. I have massive headaches all the time, and blurred vision most of the time. I am not complaining as much as I am telling you of the daily routine of my life.

I haven't had an income in a long time. I have no insurance, but will be able to get Medicare at 65. I live in a 40 year old mobile home with my 89 year old mother, and have to deal with my mentally ill older brother Bill during the day, seven days a week. I have three people, Terri, Kurt, and Nelson, from Narcotics Anonymous, who visit me every now and then, and bring me a carton of cigarettes, which is like winning the lottery.

I try each day to come here and write, whether I feel like it or not. I go to myspace and facebook where I try to communicate with people about this blog and the music I post. It doesn't cost anybody anything, except time, to interact with me. I am accessible to just about anybody.

I try to remember details and dates regarding this blog and at times it is a struggle. I have asked that those who have made money selling the music I created share with me in those proceeds. They have refused. People email me, or leave comments, and say things I do not agree with about this blog. I tell them what I think, and at times they get angry and attack me for my position, but it's my life and my story. A few just want me to write about what they're interested in, but I am trying to convey the whole story in the way that it happened.

Others want me to write about Diane Linkletter's death instead of what I write. There was a two year gap between "Color Him In" and "Working," and I am trying to fit all the parts and pieces of that gap together in a cohesive story line that is accurate as well as interesting. All of the subjects will be discussed when they come up in their proper time frame.

Prior to "Color Him In" it was one record after another from 1963 to 1967, which made the story move along easily from one point to the next. That is no longer the case. I have, and am trying to remember, all that transpired between "Color Him In" and "Working," because it involves 2 years of my life, and represents massive change. There are many factors to be considered.

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I am sorry if my desire to keep you entertained and interested has fallen short of some of your expectations. I never planned on writing a blog, or laying out my dirty laundry for everyone and anyone to examine. I actually started this blog by accident. My friend Whiteray, who writes his blog "Echoes In The Wind," did a story on my album "Working." I didn't know him at the time, but I went and read his blog and was surprised but pleased by his opinion of my album. I was determined to leave him a comment, but couldn't unless I got a Google account. In that process I was given a blog on Blogger, and that is how this got started.

I wrote nothing for months, because I did not know what to say. I just started writing here one day, never really expecting anyone to notice, but since then I have gotten a lot of people who read what I write, and some have decided I am merely here to promote myself at other's expense. This is about as irrational a position as I can imagine. I am writing a story here, my story.

I just started writing the facts down about my life one day.....

This song "Wait For Me" was also titled "I Promise I'll Be There" and was one of many songs written in 1968 for what was never accomplished. The second VERVE release.

Not knowing the width or depth of what I was attempting to do in a second album, Verve Records dropped me without explanation, payment, or an accounting of any kind for "Color Him In." Because of some of the material's volatility and controversial nature most of what was written and prepared for the album was never heard by anyone at Verve.

The songs, and a few recordings, such as 'HOLY HOLY HOLY," were only part of the structure of the overall concept for the second album. They were so poorly received that the decision to drop me from the label was not even discussed. Verve's decision was made on what they had heard about the songs from various sources. I'm not sure anyone at Verve actually heard any of the music. They were reacting to the concept of the album.

It is quite easy to base a decision for throwing out a barrel of apples, because a couple were unpleasant, but it may be that the rest of that barrel would have been worthwhile. There has always been a flow from negative to positive and back again through all my work, which is apparent when you look at what I have done from 1963 forward.

Some may deem this a side issue, and far afield from the whole story I am endeavoring to tell, but what I have written and posted here, for your consumption, are pieces of my work and my life. To me, each and all that I make available here has it's own history and life within the greater context of the entire history of Bobby Jameson and Chris Lucey.

Verve Records, as Mira Records did before them, made a shortsighted and shallow mistake regarding my second album. Likewise, as some who have followed my story have done, Verve Records never bothered to look past the surface and the rumors and innuendo that followed my recording of "HOLY HOLY HOLY."

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Just as the engineer who refused to finish the "Holy Holy Holy" session, and then was convinced by reason to change his mind, I deserved the opportunity to state my case to VERVE which never happened. What is written here and posted here, in any of the forms used, is free, and has never been seen before. Some of what I say and do will be questioned and judged by some, and that is fair, but try to allow me the right to tell my story in my own way. It is not easy to be so closely scrutinized in public, maybe you ought to try it.

In 1968, at the corner of Sunset Blvd. and Clark St., that's where the Whiskey A Go Go is, I and some friends were crossing the street after leaving the Whiskey. We encountered 6 white guys in suits walking toward us and a few words were exchanged between both groups.

We asked these guys if they were cops, and they said they were insurance salesmen from out of town, in L. A. for a convention, and wanted to visit the "Strip." More words were exchanged and a brawl started right in the middle of the intersection. People were knocked down and some were lying in the street hurt. One of them was nearly unconscious and was being approached by one of the suits who was about to kick him in the head.

I ran toward the guy doing the kicking, and shoved him off balance to keep him from carrying this out. At that point the suits all announced that they were Los Angeles undercover cops and that we were all under arrest. They said I attacked a cop, and I was charged with 2 counts of felony assault against a peace officer, which carries a sentence of 1 to 5 years for each count, so I was looking at 2 to 10 years in a CA state prison, if convicted.

I was on trial for over a year, but was not convicted. It took a lot out of me, and it was one more reason to get loaded and frustrated, which I did. It was this event and the year long trial that set the stage for what became the environment for my album "Working."

During these times I found myself always living somewhere different. There was always someone who wanted to manage me, or fix me, or just have me around for a variety of reasons. One thing was for sure, I was like a walking time bomb always ready to go off and never sure of when it would happen.

During that time I lived in a guy's house for a few months. His name was Howard Gilliam. He was rich and he used to tell me that he controlled the world's soy bean market. I never knew whether he did or not, but I lived with him. He thought he could manage me, so I let him have a shot. I did it so I could stay at his house. That's how I lived, I had no home, I was basically homeless for half the 60's and most of the 70's. I looked like I was doing pretty well, because I always drove some one else's nice car and lived in someone else's nice house, or apartment, but in reality, I was just

Wednesday, June 4, 2008

(part 76) NANCY HARWOOD

This is Nancy Harwood. She was a Playboy Centerfold in 1968, and my favorite of all the women I lived with. Note that I said: "lived with." I met her at Howard Gilliam's house in 1968, where I was living. She was beautiful, arrogant, and pushy, and I asked her to leave almost immediately. She refused. I asked her again and she said, "No!" I told her to get out, and again and she said, "No!"

She was used to getting her own way, and this became a test of wills, which she was determined to win. I stood up and walked over to where she was seated and said, "Goddamn it, get the fuck out of my house." "I don't want to," she said half smiling. I reached down and grabbed a handful of her hair and lifted her out of the chair.

She was like a cat being grabbed by the back of the neck. I drug her across the floor to the front door, opened it, and pulled her out

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She was like a cat being grabbed by the back of the neck. I drug her across the floor to the front door, opened it, and pulled her out onto the front porch and let her go, then turned and walked back inside slamming the door. In about 45 minutes the doorbell rang and I walked over and opened it, thinking it might be the police.

As I opened the door I saw Nancy standing there looking kind of sheepish and a lot less aggressive. She said, "I'm sorry I was so rude. Can I come back in?" I let her in and she didn't leave my side for the next year and a half. That's the way things happened in my life.

Nancy had been the girlfriend of Johnny Echols, from the band Love. I never knew how she ended up at Howard's house that day, but I never forgot it, and I'll never forget her. If there was ever a woman that I actually loved, it was her. She was a special creature, and I mean that in the very best of ways.

Nancy and I loved hard and fought hard, but no matter what happened she would not leave me. She was loyal to the bone where I was concerned, but I can not speak for Johnny Echol's experience with her, and assume it was his loss. Everywhere I went, people would stare at Nancy, then look at me, and wonder how I did it.

I used to get a kick out of watching guys try to get her attention and get her to leave me. It happened all the time and went on for as long as we were together. I got into a lot of fights because of it, but in a strange kind of a way I liked it, it meant I had something everybody else wanted and couldn't have.

In 1968, three very important things happened in America. In April of that year Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis, Tenn.. In June of that year Bobby Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles, and in August of 1968 there were huge riots in Chicago at the Democratic National Convention, which assured that Richard M. Nixon would be elected the next President of The United States Of America.

The level of depression and anger that was being felt across this country, and the whole world for that matter, following these events, was palpable as 1968 moved towards it's final months. Because the shock of what had happened was so complete in that year, it was responsible for altering the lives of millions forever. It was hard to put your finger on exactly how much changed as a result of the year's volatility exactly, but I know that I had a feeling deep inside me that never left.

It was as if you finally knew that those in power were never going to let certain things happen. If you looked to change things too much, too fast, that power would rise up in one form or another and take you out. We had seen this happen, and then happen again, and again. It was as if it were being beaten into us through repetition.

Life changed! There was a sense of paranoia that was creeping into our lives in 68. The freewheeling open mindedness of the early 60's began to dissipate like a slow leak from a tire. It took some time, but the paranoia was definitely there to stay. Back in those days I began to reevaluate my own position in life.

One day Steve Clark approached me out of nowhere, saying he was having financial troubles, and couldn't continue paying me $100 a week to write songs for Since Music anymore. This was a devastating blow, but Steve also said he was trying to get Bob Ross, who owned Harmony Recording, to take on my publishing at Bob's own company, Teresa Music. Had I known at the time that Steve's reason for putting me with Bob Ross, was because Steve had used up the $10,000 Verve advance that he'd stolen from me, my whole life might have gone in an entirely different direction.

I liked Bob Ross alright, and knew he had a genuine interest in me, so I figured it would be OK for a while. In my mind I reasoned

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I liked Bob Ross alright, and knew he had a genuine interest in me, so I figured it would be OK for a while. In my mind I reasoned that by going with Bob, I could keep getting $100 a week to write songs. That money was all I had coming in, and I depended on it.

At the same time, Curt Boettcher was basically working himself out of Steve's grasp, and was slowly but surely making new plans for himself, Michele O Malley, Jim Bell, and the other Boettcher loyalists who had previously worked with Steve. I just stayed where I was, because Bob Ross was going to pay me, and I didn't want to be broke again.

There was talk of a new album by Bob, but there was no label offering to foot the bill at the time. I'd brought the Verve deal to Steve Clark, via Frank Zappa, for "Color Him In" the first time around, but now I was of no help as far as having a connection to an interested record company.

Possibly Steve's reputation, coupled with mine, was more than some people wanted to take a chance on at the time, who knows? But Bob Ross wasn't afraid. He kept the idea of an album alive, and had his own studio where we could cut the record, which would make it easier than having to go out and rent studio time somewhere else, which was expensive.

Between Steve and Bob cutting deals with each other, using my writing, publishing, and me as the artist for chips, they somehow managed to strike up a deal between them that they both could live with. Once again, I just stayed around because of the 100 bucks a week, it was that simple for me.

Tuesday, June 17, 2008

(part 78) CHOOSING THE SONGS FOR THE ALBUM "WORKING"

I had been drinking a lot of Southern Comfort when I began thinking about making the album "Working." I was also taking a lot of pills at the time. The reason I started drinking Southern Comfort was because Janice Joplin drank the stuff by choice. In 1967 or 68 I watched Blue Cheer and Janice do a gig at the Whiskey A Go Go. After the show I ended up at a cabin style motel in Hollywood, on Sunset Blvd. with two members of Blue Cheer to meet Janice.

We waited around awhile until Janice showed up with a quart of Southern Comfort in her hand. She began laughing and joking with the two guys from the Cheer, who she knew well from San Franciso, and quickly glanced over at me like I was a candy bar. One of the guys from Cheer introduced us, and she looked over the top of her Granny glasses at me and smiled. I recall vividly, watching her put the bottle to her mouth and chug a lug an amazing amount of alcohol on the spot.

I was so impressed by her ability to consume that much booze, that I quickly became a fervent user of Southern Comfort, and always told people about Janice when they asked how I could drink that shit. The reason we were all at the motel that night to

drink that shit. The reason we were all at the motel that night to meet with Janice was for the purpose of a cattle call for her, somethings guys have been doing forever.

In Janice's case it was in reverse. She wanted to look the goods over and pick the one she wanted. On that particular night I guess I didn't strike her fancy. I didn't know whether to feel lucky or insulted. Anyway, that's why I started drinking Southern Comfort, which is a lethally sweet alcohol in your choice of 86 or a 100 proof. I drank the latter.

As the possibility of making another album became more of a reality in 1968, I thought long and hard about the enormous amount of controversy some of my song writing had created with Verve. I thought that possibly using other people's songs might be a worthwhile change if I actually did another album.

I can't really remember how much I discussed the subject of doing other people's songs with Steve Clark and Bob Ross, but in fact it did become reality in the end. There was also something else that played into the final outcome, and that was that I used to sit at the piano and actually play and sing these songs like a live solo performance.

"Color Him In" had been created using a lot of overdubs. That means, if you are not familiar with the term, that the musicians played the music without me singing. When they were done, we would all listen to what they'd recorded on earphones, and then add my vocal, background vocals, and other things to the recorded music after the fact. It's a common way of recording, but a lot of the time it kills the performance of a live session.

In the case of "Working," one of the things I wanted to do was make it more of a "live" performance. The fact that I could, and did sit down and play these particular songs, was one of the reasons the selections were chosen in the long run. There were three songs written by me, "Palo Alto," "Broken Windows," and "Bout Being Young." I figured that no one could be upset by these songs for being "out there."

If anything, those three songs were as easy going as I could get. "Palo Alto" was my answer to Jimmy Webb's "Wichita Lineman," which I thought was a masterpiece. "Bout Being Young" was my attempt at a Dean Martin impression, after hanging around his

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If anything, those three songs were as easy going as I could get. "Palo Alto" was my answer to Jimmy Webb's "Wichita Lineman," which I thought was a masterpiece. "Bout Being Young" was my attempt at a Dean Martin impression, after hanging around his house for all those months with his daughter Deana, who I had dated. "Broken Windows" was just a country song I wrote for the hell of it.

The rest of the songs were things I liked to play, with the exception of "Gentle On My Mind." The reason I cut the song the way I did, was because of Joe Cocker's version of The Beatle's "With A Little Help From My Friend's." If you are familiar with that rendition, you know that Joe Cocker made it into a hit, doing it his way. So that's how my version of "Gentle On My Mind" came about.

Don't get me wrong I actually played this song a lot before I cut it, but the Glen Campbell version was hard to top, so I reworked the song, on the basis I outlined, for a different approach and feeling. The rest of the songs on the album all have a story as well, and I will go into them in subsequent posts.

Sunday, June 22, 2008

(part 80) GETTING THE TEMPO RIGHT?

The other songs on "Working" are "Don't Think Twice It's Alright" by Bob Dylan, "Ain't That Lovin You Baby" by Jimmy Reed, "Singin The Blues" by Melvin Endsley, "Norwegian Wood" by Lennon and McCartney, "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" by Bob Dylan, and "The Weight" by Robbie Robertson.

These 6 songs plus the 4 previously mentioned, Gentle On My Mind by John Hartford, and Palo Alto, Bout Being Young, and Broken Windows by me, make up the 10 songs of the album. As I said before, these songs were songs I used to play at the piano by myself. They weren't just songs I picked out of nowhere.

Many of the songs I wrote were just written and made into demos and that was that. Each of these songs were things I played over and over, so they had a performance history in my life. The trouble with this, where the album was concerned, was that I learned to play these songs the way I played them, not the way they were written.

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So when it came time to record these particular songs the players would tend to play them in the meter or tempo that they believed was correct. I on the other hand had developed a live performance tempo and meter that was at odds with the musicians reading of the songs for the basic tracks.

One of the drummers, Jim Troxell, a very good drummer, ended up not playing on the album. He and I got into a pretty good fight in the studio over the tempo and meter question. Jim, who I'd recorded with before, refused to alter his meter to my way of doing the songs.

He kept telling me not to tell him how to play, and I kept telling him to play what I was doing, instead of telling me how to do it. This was the first time I'd stood my ground with a top musician. I had always considered them to be better than me. It so offended Troxell that he packed his gear and left. Toxi French then became the drummer for everything on the album.

No one else seemed to think this was a reason to quit the session, and it was a small but significant victory for me, in that I refused to have the meter changed for the sake of perfection. I was more interested in the recordings sounding real, as opposed to sounding perfect.

I have played with some incredibly gifted people, but studio players have a tendency, at times, to almost be too good. The Band and Crazy Horse would be two examples of "play it for real" not for perfection. The perfection comes from the "real." This subject of tempo, and/or meter, presented ongoing problems in constructing the basic tracks, or musical tracks, for the album.

Every time we'd get into playing the tracks, prior to cutting them, I'd notice that the tempo was changing, and the songs were sounding different than the way I wanted to play them. All my vocal inflection would have to change to suit the tracks, rather than the tracks supporting the way I sang the songs.

On "Color Him In," I allowed this to happen, and was never satisfied with the final results. In other words, the songs ended up not being the song I had written, but a version of the song I had written. On "Working," I was bound and determined to sing the songs the way I sang them, not the way the players wanted to play

On "Color Him In," I allowed this to happen, and was never satisfied with the final results. In other words, the songs ended up not being the song I had written, but a version of the song I had written. On "Working," I was bound and determined to sing the songs the way I sang them, not the way the players wanted to play them.

Many would say that the album suffered because of this, but I would disagree. The arrangements on some of the songs are not to my liking, but the vocals on a number of the songs are dead on. Had I been able to have more time, as well as control, in constructing all the elements, to enhance each other, the album would have been markedly better. But back then the Goddamn money clock kept running, and I was limited in doing the best I could.

My way of solving the meter problem once and for all was to play all the songs on the piano, by myself, and record them solo. Once that was accomplished, the arrangers, there were 3 of them, and musicians, could do their stuff to what I had done, rather than visa versa. This was completely ass-backwards, but the more it was discussed the more everybody seemed to think it could be done.

Fortunately most of the players had played with me before, and were willing to go the extra mile to get it right. Jimmy Burton, who played Dobro guitar on the sessions, had never played with me, but was willing to go along with everybody else. The "Working" sessions, in 1968, were the first time Jerry Scheff and James Burton ever played together. Later on, this resulted in Burton contacting Scheff to play bass In Elvis Presley's Las Vegas show band, which Burton put together.

Another first timer for me in the "Working" sessions, was the legendary steel guitar player Red Rhodes, who did some incredible work with James Burton on "The Weight," "Broken Windows," "Norwegian Wood," and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight."

Wednesday, June 25, 2008

(part 81) "WORKING" THE 1968 SESSIONS

The musicians on the "Working" sessions in 1968 were Mike Deasy fuzz guitar, Jerry Scheff bass, Toxi French drums, Ben Benay guitar, harmoica, and arranger, James Burton dobro guitar, Red Rhodes steel guitar.

Strings and horns, Sid Sharp, Bill Kurdsch, Leonard Malarsky, Harold Dickrow, Tibor Zelig, Jesse Ehrlich, Armond Kaproff, Israel Baker, Nathan Gershman, Bobby Bruce, Ray Kelley, Jerry Grant, James Horn, Roy Catron, Olie Mitchell and Dick Hyde.

The arrangers were Sid Feller, Ben Benay, and Mike Hendersen. Produced by Steve Clark, engineered by Fred Borkgren, and recorded at Bob Ross's Harmony Recording Studio in Hollywood. Piano and vocals by Bobby Jameson.

Jimmy Rees's "Ain't That Lovin You Baby" and Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice It's Alright" were arranged by Mike Hendersen who played sax on "Jenny" from "Color Him In." The "New Orleans" string and horn arrangements for those two songs are similar to the arrangements of Bob Dylan's "Everybody Must Get Stoned".

The vocal I did on "Ain't That Lovin You Baby" is a flat out half drunken rendition of the song, that if nothing else gets your attention. "Don't Think Twice It's Alright" is a bit more relaxed, but again is colored with the fact that I was pretty well wrecked when I recorded both of these songs.

The vocals give a lot, and are lacking a lot simultaneously. They are live recordings and not overdubbed, so they don't have the control factor of rerecording each vocal till it's perfect. The quality is more like a stage performance than a studio recording.

Some people hate this album for that reason. The vocals on "Palo Alto," "Bout Being Young," and "Broken Windows" are far more controlled, and have more of a studio quality about them. "Palo Alto" was a song I wrote about my mother, and the fact that I didn't believe we knew each other too well, and I wondered if we ever would.

I placed the lyrics in a "what if" situation regarding life and death, and questioned whether anything would ever change. "Palo Alto" was arranged by Sid Feller who also did the arrangements for "Gentle On My Mind" and "Bout Being Young."

"To Ramona" was the fourth song arranged by Sid Feller, and I have already stated it did not make the album. That was a choice by GRT Records executive Ron Cramer, who decided the album was too long. GRT stands for General Recorded Tape. It is the label that released "Working" in 1969.

Sid Feller had done arranging for Ray Charles in the past, but I was not satisfied with his work. I felt that he over arranged the songs, and think they'd have been better, if they were leaner in the overly lavish string and horn arrangements. Once again I was not in enough control of the album to have a say about this at the time of the recording.

I am of the belief that my vocal on "Gentle On My Mind" is one of my best efforts, and wish the arrangement was more like a Jimmy Webb arrangement. Sometimes, less is more, when it is used surgically. Sid's arrangements were overbearing at times, and fought with what I was doing vocally.

On the other hand, everything but my voice and piano was overdubbed, so I guess it was hard for them to write their arrangements after the fact, as opposed to before, which I know they were used to doing. It was the only way I could get the songs recorded the way I wanted though, so on one hand it works, on the other it doesn't. The one thing I can say about "Working" is, that I could sit down at the piano and play the whole damn album the

Making the album "Working" was somewhat of an act of capitulation for me, following the trouble I'd had with Verve over writing songs that many deemed questionable. At the same time, I was extremely focused on trying to create a work of some merit.

I chose, and was forced in part by circumstances, to write less objectionable material for the album. By limiting the number of my songs, and using other people's material, I found a way to make the album and sidestep the fight over what I could write for it. It was a new process for me. The only other time I'd done it was in England, when I recorded "All I Want Is My Baby/Each And Every Day" in 1964.

I wanted to record an album, so I created a way to do it, by agreeing to a different direction with "Working." Had I been given the freedom to record what I wanted, following "Color Him In" and prior to "Working," there would be an entirely different record than the one I've been discussing here.

So when I say it was somewhat of an act of capitulation, I mean it. There weren't a lot of opportunities available for me at the time, so I had to choose between standing my ground, or compromising on the type of music I recorded. Making demos was one thing, recording an album that would get released by a label, was another.

In the back of my mind, all the way through the "Working" sessions, was a building resentment over the lack of freedom I had in choosing the kind of album I wanted to make. Although I gave it my all, I knew in my heart that there was another record that should have been being made.

In 1968, following the difficulties of having been on trial for a year, I was aware that a position of strength was not where I was standing. It was to some degree, "take it or leave it" territory, and I tried to make the best of it. Bob Ross, a rather conservative man, was footing the bill, so he was the one dictating on the subject of content.

I do not begrudge him his position at the time. It was his sincere belief that I was capable of writing the right kind of material, and making a good record that both he and I would be proud of.

I do not begrudge him his position at the time. It was his sincere belief that I was capable of writing the right kind of material, and making a good record that both he and I would be proud of. Because of his sincerity, I was able to invest myself in the project as much as I did.

The various difficulties in the way I ended up recording the album were taken in stride by everyone who worked on it, as a necessary decision to insure that the tempos and meter were true to the way I interpreted the songs.

The live performance quality of the album was the one thing I refused to budge on. This of course could have been overcome, if I and the musicians had had endless time to get it right, which we did not. I knew that if I recorded it in the traditional way, the album was not going to portray, in the slightest way, how I played and sang these particular songs.

It is in fact, the essence of what made "Working" different, as well as valid, which over time it has proven to be. The Band, whose song "The Weight" I recorded on the album, has given "Working" a page of it's own on their website out of respect for my version of their work. There is a link "Bobby Jameson Working" at the top of the blog page where you can click to that site.

Posted by Bobby Jameson at 7:17 PM 2 comments:

(part 82) MY LAST DITCH EFFORT

click

Trying to make "Working" work was my last ditch effort as a recording artist in 1968. Parts of the album are in a way desperate. When I listen to it, I remember how hard I was trying to make things work. Some of my vocals are exactly what I wanted, and some are attempts at it.

As the alcohol and drugs continued to play a bigger and badder roll in my life during the recording of this album, I would reach higher and fall lower than I had at any time previously. On some days I was completely OK, on others, I was prone to violent outbursts, depending on what I had in my system, and how much of it I'd had.

By 1968, the previous years of using now began taking a serious toll on my ability to guage how loaded I was, or how loaded I was getting. Trying to record in that self imposed prison was at best hit and miss. I was not only addicted to the drugs and alcohol, but to fame as well.

I lived at times, in a world constructed of unreasonable demands and bitter resentment, regarding my past dreams and failures, and my then current fears about the future. My need for attention, and demands for it, continued wreaking havoc with my personality

my then current fears about the future. My need for attention, and demands for it, continued wreaking havoc with my personality throughout the making of "Working."

Unfortunately, I again put all my eggs in one basket. I hoped against hope that this time would be the time, and that this record would be the record, but neither of those things were true. I always seemed to do the same thing. Over and over, just as I'd done before, expecting a better result than the ones in the past. It seemed to be the only way I could do things.

I lived in a rut. I never learned to deal with things. I just learned how to make records and write songs, and then do it again and again. My skills at being a person were limited to that in many ways, being a recording artist and a song writer, in search of myself, fame, and fortune.

To be honest, I didn't understand enough about the world I lived in. There it was, and here I was, and my job was to get the world to accept me, rather than me finding a constructive way to fit into the world. In essence I was always at war with everything and everybody around me, unless it went my way.

The drugs and alcohol just tended to magnify it all, and that's why "Working" is so important to me, then and now. It was my last cohesive attempt at getting the world to accept Bobby Jameson, which it never did.

I will attempt to make clear the ins and outs of constructing "Working," and the time I spent with some extremely generous and talented musicians, who helped me create the last album I released.

The record is shot through with my then growing interest in suicide as an answer to my life, should I have to face yet another failure. This is the source of the desperation, power, and tiredness in these vocals.

"Working" is the most obscure of the 3 Jameson albums. Because of that, far less attention has been paid to this work, and that continues to be the case. Other than my friend at "Echoes In The Wind," and a couple of other music blogs, almost no one has ever heard this recording until now.

There is no built in interest for this album, like there was for "Color Him In" and Chris Lucey's "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest." As well, the other two recordings have been reissued as cd's while "Working" has not.

As I move into this particular segment of the Bobby Jameson story, possibly some of the interest has fallen off, proving there is more curiosity for certain specific parts, than there is interest in the whole story. Like a buffet, people stop in to sample what they have a taste for, and then leave with a doggy bag of scraps for later.

Unfortunately for me, I am stuck with the whole story. Not only the telling of it, but having to relive it once again. I struggle through my emotions and the past, trying to remember it all in some detail. But as I continue, I am aware that there is less interest in "Working," and what is contained musically between the grooves, as it were.

Because of this, I assume there may be some surprise at hearing a country song like "Broken Windows" on the record, which is one of 3 songs I wrote for this album. But I am confident as well, that if you take the time to listen to the music from "Working," you just might find what my friend Whiteray, from the blog "Echoes In The Wind" found: That "Working" is a highly personal creation by an artist, and is an album recorded in 1968 by the same person who made "Color Him In" in 1966, and "Songs Of Protest" in 1965.

This blog is the only complete and accurate source of information and music on the planet regarding the musical career and life of Bobby Jameson (aka) Chis Lucey that exists. It is not here to make you like me, or agree with me. It is here as an ongoing historical record of factual information regarding the specific subject matter of the history of Bobby Jameson. It is more like a human museum than a blog for passers by.

If you hear clicks and scratchy noises on all of the recordings from "WORKING" posted here, it's because they have been taken directly off 40 year old vinyl.

Once again I must thank Red Rhodes, James Burton, Jerry Scheff, Ben Benay, and Toxi French for their wonderful work...

Nancy Harwood

As I fought through the making of "Working," Nancy Harwood and I ended up subletting an apartment from Timmy Rooney, one of Mickey Rooney's sons. It was located across the street from the Shoreham Towers, where Diane Linkletter lived on the 6th floor.

I'd moved out of Howard Gilliam's house after he found out he couldn't make me do what he wanted. I had argued with him about performing solo at the Whiskey A Go Go, and he'd lost his patience with me over my final position. I told him that if he'd help me put a band together I'd do it. Howard's position was I didn't need a band, which had also been the position of Tony Alamo, and one that I'd rejected.

Anyway, that led to a break between Howard and me, so Nancy and I moved on. We ended up with a roommate in the new place, because he already lived in the apartment. His named was Ed Durston. I didn't want another roommate, but it was the only way Nancy and I could afford to live there.

The apartment was on the second floor of the building. Below us lived another musician named Jimmy George. Over the next few months I would get to know these people pretty well, plus a number of others, and they would all play a major role in another turning point in my life.

Ed Durston was a shady dude to say the least, but he was highly intelligent and quick witted, so if nothing else, he was fun to spar with mentally and verbally. I had to keep an eye on him though, because his interest in Nancy was obvious. Along with just about

Ed Durston was a shady dude to say the least, but he was highly intelligent and quick witted, so if nothing else, he was fun to spar with mentally and verbally. I had to keep an eye on him though, because his interest in Nancy was obvious. Along with just about everybody else during those times, Ed was a loady, and to some extent that was more of a convenience than a problem. Ed always knew where to get drugs, so he did serve a purpose in the long run.

Both Timmy Rooney, and his brother Mickey Jr, were always dropping by the apartment to see how we were doing. They were well acquainted with Diane Linkletter, and within a short period of time, Nancy and I would get to know Diane as well.

As far as the album went, parts of "Working" had been heavily affected by the constant drugging and drinking that had become synonymous with the personality of Bobby Jameson. Some of the album's odder points are the vocals which were perfomed by me while drunk.

"Singin The Blues," "Ain't That Lovin You Baby," and "Norwegian Wood" are the most notable choices. There is no other way to say it except that I was "fucked up" when I recorded these songs. As well, "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" and "Don't Think Twice It's Alright" were affected as well.

This may all seem repetitive and boring to some, but it is indicative of the physical and psychological slide I was on. There is, and was, a reason for everything, and what I am relating here is important, as fact, to the overall story as it truly unfolded at the time.

Each successive decline contributed to the next decline, etc. So the making of "Working," it's strengths and weaknesses, became a reflection of my life and visa versa. As the album went, so went I, and as I went, so went the album. They were never separate from each other. They were one thing.

This is why I ultimately crashed and burned as a human being. I had no ability to put each in it's own place. If one failed the other failed right along with it, and that was the case with "Working."

Both "Palo Alto" and "Bout Being Young" were solid performances, which is not to say you should like them or not, they were just

reflection of my life and visa versa. As the album went, so went I, and as I went, so went the album. They were never separate from each other. They were one thing.

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Both "Palo Alto" and "Bout Being Young" were solid performances, which is not to say you should like them or not, they were just handled with a lot more care than some of the others. If in fact the whole album was a piece of garbage, as some seem to think it was, and is, then I would have crashed even sooner than I ultimately did.

It was my hope that there was enough good about the album to override it's apparent weaknesses, and that is what kept me hanging on by a long thin thread. Nancy was always by my side during these times, reenforcing my value as an artist, and person, even when I was not capable of doing the same for myself.

She knew how important she was to me, and I knew how important I was to her. We were connected together by some invisible bond that was impenetrable by the world around us. Nancy saw the absolute best in me, no matter what anyone else said or thought, it was absolute.

There was no question for her about me, and likewise was my reliance on her. We walked through some very heavy shit together, and to this day I have nothing but the highest of praise to offer her. If the world had more people like Nancy Harwood it would just be a far better place for everyone, period.

She gave far more to me than she ever tried to get for herself, and I was extremely lucky to have known her and to have had her with me during those times. When the world came crashing down on top of me, and it always did and still does, Nancy was there to help scoop me up off the pavement, that's just the way it was then, and it never changed.

Tuesday, July 15, 2008

(PART 90) REV-OLA'S USE OF DIANE LINKLETTER'S DEATH

click

The issues discussed in the piece below pertaining to Steve Stanley have been resolved in a positive and constructive manner since the posting of this part.

In my hands is the paper fold out from Rev-Ola Records reissue of the Chris Lucey album-cd "Songs Of Protest" from 2002. This paperwork is in every Rev-Ola Chris Lucey cd issued. The text herein was written by Steve Stanley and published, manufactured, and distributed by Rev-Ola Records, Cherry Red Records, and ACE Records UK, who licensed, without my permission or knowledge, Chris Lucey "Songs Of Protest And Anti Protest" to Rev-Ola Records UK.

The entire deal, between these entities, is legally questionable, but what is significant here, and downright pathetic, is Rev-Ola's use of the Linkletter suicide, and my connection to Diane's untimely death in 1969.

I will quote verbatim what is printed here, and what I became aware of in my first reading of this text, when I was sent a single used copy of the cd by Steve Stanley in 2003.

"Art Linkletter had a television program entitled "Kids Do The Damndest Things" and he couldn't have been more right about that on the night of October 5th 1969. On this date, his own daughter, Diane Linkletter (originally turned on to LSD by none other than Bobby Jameson) apparently took her own drug-induced leap into infinity.

Diane jumped out of the sixth floor kitchen window of her Shoreham Drive apartment in West Hollywood. This event occurred around the same time that Bobby made his own infamous leap off the Continental Hyatt House.

Interestingly, an autopsy report later revealed no traces of LSD in her system. It's likely that Linkletter was experiencing a flashback as she was famously known as the "mother of all acid trips."

Minutes before her leap, she complained to her brother, Robert, that her "brain was being destroyed" and she "had to kill herself."

What is exasperating about this, is even within the lines of what is written here, it states that an autopsy report showed no signs of LSD in Diane's body, yet the freewheeling use of my name, and the assertion that Bobby Jameson had provided the drug to a dead girl, was printed here anyway.

This was done purely for effect, by those responsible for making this publicly available at my expense, as well as Diane Linkletter.

The business decision, by certain individuals, that juicy tidbits make fore good publicity, whether true or not, and help sales, will forever be on the backs of Joe Foster, Rev-Ola Records, Steve Stanley, Cherry Red Records, and ACE Records UK, who claim to own outright the rights to my work, and have benefitted financially as a result of the reissue, along with the rest I have named here.

Oh by the way, the one person who did not benefit from the release of the Chris Lucey cd was Chris Lucey himself, otherwise known as Bobby Jameson.

The information written into Rev-Ola's reissue package, was

The information written into Rev-Ola's reissue package, was attributed to Kim Fowley, the source, according to Steve Stanley, when I asked him where this crap came from. Kim Fowley is the last person that should be asked about the facts of this incident.

Some of you wonder why I bring this up, so I will tell you: Rev-Ola Records used the linkletter suicide to help promote their product and increase sales of the Chris Lucey cd. I am at the point in my own story, where the Linkletter suicide is currently being written about by me, from the period of 1969 in my life. Because of that, the use of her death by Rev-Ola, is relevant to my telling of my own story on this blog.

I did not make the decision to use Diane Linkletter's suicide as a promotional gimmick to sell records. Rev-Ola Uk, and everyone connected to Rev-Ola's reissue of my work made that particular choice.

I am sure that friends of Joe Foster, Steve Stanley, Kim Fowley, and others, will all be up in arms at what I am writing here, and will scold me for talking about how what they did effects my life. It is clear to me, that my welfare is completely unimportant to these people, as it was in the past. Their feelings, and their good names, will possibly be tarnished by my words, but in fact mine have been tarnished as well.

This post was left in tact to preserve the original narrative of the overall blog. See Steve Stanley's posted email in (part 93), and my response in (part 94) of this blog.

Posted by Bobby Jameson at 9:36 PM 3 comments:

(part 89) ART LINKLETTER CONTROL FREAK

click

Shoreham Towers home of Diane Linkletter

This is a picture of the Shoreham Towers, the building where Diane Linkletter lived. Across the street on Horn Ave., is where Nancy and I lived with Ed Durston. As I mentioned earlier, Diane had a major problem with her dad, Art Linkletter. He was a control freak, and successfully intervened in every single attempt by Diane to have a boyfriend.

When I got to know Diane, she'd met, and was extremely happy about it, a guy name Harvey Dareff, who I found out in the long run was a pretty good guy who saw more in Diane than her famous name and bank account. When her dad found out about Harvey, he pulled his usual bullshit, and appeared on the scene to carry out his dirty work.

Art Linkletter showed up to meet Harvey one day, and shoved a $10,000 check in Harvey's face, and told him to take the money and stay away from Diane. Harvey took the check and tore it into little pieces and threw it in Art's face and said, "No!" To Art Linkletter, this act by Harvey cancelled out the theory that all any guy wanted from Diane was her money. It also infuriated Art.

When I found this out about Harvey, I accepted him as a friend and as someone who cared more about Diane as a person, and not just a meal ticket. I never changed my opinion of Harvey. On the street we would call him a "righteous dude" implying that there was more to old Harvey than met the eye.

Art Linkletter was incensed that his crappy little game had backfired. He set out to get rid of Harvey one way or another,

Art Linkletter was incensed that his crappy little game had backfired. He set out to get rid of Harvey one way or another, which again, he was successful in doing. Art liked control. He would go to any length to get his way, period. More than anything else in Diane Linkletter's life, this incident proved to be the final straw, and catalyst that pushed Diane over the edge.

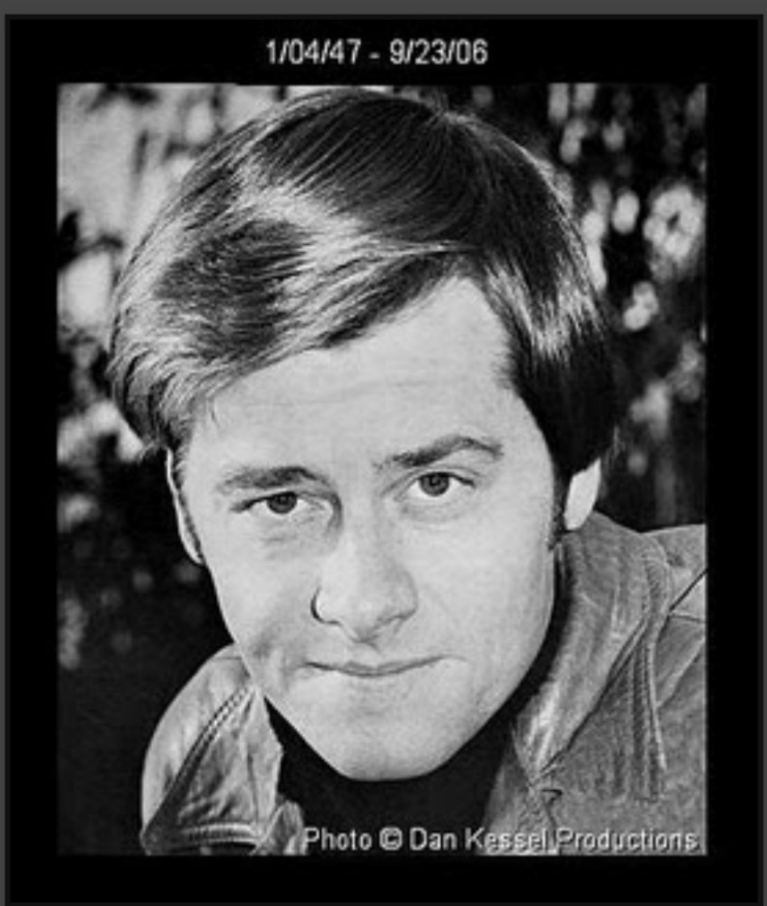
In conversations with me, she complained that her life was not worth living, unless she could get her father to stop screwing up every relationship she attempted to have. She told me she had even started having relationships with other women, because she was so lonely. That too proved to be another ticket to more of Diane's sorrow.

The trouble with people like Art Linkletter, is that they have constructed a false image of goodness around themselves, and use it to manipulate the world around them to their own satisfaction. Prior to Diane's death, Linkletter's oldest daughter's husband also committed suicide by shooting himself.

Maybe someone ought to ask what the fuck was going on in that family that caused two young people to end their lives in rapid succession. Art Linkletter used his daughter's death to blame all things on drugs, in an attempt to remove himself as the possible cause for the tragedy. My experience in 1969 with Diane, was that her father Art had more to do with her death than any other single factor there was.

(part 87) DIANE LINKLETTER, TIMMY ROONEY AND HOLLYWOOD PARK

Diane Linkletter



Timmy Rooney

Our apartment was at 1211 Horn Ave., directly across the street from the Shoreham Towers where Diane Linkletter lived. As I said, Nancy and I became friends with her. We thought she was one of the least screwed up people we knew in Hollywood. Timmy Rooney was the other one who seemed to have his head on straight in a town where just about everyone and everything was bent to one degree or another.

Diane would talk to me about her father Art Linkletter quite a lot. Her main problem with him, according to Diane, was that he was always trying to control her life and who was in it. Every time she'd get involved with somebody, Art would show up and give the guy money to leave, and then say to Diane, "See honey, he just wanted money, and I proved it to you by giving him some, and now he's gone. Don't you see that's all they want from you, your money and your name..?"

Diane would get real depressed over this and say, "If he'd only stop invading my privacy, and let me live my own life everything would be OK. If he'd just let me pick my own friends and have a boy friend I'd be fine."

As 1968 rolled into 1969, "Working" was finished. At that point there wasn't a hint that a label was interested and going to release it. Bob Ross had fronted the entire cost of the recording, so he was out that money until a deal was made. He was also paying me the $100 a week to write songs ever since I'd moved to his publishing company, Teresa Music, from Steve Clark's company, Since Music.

In reality I hadn't gone anywhere, it was just a change on paper, and a matter of who was signing my check. Bob wasn't rich or anything, but I guess he was comfortable. All in all there was still the need to get everything wrapped up with "Working," and get it signed to a label, so he could hope to recoup some, or all, of his investment. Fortunately for Bob the studio time was done at Harmony Recorders which he owned.

Bob Ross Music was a music copying service that had been in Hollywood for decades. He had a good reputation and a good business. It was located next door to the Vine Tower, where Steve Clark's office was, at Vine and Sunset Blvd. Bob's business was in an old Hollywood frame house that had been there for a long time. It was the old versus the new. The little frame house next to a 25

It was the old versus the new. The little frame house next to a 25 or 30 story highrise.

It symbolized the ever changing nature of old Hollywood and the go-getter bullshit-artists, like Steve, and the new Hollywood. Where once your word was your bond, as with Bob Ross, your word was now a matter of convenience for the moment, like with Steve, who was the king of bullshit and one-liners. Steve was the master of deception, and he always seemed to stay one foot in front of everybody else. But in the end this would prove to be fatal for him.

"Working" was finally acquired by General Recorded Tape, or GRT Records, as it was called. The head honcho, on the west coast, was another murky individual named Ron Cramer, who was one of the worst record company executives I ever met. Steve and Ron Cramer worked out some sort of deal in the dark over "Working," and to this day, I have no idea what actually transpired.

I do know, that on the day I accidently found out that the contract was being signed with GRT, without me being there, I hauled ass up to the 9000 Building on Sunset Blvd., and caught Steve just as he was leaving the building, with a dark character named Tony, who was his "bookie." I got directly in front of him and said, "If you don't pay me this time for cutting that Goddamn record Steve, I'm gonna kill you."

Right there in broad daylight, on the steps of the 9000 building, I told him that to his face. Steve and Tony stared at me in kind of a numb disbelief. We all just stopped there for a minute looking at each other, and I said again, "I'm not fucking around with you Steve. I'm tired of getting screwed by you and working for free!"

I would not move from my spot in front of Steve. He seemed worried and confused by my direct assault on him. He looked over at Tony who was equally surprised. "Well how much do you want?" he asked. I said, "A $1000." He stared at me a moment an then said, "OK! I guess I can manage that."

He looked at Tony again, and Tony nodded his approval. At that point we all went back into the 9000 building where there was a bank, and walked out minutes later like buddies. From there, Steve, Tony, and I all went to Hollywood Park race track together and got drunk.

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Looking back I can see why Steve was so easily persuaded to pay me $1000..... That's all it ever cost him..... and all I ever got...

Wednesday, July 16, 2008

(part 91) "WORKING" AND NOT WORKING

1969 sucked! It drug along like a carcass looking for life. GRT Records released "Working," but no one even knew it. It was just like it didn't exist at all. No promotion of any kind, no nothing. It just got pressed up as a piece of vinyl, and put into a jacket, and that was that.

As the reality of this drained into my consciousness, I started giving up as a person way down deep inside. I began to realize at depth, the pathetic nature of my time in the record business. With limited exceptions, pretty much everything I'd done had been a dismal failure.

I'm not talking about what people ultimately felt and thought about my work 40 years later, I'm talking about the sixties when all this happened. At one point I got Bobby Darin to listen to "Working" so I could get his opinion about it. After listening to the album he began chopping it to bits, and telling me why it was bad here, and

I could get his opinion about it. After listening to the album he began chopping it to bits, and telling me why it was bad here, and why this didn't work, etc. I left even more deflated than ever.

All I wanted to do was get loaded and stay loaded. I was tired of my life and trying to fit into a business, and town, that didn't want me on any level. I remember the day Bob Ross announced he would not continue to pay me the $100 a week for writing songs for his company.

My response to this was to go to Bob Ross Music, and grab the 24 track master to "Working," and start to walk out the door with it. I was stopped by a guy named Howard, a Bob Ross lackey, and questioned by him.

"What are you doing with that tape?" he asked, "I'm taking it!" I said. "I can't let you do that Bobby, it belongs to the company," Howard said. "Fuck you and the company," I replied, "And get the fuck outta my way." Howard knew about me and was not too eager to get into a direct conflict, because everybody pretty much thought I was nuts by that time, and were afraid of me.

Howard let me by, and I left with the tape, which I still have in my possession today. The only thing I regret is not getting both tapes. I have half of the entire "Working" master on 24 track.

I was busted for grand theft auto in 1969 in Benedict Canyon by the LAPD Valley Division, along with Ed Durston, and Harvey Dareff, Diane Linkletter's boyfriend. We didn't steal a car or anything; we were in a rental car that no one had paid the rent on, but we didn't know that at the time we were stopped.

I was the driver. It was a Cadillac, and I'd gone up to Benedict Canyon to show those guys where I used to live in 1964, with Lois Johston. I continued to drive up through the canyon, when we were stopped by the police and arrested. Three days later they got the story straight and let us all go.

The reason I tell you this is, because Benedict Canyon is where the Tate Murders occurred some time later, which is why I'm mentioned on the Manson site, along with Harvey Dareff. We'd been in the vicinity prior to that event. The two things were not connected, but the record of our having been nearby caused us to

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I in no way believe my explanation will satisfy you, but I offer it forth anyway as factually accurate. After going through the previous year of my life, I no longer believe in the good intentions of human beings. Some people are fine, but many more are looking for every crappy thing they can dig up on me. This has been the case for decades.

This is my story, and I have to expect the worst, but hope for the best in telling it. I need to reiterate my dismay at the human condition which has not improved at all since I dropped out of sight 23 years ago and returned last year. Things are pretty much the same as before, maybe worse.

Thursday, July 17, 2008

(part 92) SHARON TATE AND DIANE LINKLETTER GONE

Sharon Tate

In the early part of August 1969 we woke to the Murders of Sharon Tate, Jay Sebring, and a number of others. At the time it was not known who committed the act, but it none the less ran through Hollywood and surrounding area like ice water on a cold day.

This slaughter was followed, a short time later, by another equally morbid multiple homicide of innocents. There was a mind set, in late 1969, that pervaded every part of the town we lived in, as a result of this tragedy. In fact all of Southern California, and for that matter most of the world, was equally shocked by the grisly front page news. There was a totally negative view of Hollywood and L.A. in general.

You couldn't escape the sense of dread, it was everywhere. It hung in the air for a long and persistent period of time. In my mind it summed up the way I felt about life itself: That at any moment, you could just fold up and die. I am not trying to be morbid, or unnecessarily grim, I am telling you exactly how it was at the time following both killings.

As stated earlier, I was already on my own downhill slide into a personal hell. So this occurrence, as you might imagine, just added to my degenerating outlook. I knew by then that everything in my life was caving in, and that Nancy and I couldn't afford to live in the apartment on Horn Ave. any longer.

I wasn't getting paid and Nancy wasn't working. Up until then she didn't have to, but all of a sudden we were forced to scramble, and that's what we did. We had about a month or so left in the apartment, but after that we didn't know. Fact was, we were piss poor at dealing with reality on a day to day basis. Our choice for coping with this mess was to get extremely loaded, and act as if everything was gonna be fine, which it wasn't.

So that was how we dealt with the sinking ship. We moved the deck chairs to the upper deck and ordered cocktails. Unfortunately, the process of refusing to take responsibility for my own life, and that of those around me who were affected by my choices, led to an overwhelming sense of defeat deep within me that was lethal in the long run.

I just couldn't find what I'd always used in the past. The attitude of "Fuck it! I'll just make another record and get on with it." This time was different. I just didn't care. I couldn't get it going, because the nagging sense of "What's the use" had for the first time in my life taken refuge in my thinking.

It was the most debilitating sense of hopelessness I had ever encountered, and was magnified by current events, and the abuse of drugs and alcohol. The only relief at the time was more drugs and more alcohol to blot out reality, which of course made it worse.

I have no recollection whatsoever of Diane Linkletter being a big drug user. To the contrary. She was around all of us when we were fucked up, but she was not fucked up. I am not saying she never

I have no recollection whatsoever of Diane Linkletter being a big drug user. To the contrary. She was around all of us when we were fucked up, but she was not fucked up. I am not saying she never got loaded, but what I am saying is that she was not excessive.

We respected her for that, because she kept her shit together. That's how I remember her, as dignified and together, within a framework of utter distraction perpetrated by the rest of us. Nancy was not chaotic either, but indulged more than Diane.

I knew Diane was prone to becoming depressed and forlorn over problems with her father, but I never thought it was something to get overly concerned about. Right before Nancy and I left the apartment on Horn Ave., for good, I spoke with Diane privately for the last time.

She had just inherited a quarter of a million dollars for her 21st birthday and told me it didn't mean shit to her, and that she really didn't want to take it, because it just made her feel more controlled by her father, Art. I told her, "Fuck it! Take the money Diane, and then go do what you wanna do." She agreed that that made sense, and I believed she was OK when I left her. I had no idea how wrong I was going to be.

Nancy and I moved into an apartment on Sweetzer Ave. in West Hollywood. I agreed to be the gardener for an a apartment building, managed by a guy named Joe Steck and his wife Judy, who had once been a dancer at the Whiskey. Joe wrote the screenplay for Waterhole #3, a movie with James Coburn. I don't remember how I met Joe, or why I agreed to be the gardener, but Nancy and I needed a place to go, and that's where we ended up in late 1969.

The Stecks said we could give their telephone number to a few people so they could contact us. I still remember the day I got the call from Timmy Rooney. "Hey Tim," I said, "How's it goin?" "Not so good," he answered, "I guess you didn't hear." "Hear what?" I asked. "Diane," he said, "Diane what?" I asked. "Diane, she committed suicide." There was dead silence on the phone. I couldn't make my brain incorporate what I'd just heard.

Monday, July 21, 2008

(part 95) ME, JIMMY GEORGE, ED DURSTON, AND DIANE

Corner of Sunset Blvd. and Horn Avenue in West Hollywood with Shoreham Towers in background

My friend Terri reminded me to tell the reader how old I was when this happened, and I agreed that was something I needed to do. It was 1969, and I'd started making records in 1963 with "Let's Surf/Please Little Girl Take This Lollipop." It's only about a six year period I have covered so far.

I was 19 years old when I recorded "I'm So Lonely/I Wanna Love You" for Tony Alamo, so I was just a kid. Five years later I felt a hundred years old, and was still only 24, and a full bore addict alcoholic.

I went up to the apartment on Horn Ave. to talk to Ed Durston after Timmy Rooney told me Ed was in the apartment when Diane jumped from her 6th floor kitchen window. I also wanted to see

I went up to the apartment on Horn Ave. to talk to Ed Durston after Timmy Rooney told me Ed was in the apartment when Diane jumped from her 6th floor kitchen window. I also wanted to see Jimmy George, who lived below the apartment where Nancy and I had lived with Ed.

From what I'd learned, Jimmy had actually been outside his apartment, and seen Diane falling to the pavement below. At first he'd thought someone was playing a practical joke and had thrown something out the window, but then realized it was a person.

He didn't know at first it was Diane, and he'd seen her hit the ground. He was in shock, but ran over to where the person hit the pavement, and that is when he realized it was Diane. He told me he could not do anything for her, and it made him feel like an asshole.

He said she was still alive when he reached her, and that she looked up at him but couldn't speak. He said she was bleeding a lot from her head, and he wanted to help her, but didn't know what to do. I knew Jimmy, and he was a happy go lucky guy, but on this day he was broken in a way that is hard to describe, just broken.

I tried to tell him there wasn't anything he could have done, but how do you tell somebody that, after what he'd seen. He was the only one on the planet who had seen it; how the hell did I know how he felt, or what it was doing to him? It was the last time I ever saw him, and to this day I still don't really know how that may have altered his life.

When I got to Ed, he was doing better than Jimmy, but he still looked like he'd been through the ringer. I asked him, "What the fuck happened Ed, what the fuck was going on?" He looked up at me from where he was sitting and said, " I don't know man, I really don't know. We were just there, the two of us," he said, "talking a long time about life. You know, like half the night, and everything was OK. Then she just started acting crazy."

"Whatta ya mean Ed, crazy how?" I asked. "Well, we were sitting on the couch, and she got up and went out on the balcony, and just started climbing up on the railing like she was gonna jump off. I ran out there and drug her off, and pulled her back into the living

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"Whatta ya mean Ed, crazy how?" I asked. "Well, we were sitting on the couch, and she got up and went out on the balcony, and just started climbing up on the railing like she was gonna jump off. I ran out there and drug her off, and pulled her back into the living room, and pinned her down on the floor and said "What the fuck are you doing Diane? What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Ed was ringing his hands as he told me the story. He was having a lot of trouble going over that night. "So did she tell you what was wrong?" I pleaded. "No," said Ed, "She told me she was just screwing around and everything was OK and to let her up because it was just a joke." Ed kept rubbing his hands together like he couldn't get them clean. He just kept rubbing them together.

He continued on, "I made her promise me that if I let her up she wasn't gonna do anything crazy, and she said, "I promise." "I let her up, and she said she was going to go in the kitchen and get a glass of water, and I said OK." Ed looked like he might start crying at any second, and I didn't blame him, because it was too awful to comprehend.

"She walked into the kitchen and I turned around to watch her and she just climbed up on the countertop by the window over the sink. I ran in the kitchen and tried to grab her, but she just went out the window before I could get there." He paused for a moment, as if to get his courage up and said, "I had a hold of her ankle man, I had her by the ankle, but I couldn't hold her, I just couldn't hold her man."

I stood there in front of Ed with this crystal clear picture of Diane's kitchen in my head, with her going out the window, and Ed trying to hold her by the ankle. I just broke down and cried like a little boy. I just couldn't believe that it had happened. I stood there in front of Ed crying, for I don't know how long. I just sobbed, because there wasn't anything I could do about it either.

Wednesday, July 30, 2008

(part 96) THE DAY MY WORLD ENDED

click

This is my brother Bill. In 1969, following Diane Linkletter's suicide, he was living in Radnor, Pennsylvania with our father Bill, senior, and his wife Louise. I was in L.A. with Nancy on Sweetzer Ave. in West Hollywood. My entire life was sinking into some dark forbidden place and I was unable to stop the emotional and psychological demise.

I began drinking enormous amounts of alcohol, because I could not get hold of any drugs. The death of Diane had gotten into me on a level I had no prior experience with, and I was unable to deal with the aftermath rationally. The Manson Murders, Diane's suicide, and the loss of everything in my career, combined in a destructive atmosphere that enveloped me.

Nancy was there, but was powerless to help pull me out of the destructive state, and at some point I knew she was going to be dragged down with me. I began telling her she had to get away from me, because I was worthless, but she would not go. She'd decided somewhere in herself that where I went, good or bad, she would go with me, even if that meant dying.

I was doing just enough yard work at the building on Sweetzer, to maintain the right to the apartment Nancy and I lived in. We didn't

I was doing just enough yard work at the building on Sweetzer, to maintain the right to the apartment Nancy and I lived in. We didn't eat much, and any extra money, of which there was little, was spent on alcohol and small amounts of food. My hope was, and I mean this in a most desperate way, that I be allowed to join my brother Bill and my father in Penn., and get the hell away from L. A.

That did not happen. To the contrary. I was given a message by the Stecks, from my mother, I think, and told that the message from my father was, "Don't send Bob." This single act felt like a hammer being bashed into my head. "Don't send Bob!" Once again I felt as though the forces of the world were stacked against me, and that I was no match for them.

What had once been a proud person, who was able to overcome any obstacle in his path, I was quickly becoming a person crushed by each new challenge that arose. 1969 turned into 1970, and the darkness of the times came right along with it.

Nancy and I wandered through the haze together with little help from anyone, other than Joe Steck and his wife Judy, who continued to allow me to work at the building where we lived. Fortunately, during those times, Joe saw me in a light that was not as negative as the view most others had of me. He was more philosophical about it, and was glad I was in the building.

He understood the pain and misery I was engulfed in from a different vantage point. To him it was a massive learning experience for me, rather than the ultimate end to Bobby Jameson. Conversely, both Joe and Judy, were concerned, as was I, for the welfare of Nancy, who was determined not to leave me.

I am a bit foggy on a fact here regarding Nancy, and that is, that at some point I got her to leave. It was one of the most unselfish things I have ever done. I was more concerned with her well being than my own. The fact that I am having trouble remembering, is whether I managed to get her to leave before, or after, the next God awful event that came crashing into my life.

On a sunny California day in 1970, I was told by Joe Steck, that my mother was trying to reach me. I walked south on Sweetzer, down to Santa Monica Blvd., where there was a Mayfair market

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On a sunny California day in 1970, I was told by Joe Steck, that my mother was trying to reach me. I walked south on Sweetzer, down to Santa Monica Blvd., where there was a Mayfair market and a telephone booth. I called my Mother and asked her what the trouble was and this is what I heard her say. A remark that I will never forget as long as I live. "I don't know how important this is to you,- Bob, but your father Bill committed suicide."

Saturday, August 2, 2008

(part 97) LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

I stood in the Mayfair Market parking lot staring at the telephone receiver in my hand, unable to move. My dream of finally reuniting with my father was gone forever in the twinkling of an eye. Again, the tyranny of reality crushed all hope of a better life for me with the news of my father's suicide only months after Diane's death.

I'd convinced Nancy to leave me for fear she would have followed me down into hell and died. I cared about her in a way that I have never cared for another human being. I was unwilling to stand by and watch her accompany me into the abyss. To this day I know I did the right thing even though it left me completely alone.

Another friend of mine from "The Strip," Geno Danello, cut his wrists and bled to death in an abandoned building on Sunset Blvd. during this same period. I was surrounded by death, and had decided it was just a matter of time for me as well. I started telling people "like father like son" in a grim determination to accept my

decided it was just a matter of time for me as well. I started telling people "like father like son" in a grim determination to accept my own fate.

As far as I was concerned, it was inevitable that I would commit suicide, and end what had become my life of repeated failures and shortcomings. I stopped eating, and drank all the time, except when I passed out. I consumed about a half a gallon of cheap scotch a day, which cost about ten dollars.

I kept doing enough to stay in the apartment and buy the booze. It was one of the darkest periods of my life, but it didn't kill me. I learned just how hard it is to starve and drink yourself to death, during that period, and I chalked it up to another one of my failures.

At one point I went up to Palo Alto on a bus to see my mother, who was in a state of deep depression because of Bill Jameson's suicide. As well, a cousin of hers had a son who'd been murdered. The shape I was in didn't help matters. While I was there, I had to check her in to a mental health facility, because she was in such a bad way.

No matter where I turned, I could not find any help for myself, which just pushed me further into darkness. After doing some crystal meth with my younger brother Quentin, I went back to L. A. and the apartment on Sweetzer, and continued on with my black journey downward.

Some time in 1970 I went up to the 9000 building, where GRT Records had an office, and got Ron Cramer to see me. I went there in a desperate attempt to beg for money for my album "Working." I was pretty well gone, and had a hard time making myself go there to begin with.

During an all night bout of drinking, I'd shaved my head after reading a science fiction novel called "Stranger In A Strange Land" by Robert Heinlein. I didn't remember doing it when I woke up the next day, so when I went to the bathroom I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I walked in.

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"Jesus Christ!" I exclaimed, as I stood there looking at my completely bald head in the mirror. I could not believe how bad I looked as I stood there in near shock. I was so thin anyway, that with my hair gone, I looked like a pencil with eyes standing on it's tip.

Anyway, when I went to GRT Records, I was completely self conscious about the way I looked, and kept waiting for someone to say, "Man what did you do to yourself?" It was during that visit to GRT that I met John Rhys, who was producing an album with a group from Cleveland called Rastus, whose album would eventually be released on GRT.

For some reason John took a liking to me and invited me out to a studio in the valley where he was mixing part of the Rastus album. He said he was going back to Cleveland in a couple of weeks to finish work on the album and told me I was welcome to go back with him if I was interested.

I jumped at the chance to get out of L.A. and said, "Yeah, I'll go, I'll go anywhere at this point." That statement was true as true could be. The vibes in Hollywood sucked and I wanted away from the whole stinking mess, so I said "Yeah John, I'll go, I'd like to go."

Wednesday, August 13, 2008

(part 98) SOMEWHERE IN OHIO 1970

click
Rastus house in Chardon, Ohio

The fact that I was so screwed up at the time I saw John at GRT, in 1970, is the reason I ended up in Ohio with Rastus. I think if I had stayed in L.A. a little while longer back then, I would have died for sure. I'd lost my will to go on, and I was looking for a way out of my dilemma, when by sheer chance I ran into John in Ron Cramer's office at GRT Records.

After putting my mother into a mental health facility in Palo Alto and returning to L.A., I had no plans or strength to continue breathing. The death of my father, Diane Linkletter, and my friend Geno Danello, had pretty much done a job on my sanity. When you combined it with all the other bullshit I'd been going through since 1964, I was pretty much done

So when I talk about meeting John Rhys in some office in 1970, you can see why this particular event has such meaning in the overall story I have been attempting to relate here. John Rhys

So when I talk about meeting John Rhys in some office in 1970, you can see why this particular event has such meaning in the overall story I have been attempting to relate here. John Rhys came out of nowhere and reached out to me with just a tiny bit of hope and I took it willingly.

When I got to Cleveland, or Chardon, Ohio to be more exact, this house, which is now remodeled, is where I ended up with the band Rastus. It's about 20 miles outside of Cleveland, and was a good place for a rowdy band to live in and practice, because they could make all the noise they wanted and nobody ever complained.

I arrived there with John, and was pretty much accepted from the beginning by everybody there. It helped that I had had a big hit in Cleveland, "I'm So Lonely" in 1964, because some of them still remembered it. I didn't have to explain myself as a result. I was looked upon as a fellow musician, as opposed to a total outsider.

I was pretty lost because of all the suicides that had taken place, and I was still trying to come out of the haze from a long pill addiction I was kicking. As soon as I arrived, somebody stuck a bottle of beer in my hand, so I knew I was in the right place.

Rastus was mostly made up of neighborhood guys from Cleveland, who related to the Italian mob from birth. Some were Italian, some were Polish, everyone was a bad ass in their own mind, and funny as hell. It was a constant competition of wits, and some of the funniest shit I ever heard. For my part, it was exactly what the doctor ordered for the condition I was in.

Things seemed to be in a state of constant movement, so it was either sink or swim, I opted to swim, and go along with what was happening. There wasn't a lot of time to feel sorry for myself, because these guys were so animated. It was summertime, and I got there in the middle of a barbecue, a volleyball free for all, and keg party.

You either jumped into the mix, or turned around and left within the first five minutes, I stayed for almost a year. James Cantale was the roadie for the band, and was also everything else as well. Whenever somebody wanted something, or something didn't work, it was, "Where's Jimmy?" or "Hey Jimmy!"

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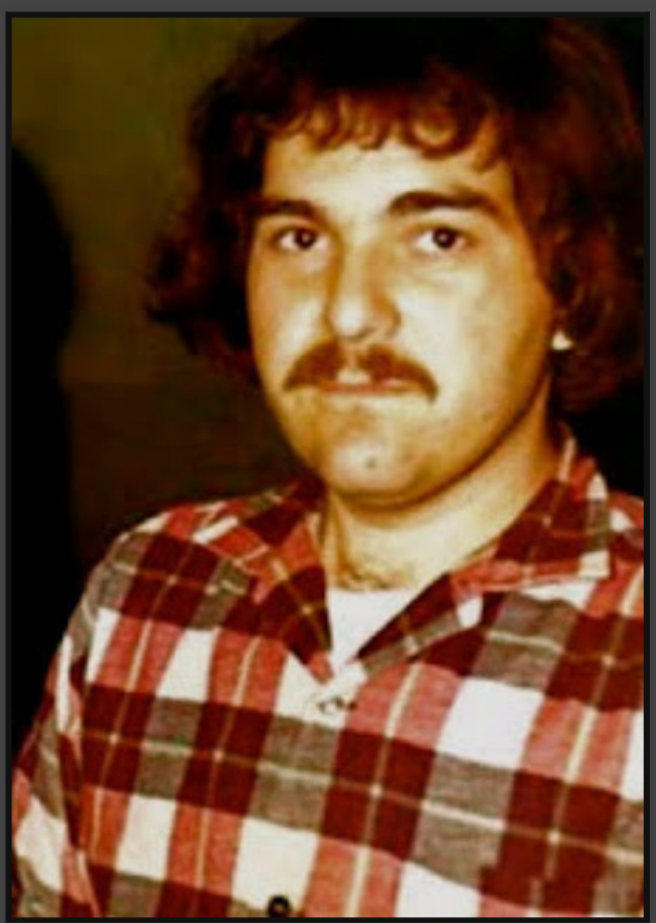
Anyway, I quickly figured out that Jimmy knew where everything was, and where everything went, and that included where all the dead bodies were buried, and which skeleton was in what closet.



Jim Cantale

Thursday, August 14, 2008

(part 100) FROM OHIO TO LONDON FROM LONDON TO OHIO

click

You may wonder why I am posting this particular picture, which is from London in 1964. This is what I looked like then, but it is also what I looked like in Cleveland in 64 when I was there with a number 1 record. As you may recall, I said I had shaved my head before I left Los Angeles in 1970.

When I got to Ohio my hair was growing out. As I came out of my fog, I thought back to the past when I had been a successful artist, but in 1970 I was nobody but a has been. As my hair grew back I tried to recapture how I had been six years earlier.

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When I got to Ohio my hair was growing out. As I came out of my fog, I thought back to the past when I had been a successful artist, but in 1970 I was nobody but a has been. As my hair grew back I tried to recapture how I had been six years earlier.

I called it the Bobby Sherman look. I thought if I could appear as I was when I'd had a hit record, it would imply something other than what I feared, which was it was over. I had come to Cleveland with a lot of scar tissue from the previous six years, and the most recent of catastrophes, the three suicides.

I can't tell my story unless I convey to you what was happening below the surface to me during this time in Cleveland with the band Rastus. I didn't stay in Ohio, so there must have been a reason I left eventually, and that is what I'm working toward, as I continue to write.

I had no plan. I was the same Bobby Jameson who didn't know where to go, or where I belonged. I'd gone to Ohio by the same means as I had gone to London in 1964. I was trying to get away from Tony Alamo in L.A., so I went to London. I was trying to get away from the tragedy in L.A. in 1970, so I went to Ohio.

In both cases, I was offered an opportunity to leave a place by another person, without really knowing what I would encounter when I got to the new place. In the case of London, in 64, it was a letter from Andrew Loog Oldham. In the case of Cleveland, it was an invitation from John Rhys in 1970.

Because I wanted to get away from where I was, I went to other places. I had no real idea, or knowledge, at the time, about what would, or wouldn't transpire once I got to the new place. This was true in spades regarding Cleveland. I was there for nearly a year, and went from fellow musician/songwriter, to Jim Cantale's helper, carrying and setting up the band equipment, before and after their gigs.

There was nothing wrong with the job, except it wasn't my job. It became my job, as a result of time spent with Rastus in Ohio. The part of me who was a musician, singer, and songwriter was beginning to resent where and what I'd become, from where and what I was when I'd started some six years earlier.

I was no longer pursuing my own destiny, but that of others, who had similar dreams and ambitions to mine. Over time, this began to weigh on my heart and mind deep down inside me. I had rejected this reality for as long as I could, but it was only a matter of time before Bobby Jameson would come blasting out of his sleep and begin to assert himself on the world.

I lived in 3 different houses in Cleveland when I was there. I posted a picture of the first house. The second was Angelo Crimi's mother's house in Cleveland, and the third was the new band house back in Chardon. Getting punched in the mouth by the lead singer of the band happened at the third house, and is where the old/new Bobby Jameson began to fully reemerge.

It was in the kitchen of that house, where I'd been up all night on uppers, that I wrote the lyrics to "Junkie Jesus." It was my way of saying "Hey Man, look what I can do." I always wrote, when I didn't know how to accept my lot in life, whatever it may have been at the time.

("JUNKIE JESUS" lyrics)

JESUS SAID TO MARY MY CONNECTION GOT LOST
I BEEN HANGIN ROUND HERE WAITIN FOR A FIX ON THE CROSS
MARRY COULD YOU GET ME JUST A LINE OF COCAINE
ANYTHING TO GET ME OFF CAUSE HONEY I'M GOING INSANE
DADDY DIG THE NAILS IN MY HANDS AND MY FEET
JUDAS WAS A NARC AND TURNED ME IN TO THE HEAT

WELL MARY SAID TO JESUS YOU'RE A MAIN LININ FOOL
I'M TRYIN TO SCORE YOU SOMETHIN HONEY BUT PEOPLE AIN'T COOL
EVER SINCE YOU GOT BUSTED EVERYBODY'S TERRIFIED
THEY SAY THEY DON'T KNOW THE JUNKIE WHO GOT CRUCIFIED
DADDY DIG THE NAILS IN MY HANDS AND MY FEET
JUDAS WAS A NARC AND TURNED ME IN TO THE HEAT

WELL JESUS SAID TO MARRY MY CONNECTION IS HERE
IT'S BETTER LATE THAN NEVER WITH A FIX FOR ME DEAR

WITH A NEEDLE WHILE HE MURMURED FATHER AM I INSANE
IS THIS HEAVEN IS IT HELL OR AM I JUST LOST
FOREVER AS THE JUNKIE SON OF GOD ON A CROSS
DADDY DIG THE NAILS IN MY HANDS AND MY FEET
JUDAS WAS A NARC AND TURNED ME INTO THE HEAT
Bobby Jameson 1970

"Junkie Jesus" was one of those signature moments for me, when I created something I didn't think anyone but me could have created. It was my way of saying, "This is me Goddamn it. Can't you see what I can do?" As important a moment as this was for me, at the time it was also a wedge driven between me and everybody else in Ohio.

It was an angry, frustrated writing of power and independence, asserted by me, as a marker that I was turning away from Rastus and Ohio, and back to Bobby Jameson and L.A. The picture I posted here is my beginning in 1964. The lyrics to "Junkie Jesus" was where I was headed in 1970-71.

The fact that I cannot post a single picture of myself, because there are none, with anyone in Ohio, in 1970, is another telling point about this episode of my life. There may be a picture of me with Rastus, or with John, or Jim Cantale somewhere, but I don't have it, and no one else has come up with one yet.

I have pictures of the band, of John, and Jim, and even the house, but strangely absent is a single picture of me in Ohio for almost a year of my life. If you think about it, that says a whole lot about me in Ohio. I don't say this to make anyone feel bad, I just noticed it myself. There aren't any pictures of me being there, even though I was there.....

Although there are no pictures of me in Ohio, there are songs that I wrote and recorded there, and in Wisconsin in 1970. "Junkie Jesus" was written in Ohio, but recorded in Los Angeles sometime later. "Mary Please Forgive Me," the first of three songs similar in subject to "Junkie Jesus," was recorded in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin in 1970, along with two other songs written in Ohio.

Thursday, November 20, 2008

(part 102) "ROCK N ROLL HOTEL"

Gene Autry's Continental Hotel

Continental Hotel 1965

I stood on the sidewalk waiting for the light to change. I was on Sunset Blvd. in front of the Park Sunset Hotel, directly across the street from the Continental Hotel. The Continental was nicked named the "Rock N Roll Hotel" because so many 60's and 70's

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Sunset Blvd. in front of the Park Sunset Hotel, directly across the street from the Continental Hotel. The Continental was nicked named the "Rock N Roll Hotel" because so many 60's and 70's bands had stayed there. It would later become known as the Continental Riot House.

As I waited for the light, rapid fire thoughts of Diane Linkletter's and my father's suicides raced through my head. I looked over at the old Ciro's nightclub, to the left of the Continental's west side, where I'd once performed to a packed house in 1964.

I have little or no recollection of leaving Cleveland and arriving back in L.A. in 1970, or how it was that I ended up at the Park Sunset Hotel, where I snorted coke and drank myself into a suicidal stupor of depression and rage. I saw my life as a series of unending failures and disasters by 1971, and had convinced myself of the hopelessness of my situation.

I'd spent way too many days going over each record deal I'd been involved in since 1964, starting with Tony Alamo, and progressing on to my last deal with GRT and the "Working" album, in 1969-70. I had made and released 8 singles and 3 albums, writing most of the songs.

I calculated that by 1971 I'd managed to make next to nothing for all of those records and seven years of my life. As I drank and snorted myself into oblivion, I'd decided somewhere in that darkness to throw myself off the ledge of the Continental Hotel.

The light turned green and I walked across Sunset to the Continental's front door and lobby. I remember watching my feet as I walked, with machine-like precision, toward the hotel. I entered through the front door, crossed the lobby, and headed for the elevators. I got on and pushed the button, acting as if I were a guest going to my room.

I did not hesitate or have second thoughts. I was like a mechanical man, built to do one thing and one thing only. The elevator stopped at the 11th floor and the doors opened. I walked out into the hall and saw a door saying "exit." I opened it and stepped out onto a concrete landing.

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There was a short wall with a pipe railing around the top. That wa all that separated the landing from the 11th story ledge at the back of the hotel. I looked north from the landing up into the hills dotted with houses and trees. I stood there for a moment, then swung one leg across the railing followed by the other.

I was standing 11 floors up on a concrete ledge that was 10 to 12 inches from the wall to the outer edge. In front of me was nothing but air, behind me the 3 foot stucco wall with the pipe rail around the top. All of a sudden, the door I'd come through swung open, and a guy with a uniform shirt appeared. He looked at me as if confused by what he saw, and said, "Hey, you're not supposed to be out...."

He stopped in mid-sentence. I stared at him, glassy eyed and desperate. Then he disappeared, and I knew it was just a matter of time- before the whole place would be crawling with cops. I sat down on the edge of the ledge, with my legs dangling over, and stared at the concrete driveway 11 floors below.

My thoughts raced, and my emotions blew up like a bomb inside my head, as tears raced out of my eyes like a river. I watched them fall to the ground below. I listened to the sounds I made, as I sat there totally alone and in absolute pain, sobbing like a broken child. "If only somebody had paid me, if only I'd met one honest person in the music business, if only, if only," I thought, "If only."

I wasn't writing songs on the 11th story ledge of the Continental Hotel in 1971, I was writing my obituary. I gazed out over the concrete below. There was no stardom. No clever words left in me on that day. Just a sickening need to kill off the memories of what had gone wrong. The smiley faced kid with a guitar and a song for every occasion had been transformed into a full fledged addict alcoholic with a death wish.

Looking out from the ledge I began noticing people on the decks of their homes dotting the hills behind the hotel. This small part of the world now had it's gaze fixed on me hovering there above the Sunset Strip. I was the freak show of the day for those who lived in the area.

Don't get me wrong. I was was the one who decided to do what I was doing, but there was something odd about watching them watching me as I sat perched like a bird on the hotel ledge. I wondered if they wanted me to jump? I expect it was a combination of both. You know, wanting to see it, but not wanting to see it at the same time.

Hell, I didn't fully understand it myself. Part of me wanted to just quit fucking around and do it, and another part of me was saying, "Now wait a second." I was pushed back and forth between these two conflicting forces. I wanted to stop feeling what I was feeling alright, but I was also sitting 11 stories up looking down at the pavement below.

By this time, the L.A. Sheriff's Department had taken control of the hotel and Sunset Blvd., and shut off public access to me. The news media surrounded the hotel, and a helicopter circled above me, moving in lazy turns, looking for the best shot I guess.

One story below me, the L.A. Fire Rescue Team contemplated throwing a rope around my dangling legs, on the theory they could pull me down to the floor they were on. They decided it was too risky, contemplating they might lose me in such an attempt. This discussion had been captured on television news footage from inside the hotel room with the Fire Department and later shown on TV.

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The incredible level of psychic pain and confusion I was in kept me doggedly clinging to the ledge for safety, while at the same time I was ham strung by my own determination to end my life. It is one thing to think you've decided to jump off a building: it is a whole other thing to actually be there looking down, and do it.

I cried as I thought about Diane and how she had thrown herself from the 6th story window of her apartment. I cried for my father, who had gassed himself to death in his own car in his garage. I was amazed at the level of their conviction to carry out those acts as they had, and that I was now facing on that day in 1971.

Right about then I was startled by a voice of someone yelling at me from my right. I turned and saw a guy hanging halfway out his hotel room window, with a camera in his hand. "Go ahead man," he yelled, "I got you covered all the way down. Go ahead," he shouted again, with a big smile waving his camera.

This guy was about 15 or 20 feet from me with half his body out the window. I stared at him dazed, realizing he wanted me to jump so he could take my picture. He was egging me on. All of a sudden a force behind him, pulled his ass out of the window and back into his room.

I could hear loud yelling coming from the window. It was the L.A. Sheriff's Department. They had kicked in his door and arrested him. I began yelling and crying hysterically at the window where he had been, and screamed, "Yeah, fuck you you asshole. Go fuck yourself." I became highly agitated, and moved my body to the very edge. "You wanna see me jump you asshole? You wanna see me die? Ok man, you fuckin' asshole I'll jump, fuck it."

Saturday, November 29, 2008

(part 104) FINAL CHOICE

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The sheriff's department was concerned because I was now highly agitated. They decided they had to do something before I jumped, or fell by accident, because I was moving around so much on the ledge.

One officer was talking to me from behind the retaining wall at my back, assuring me they had taken care of the asshole in the window, with the camera, who'd gotten me so fired up.

I was trying to answer him, and look over my left shoulder at his face, which I saw was filled with fear and concern. He kept trying to get me to give up and reconsider my options.

I told him there were none. "That's why I'm out here," I said. He asked me, "Why, exactly are you out there?" I told him, "I been ripped off too many times by the record business. I've had enough of lying assholes."

He said, "There's gotta be a better way of dealing with the problem than the one you've chosen here." I said, "I chose this way as a last resort after 7 years of getting fucked over. I don't want to keep

ripped off too many times by the record business. I've had enough of lying assholes."

He said, "There's gotta be a better way of dealing with the problem than the one you've chosen here." I said, "I chose this way as a last resort after 7 years of getting fucked over. I don't want to keep getting ripped off, so I made up my mind to kill myself."

He asked, "Don't you have friends who will help you?" "I don't have any friends," I said, "I don't know if I ever had a real friend in my whole life." The back and forth conversation continued between the officer and me.

Two other officers had made their way up to the retaining wall behind me, but stayed out of sight on the other side, where the officer talking to me was. I didn't see these two officers. They crawled up to the wall on their stomachs.

As I continued focusing my attention on the first officer, the other two popped up in back of me, and reached out over the wall and grabbed hold of me in a split second. They were not going to let go, and I felt myself being drug up over the wall to the concrete landing where they all were.

It happened so fast that there was no way for me to escape from their grip. I never knew, and still don't, if I would have jumped in the end, because the intervention was completed before that final choice was made.

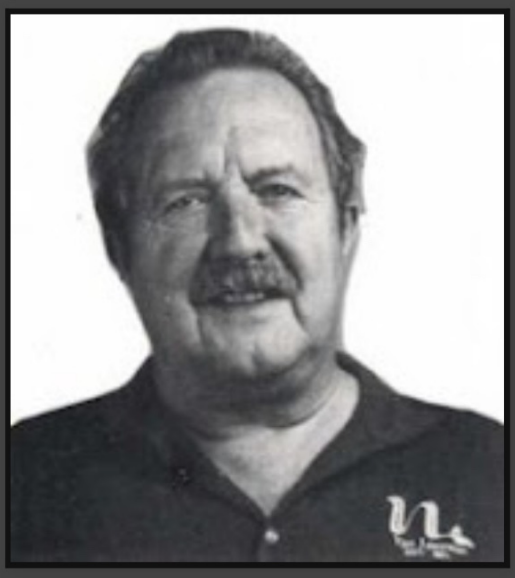
I can't remember a lot after that, except I ended up in a psychiatric ward at a place called Edgemont Hospital, way out on the eastern end of Hollywood Blvd., out toward Glendale, where I'd once gone to high school in 1962 and 63.

I spent nearly 3 hours on the ledge of the Continental Hyatt House, and still remember to this day what it looked like and felt like. I wonder at times, like now, as I write this, if I would have ended it all?

Tuesday, December 16, 2008

(part 106) EDGEMONT HOSPITAL AND BIG SPOKE WHEEL

Gib Guilbeau



Red Rhodes

"The Rockets" aka "Crazy Horse"

I ended up in the locked ward of Edgemont Hospital, on suicide watch, after my Continental Hotel experience. Edgemont Hospital was located right around Vermont Ave. and Hollywood Blvd., in the east end of Hollywood.

I stayed in the locked ward long enough for the staff to decide I was no longer a threat to myself. In time I was moved to the west wing, and allowed the freedom of the hospital hallways and outdoor patio, where I could get some fresh air and sunshine.

I was on medication to help keep me calm, but in my way of thinking the crisis was over for the time being. It was the combination of booze and cocaine that had gotten me so crazy, but after a week or so I'd cleared my head and body of those effects.

While I was in Edgemont "drying out" as they say, three members of "The Rockets," Danny Whitten, Ralph Molina, and Billy Talbot came to see me. By that time "The Rockets" had morphed into "Crazy Horse." Somehow they had been able to convince the staff to let me out of the hospital on a three or four hour day pass.

They took me to a recording studio where they announced, "We're going to make a record!" They'd all decided that this would be the best therapy possible for me at that time, and I was ecstatic at the prospect of cutting a record with my old friends.

Armed with a fifth of J and B scotch, purchased at a liquor store on the way, we headed for the recording studio, which I can't remember the name of. When we got there Danny pointed to Red Rhodes who was there to play steel guitar, something I'd used once before while doing the album Working in 1968. I met Gib Guilbeau, who played bluegrass fiddle on the session, a first for me.

The songs we cut were Big Spoke Wheel and My Body Doesn't Care. Big Spoke Wheel was written by me on a rooftop in West Hollywood, in 1969, during an eclipse of the sun. I have no memory of how they even knew about the song, or who was gonna pay for the session. Possibly Gavin Murrel produced it, and I don't know who engineered it.

It was a remarkable gift they gave to me that day, and what came out of it is captured for all time in the finished recordings. Both

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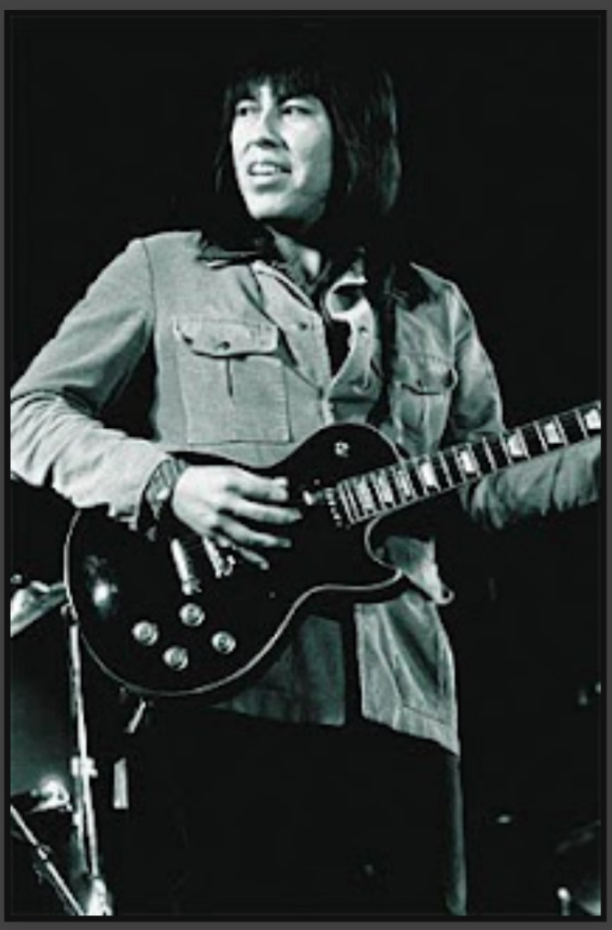
It was a remarkable gift they gave to me that day, and what came out of it is captured for all time in the finished recordings. Both Danny Whitten and Red Rhodes are gone now, but they will live forever in my memory and through their music. I was lucky enough to have been a small part of it. These recordings are more important for their sakes than mine.

It is another part of the historical record of music from that time, created by chance and circumstance, and the friendship of those who lived and died playing the music they created and loved. To me, "Big Spoke Wheel" and "My Body Doesn't Care" are recordings created out of love and respect by those who participated in the making of it.

Sunday, January 4, 2009

(part 107) JESSE ED DAVIS AND BOBBY JAMESON SESSION



Jesse Ed Davis is a Native American genius. He was Kiowa on his mother's side, and Kiowa and Cherokee on his father's side. In an autobiographical song, "Washita Love Child," Jesse sang that he was born in a Kiowa-Comanche tepee, (reference wikipedia).

In 1970-71, after I got out of the nut house, a friend of mine, Gavin Murrell, was working as the music director on a movie called "Clay Pigeon," for MGM. Gavin knew that I had written songs like "Junkie Jesus" and "Jesus Was An Outlaw Too," and believed they were important enough works to be captured for all time as recordings.

I had no record deal or anything else going at the time, so he came up with a way to get those songs recorded. He needed background music for a couple of club scenes in the film, and he asked me to record my songs for that purpose.

He told me that they would be barely noticeable in the film, but that it was a way to get them recorded. I agreed to do it, because I wanted to take the songs into the studio, with some good musicians and see how they'd turn out. All I had at the time were the lyrics and a vague idea of how they ought to sound.

Gavin and Kirby Johnson, who also worked on the music with Murrell for the film, discussed with me the possibility of getting certain players to play on the session. We came up with Jesse Ed Davis on guitar and Randy Newman on piano.

The bass player, Bob Glaub, and drummer, Jimmy Karstein, were brought to the session by Jesse. I had little knowledge, personally, about Jesse, other than I knew his name and reputation to some degree. It was Gavin Murrell who convinced me that the combination of Jesse Ed Davis, Randy Newman, and myself would be a "something to behold," as he put it.

Because Gavin had to account for every penny he spent to MGM, we had one chance, and no more, to get these songs recorded. We had no opportunity to rehearse, arrange, or anything else until the day of the session. Kirby Johnson had written basic lead sheets for the players to use, but really there were no arrangements whatsoever.

Gavin had surmised that coupling Jesse and Randy's musical ability with my lyrics and vocals was a sure thing, as far as recordings go. He was convinced that if the session came off well we'd have a recording that was as special as it would be timeless.

Whether it would ever be regarded as commercially viable was not an issue, but the concept and construction was central to getting the songs recorded. He knew that Jesse and I would either love or hate each other within five minutes of our meeting for the first time in the studio.

Jesse's reputation for being outspoken, as well as completely competent musically, and being loaded most of the time, was matched by my own reputation as a crazy man who wouldn't settle for second best in the studio, and who was also loaded most of the time.

Because I had been on the news a lot, as a result of the Hyatt

Because I had been on the news a lot, as a result of the Hyatt House drama, Jesse knew who I was and seemed a bit amused by me and my crazy shit. When he heard the lyrics to "Junkie Jesus," and "Jesus Was An Outlaw Too," we became immediate friends, period.

I played him the songs in the rough, and he seemed to get the idea right off and began arranging the music on the spot. He told me, for instance, not to make the change from the basic E chord to the A 7th, like a white guy would, but to extend the use of the E chord vocal all the way to the B 7th turn around.

At first this was difficult for me, because I naturally wanted to go into the A 7th like a white guy, but I soon figured out what he was getting at, and began to hear exactly what he was getting me to do with my song "Jesus Was An Outlaw Too." If you hear the song you will understand what I just described.

The bass player and drummer were used to working with Jesse, and had no difficulty following his lead as to what they should play, or how and when they should play it. He'd tell them what to do and they'd do it. It was like a well oiled machine from the beginning and stayed that way until we were done.

I myself stood by in amazement, as Jesse, Glaub, and Karstein constructed the basic tracks for the songs. Every now and then Jesse would say to me, "Come over here and sing the vocal, so I can hear what you're doing." I'd jump in and start singing and he'd stop me and say, "Try it this way," which I'd do.

As I said, at first it was difficult to sing the song the way it is on the recording, but once I got the hang of it, it was totally natural. It went from white to soulful, because Jesse Ed Davis taught me how to sing my own song.

Once Jesse knew I could, and would, do what he asked of me, and that I was there to make the songs as good as they could be, he began smiling broadly at me as I hammered out his vision of my song.

We connected at that point on some other level, that I find hard to describe in average terms. We were like two arrows shot from different places that crashed into each other at the tip and burned

Monday, January 5, 2009

(part 108) JESSE ED DAVIS, RANDY NEWMAN, AND BOBBY JAMESON SESSION 1970-71

Randy Newman

The fact that Jesse Ed Davis was an American Indian (Kiowa) was a big deal to me, because I'd grown up, in part, in Arizona, and was forced to work for my Mormon step father on the San Carlos Indian Reservation, north of Phoenix, when I was 15 years old.

I never forgot the absolute disgust I had for my step father and his associates, and the way they treated the Apache, Navajo, Zuni, and Hopi Indians. I worked in the alfalfa fields around Phoenix in 1960 for him loading hay trucks with Apache, Mexican, and poor white laborers.

I did this work under the threat of being made a ward of the court of the State of Arizona by Francis Farr; he was my mother's third husband. I remember telling Jesse that I believed the United States had committed serious crimes against American Indians,

States had committed serious crimes against American Indians, and that I was ashamed at having been forced to work for people who may have helped do that.

Similarly, Jesse's disgust with the white man's religion, Chistianity, and the way it was used to systematically destroy American Indian lives, culture, and language throughout American History, was the connection we shared in common while recording "Jesus Was An Outlaw Too" and "Junkie Jesus."

The fact that I'd taken the sanctity of this subject, and turned it inside out, and made it into music and lyrics was a serious and important concept for both of us while constructing the recordings. It was more than just making a record. It was a statement of deep and righteous anger and sentiment, directed at the untouchable subject and the subject's benefactors at large.

He, as well as I, took pride in the creation of what some deem a sacrilege, but in our way of thinking was a contrary statement of strength aimed at hypocrisy, bigotry, and genocide by the status quo over a couple of hundred years. It was also a continuation of my use of opposites within a single context, as I had tried to do In the second Verve album.

In the original session there were three songs recorded. The third song, which I have a partially completed version of, "Mary Please Forgive Me," was in the same vein as the other two songs, but not nearly as well constructed. Hopefully in time I will make this version available along side the other two. I have already posted the original version, which was written and recorded in Ohio a few posts earlier. (part 100)

What I have written here is my version of what transpired in 1970-71 between Jesse Ed Davis and myself. I am not seeking agreement or approval from anyone regarding my own experience here, or my recollection of it some 38 years later.

When Randy Newman came in to do the piano overdub on "Jesus Was An Outlaw Too" he started laughing when he heard my vocal track and the lyrics. He was sitting at the piano with ear phones on, and looked up at me as I approached him asking, "Did you write this?" "Yeah." I said, not knowing whether he approved or

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"This is great," he said, "Great stuff." I was relieved and gratified, because Newman was a hell of a writer and his approval meant a lot to me at the time and still does. You don't have to agree with what I wrote to be able to acknowledge that it was well written and original, so I never knew one way or the other whether Randy approved or not of the subject matter, but he did acknowledge his approval of my work in general. On his way out Newman said, "If you got anymore stuff like that you want me to play on. let me know, that was fun."

When I first heard about Jesse, I was told his name was Jesse Edwin Davis, so that's how I greeted him, which he immediately corrected. "Ed," he said, "Ed Davis." I got that this was important to him right off, so it became a running gag that afternoon in the studio to occasionally refer to him as "Edwin," which he hated but tolerated from me those short few hours in 1970-71.

The guitar overdubs, and guitar work in general by Ed Davis on these recordings is, in my opinion, some of his finest work. Until I popped up with them after 35 years or so, only a hand full of people ever knew about these songs, or that Jesse had worked on them with me.

Friday, January 9, 2009

(part 109) JESSE ED DAVIS ARRANGEMENTS AND GUITAR

click
Jesse Ed Davis playing with Conway Twitty in 1965 Photo supplied by Jason Odd Australia

It's hard to know when I've finished writing about something. In the case of Jesse Ed Davis and my working with him, it seems as though more should be said.

The subject matter of "Junkie Jesus" and "Jesus Was An Outlaw Too" was where I went to, lyrically, following "Holy Holy Holy" and my failed attempt at making a truly unique second album for Verve in 1968. "Working" was in a way, as I have said, a form of capitulation to those who held the purse strings.

It was the failure of "Working," and the catastrophes that followed, that caused me to write even more graphic lyrics once I ended up in Ohio. My intent to create one of a kind lyrics was a deep driving force within me that can only be partly explained through the finished recordings that Jesse and I created.

I can tell you that during this session, Kirby Johnson, who was a hell of a good guy, kept coming over the talk back mic from the control room, offering suggestions to Ed Davis about how and what to play at any given time.

Jesse listened to this a couple of times, with a look of frustration on his face, and finally just said to Kirby, "Hey man you wanna come out here and play the guitar?" Kirby answered back, "No!" Jesse's response, "Well then shut the fuck up, will ya?"

I started laughing and Kirby damn near crawled under the board in the control room. Gavin Murrell took it all in as if it were just part of the day's work. He sat in a chair saying nothing with a big grin on his face while Jesse, me, and the other two players continued on working.

It was always clear to me that Jesse Ed Davis knew where he was going and how to get there. The guys playing with him knew it too. I did not play on the tracks at all on this session, there was no need. I would have slowed down the process that occurred between the three of them.

Jesse wanted me to concentrate on the vocals, and that was it. His crew built me the platform, musically, from which I could speak in the form of my vocal. His enthusiasm for what he and I were doing was undaunted and complete.

It remains a highlight to this day in my life of recording music with great players. I have the luxury of that experience to keep forever.

These two tracks are important, not because of my involvement so much, but because Jesse Ed Davis arranged and played on them both. In the history of great guitarists, Jesse Ed Davis, an american treasure, is among the finest.

Bobby Jameson

The video below is a recently found 3rd song from the session with Jesse Ed Davis and myself. It was located in 2011. It is a work track with my vocal and Jesse doing overdubs to his own guitar tracks. Jimmy Karstein, drums, and Bob Glaub, bass, are isolated out in this track.

Saturday, January 10, 2009

(part 110) ST. IVES DRIVE

Frank Zappa and Herbie Cohen

I woke up this morning in tears, because the pain in my head is so bad. In the last few months I have been in agony. This morning I looked at my life and saw only hopelessness and misery. After a couple of hours, I wrote this trying to continue the story. (from 2009)

I have had difficulty in remembering, in context, the sequence of events in their correct order. Forgive me if I make mistakes. This is something of a double edged sword, in that I don't want to do it, but feel compelled to finish what I have started.

Because the two songs, "Junkie Jesus" and "Jesus Was An Outlaw Too," were in the movie "Clay Pigeon," as background music, I went to ASCAP, and signed with them. I got a $1500 advance, the only money I've ever received from either ASCAP or BMI in my life.

It helped at the time, believe me, because as usual I was broke. I felt as though it was a sign that things were going to get better, and I looked to the future with positive anticipation.

Months later, following the Jesse Ed Davis and Randy Newman session, I'd been hanging out with Gavin Murrell, and his

Months later, following the Jesse Ed Davis and Randy Newman session, I'd been hanging out with Gavin Murrell, and his roommate Ron Radkovitch, at their house in the hills. Gavin too, was convinced that things were looking up for me, and for himself as well, because of his work on the film "Clay Pigeon."

During that time, I met with Herbie Cohen and his brother Martin, who had represented Frank Zappa. I'd met Hebie Cohen before, with Frank, so it was a not a meeting without some prior context. Herbie was aware of the songs I recorded with Davis and Newman, and the movie, and he wanted to hear what else I had written that was unpublished,

I invited him up to Gavin's house, on St. Ives Drive, in West Hollywood, which overlooked the Sunset Strip near Doheny Drive. It was a nice place with large windows all along the back of the house, that opened onto a deck that looked out on a panoramic view of the entire city.

As usual, I had a lot of new songs. Some were fully finished and others partially completed. I played some things live for Cohen, and then played him a rough demo tape of other songs I'd recorded in Gavin's living room, both on piano and guitar.

Herbie seemed impressed with what he heard, but was an understated guy. It was hard for me to get an emotional read on his reaction. I guess the best way to put it is, that if he didn't say anything bad about the stuff I played him, it was good. Herbie said he would talk to his brother Martin and we'd all get together again at their office in a week or so, which we did.

After Herbie left, I asked Gavin what he thought. Gavin said in his opinion it had gone very well. Playing music for someone is different than just talking with them. When you create something, and then play it for someone, you kind of want to get an emotional response from them, to guage their reaction, but with Herbie this didn't happen.

As I said, Cohen was real low key. Gavin on the other hand was an onlooker, so he viewed the situation from a far less emotional stand point than I did. He was convinced it was positive, so I opted for Gavin's opinion on the matter.

Monday, January 12, 2009

(part 111) A NIGHT AT THE TROUBADOUR: DANNY WHITTEN

Danny Whitten

Danny Whitten

I met with Herbie and Martin Cohen at their offices on Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood, as scheduled, a couple of weeks later. We talked about publishing and how many available songs I had at the time.

I asked them, "How many do you want?" They kind of snickered at me and said, "No seriously, how many unpublished tunes do you have available?" I told them I wasn't being cute, that I meant what I said. "I write so many songs that it's hard to keep track of how many, but if you give me a minimum number I can come up with it, whatever it is."

This dance went on for a while, and I finally convinced them I could fill up a publishing company by myself. In other words I could create an entire catalogue of finished, ready to record songs, in less than a year.

We came to an agreement that it would be my publishing company, Arizona Music, and they would administrate it, whatever that meant. For this arrangement, I agreed not to write any songs for anyone else for a year, unless the Cohens refused the song after hearing it. Then I could put that song somewhere else.

They agreed to pay me $100 a week for the first year, and then we'd see how it was going after that. I agreed to this arrangement

They agreed to pay me $100 a week for the first year, and then we'd see how it was going after that. I agreed to this arrangement, because I was broke, and because I thought they would get some of the songs placed. I also believed they could get me signed to a new label deal, because they had some power in the business.

After signing this agreement with the Cohen Brothers, I started getting a weekly salary. I felt pretty good about what was happening. I moved into Gavin's house for $250 a month, and got to sleep on the couch in the living room, while Gavin and Ron Radkovitch both had a bedroom downstairs.

It was a lot of money for me to pay back then, but it was a nice house and they treated me like one of them, so all and all it was the right thing to do at the time. I spent my time writing songs, making tapes, and partying with Ron and Gavin, and everything was going along pretty well, or so I thought...

I started going down to the Troubadour Club at night, which was located about a mile and a half from the house at the corner of Santa Monica Blvd. and Doheny Drive. I'd go down there for a couple of beers and hang out to see who was playing.

One night in 1972 they were having a hoot night at the Troubadour, you know, a time when anybody could get up and play. I ran into Danny Whitten, Billy Talbot, and Ralph Molina there. Danny said he was going to play a solo set.

He told me he was straight, and I asked him how he felt about playing sober? "Hey, I'm alright." he said, "I feel good." I eye balled him for a moment and said, "I don't know Danny. Playin' straight when you're used to playing loaded is a real bitch." "No really man, I feel good. I'll be alright," he said.

I tried unsuccessfully a few more times to get him not to try it, but he insisted that he was OK, and looking forward to it. When his turn came up a while later, Billy, Ralph, and I think Bruce Hines, all got his gear up on stage so he could play.

I stood there wishing he would't do it because I knew how important it was to him, and if it didn't come off good he would be crushed. He was a sensitive dude and I had known him for a lot of years. I was afraid for him because once you look out from a stage sober, at faces, it's a lot different than just playing for a couple of

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Anyway, Danny was determined to go on and he did. He sat on a wooden chair, as I remember, and said a few things about being there and wanting to play and then began. I watched him as he started and he seemed to have it together, but then all at once it began to fall apart, and I knew what was happening in his head at that moment.

I'd been there before myself and it sucks! You just go blank, and it's like you don't know what you're doing, and the panic of public humiliation comes down on you like a landslide.

I stared at the floor in misery for Danny, as he said he was sorry and left the stage. I knew in the deepest part of my heart what this must have done to him. He left that night and barely said anything to me, and I remember his face and how he looked the last time I ever saw him.

Later in 1972, I heard that he had overdosed after Neil Young fired him, and it broke my heart some more. Danny was 29 years old. I remember teaching him his first guitar chords in 1964 on Franklin Ave. in Hollywood, when we all lived together...

Tuesday, January 13, 2009

(part 112) THE BOTTOM: WHERE I BELONGED...

Herbie Cohen

The Troubadour was never the same for me after that night with Danny. Every time I went in there, I remembered vividly the look on his face as he quietly walked by me and out of my life. I still went there, because it was close enough to walk to, but I never felt comfortable again.

One night I ran into Herbie Cohen there, and went over to say hello to him. I'd never gone anywhere socially with Herb, except when I met him years earlier at his house with Zappa, so it was kind of unusual to encounter him in that setting.

We stood in a corner of the bar, and talked a little about music and the business. I asked him if anything was going on as far as my stuff was concerned and he said, "No."

I'd been writing songs for Arizona Music, which he and his brother were running, for about five months, and couldn't really understand why nothing had been accomplished, other than me putting a lot of finished music into it which I asked him about.

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He seemed irritated by my question, and told me to back off a little. He acted like I was his office boy, and I wasn't willing to accept the way he was treating me, so I told him so.

Herbie had a reputation as a New York street fighter, which I was aware of, but I had a reputation as a Los Angeles street fighter and bar brawler, and I don't think he thought much of it at the time.

He acted as if I were a Hollywood pussie who couldn't fight, and that's how he treated me. This of course played directly into my constant problems with various record business executives and producers throughout the past. It had become a major sticking point in my personality, and I was not willing to take any shit from the likes of Herbie Cohen.

It didn't occur to me at that moment that Herbie and his brother were the ones paying me each week, so I said something to him that really pissed him off. It was nothing overt like, "Fuck off" or "Fuck you," just something that for whatever reason pissed him off.

Out of nowhere, Herbie turned on me. He tried to kick me in the balls while I stood in front of him. I was surprised by this, and knew instinctively that he'd attempted, but failed, to do some real damage to me.

I turned my body sideways, and grabbed my beer bottle off the bar by the neck. I held it up at shoulder level hissing, "What the fuck are you doin' Herbie? Why'd you try to kick me in the balls?"

Knowing he had blown his surprise attack, Cohen looked at me with that "let's get it on" look that I'd seen plenty of times before. "Come on Herbie," I said, "You wanna fuck with me?" I waved the beer bottle in his face, and watched his eyes follow it in my hand.

By this time Herbie's original opinion of me had shifted, and it was obvious by the concerned look on his face. That old "crazy fuckin Jameson" shit came over me, and I was ready to go to war. "Come on Cohen, you fuckin' punk ass mother fucker. I'll kill ya you son of a bitch."

Herbie glared at me in anger and I glared back. We stood there a moment, and then he just turned away and walked out the door. I don't remember what I did, probably stayed there and got drunk.

Herbie glared at me in anger and I glared back. We stood there a moment, and then he just turned away and walked out the door. I don't remember what I did, probably stayed there and got drunk.

Whatever happened that night had far reaching consequences in my life. The end result was that the Cohen Brothers quit paying me my weekly salary and I began to panic.

I went to their office in Hollywood, but Herbie wouldn't talk to me. Martin said there was nothing he could do, because Herbie told him not to pay me. I left, feeling like my world was again crumbling, and that old feeling of "now what do I do" swept over me like a tidal wave.

One day everything was fine, and a day later everything was fucked up. I hadn't started the fight with Herbie, but I must have gotten to him in a way that he was unwilling to excuse or forget, because his form of revenge was swift and deadly in my world.

As usual, I had no money saved, and nothing else going on. I retreated to Gavin's house, or some other place, and got loaded. I always got loaded when I didn't know what to do.

The weeks went by, and I sank deeper and deeper into an abyss of fear and depression. I couldn't pay my rent and even though Gavin and Ron didn't pressure me, I felt bad that I couldn't cover my own end.

I'd sit at the piano and play songs, and write new ones, but no matter how hard I tried, I felt like life, my life, was not worth continuing. I was dog tired of the endless problems and always being broke. I was tired of always being in the position to have to kiss someone's ass or watch my world collapse.

It was 1972, and I had been doing this kind of bullshit since 1964, and nothing ever seemed to change. I'd get up for a while, and then go straight to the bottom again, as if that were my natural place to reside. At the bottom. "Maybe it was," I thought, "Maybe I just needed to accept it. Accept that the bottom was where I belonged."

I tried hard to see past where I was, weeks after the altercation with Cohen, but it was no good. It was just another time where money, or more succinctly, not having any, was the major problem in my life.

I had never had any money and now here I was again without a penny. I felt once more like a second class citizen who couldn't pay his rent. The problem had dogged me all my life and had never improved at all.

No matter how many records I made, or songs I wrote, I never made more than a hundred dollars a week, and even that was impossible for me to keep going. I grew up with nothing and I still had nothing.

As a kid, part of my dream was to become a star, and make a lot of money, and buy my mother a nice house. In reality, I barely spoke to my mother and couldn't buy shit. In my eyes I was a complete failure. I had given it my best shot, and it had gone nowhere. By 1972 I was well known as a loser, with a penchant for trouble, and overall I was seen as a bad bet.

I sat on the couch at Gavin's and there was nobody else around. I drank a beer and popped a couple of pills, while looking through notebooks of hand-written lyrics. I had tried for years to create things of value, both musically and lyrically, and although I'd improved, whatever I did always ended up the same way. Bottom line, I was just as far from my goals as I'd ever been, maybe further.

As I sat there reading and thinking, I looked over at four bottles of pills I had on the coffee table. My bed was that couch, so it wasn't unusual for the pill bottles to be there. They were all new prescriptions, given to me by Dr. Ferguson at Edgemont Hospital.

There were four bottles. Thirty pills per bottle. 10 milligram vallium, chloral hydrate, elavil, and triavil. In total, a hundred and twenty pills. I looked at the bottles for a long time, and picked each one up and read the label. The doctor's name, my name, the contents, and what they were used for.

I lit a cigarette and walked over to the sliding glass doors and stared out at the city. I could make out various landmarks here and there, and knew where everything was on Sunset Blvd. below.

I recalled the events in my life for the past eight years, and how they had all turned out. The opportunities and the failures littered the Strip from one end to the other.

I could see the Continental Hotel roof from where I stood, and remembered how it felt looking down at the ground from the eleventh story ledge. I remembered the sheriff's officers pulling me over the wall, and how I'd felt as the they dragged me to safety.

It was like a movie in my head, replaying over and over in vivid detail. The not knowing what I would have done if left to make my own decision that day. But now, at this very moment, I knew for the first time what my decision would have been. I knew that I had wanted to die, and I now believed that it had been the right decision but had not been carried out.

As I stood at the window, I vowed that this time would be different, and that I would succeed in killing myself. "I don't want to do this anymore," I said out loud, "it feels like shit." A sense of excitement ran through me as I realized I had just made the ultimate decision once again.

I walked back over to the coffee table in front of the couch and sat down. I went through the pages of hand-written lyrics again, and selected four of them, which I laid out on the table in a nice neat row. I picked up the four pill bottles and emptied their contents into a pile in front of me. "Man," I said, "that's a lot of pills."

I stood up and walked into the kitchen and got the biggest glass I could find and filled it with vodka and water. I walked back into the living room and sat down staring at the pile of pills on the coffee table in front of me. I asked myself what I was doing and said, "I'm going to kill myself."

I heard the sound of my own voice saying, "I'm going to kill myself." I asked if that's what I really wanted to do and said, "Yes! "I'm tired of being alive and feeling like shit all the time. I'm tired of watching everything go wrong. Everything always goes wrong."

I looked down at the pile again, and started picking up pills and putting them in my mouth. A few at a time, and then take a drink and swallow them. Pick up some more, put them in my mouth, and take another drink, etc.

I started thinking how Goddamn hard it was to take this many pills and get them all down. I just kept at it. Pick some up and shove um into my mouth, take a drink and swallow. Over and over and over, until the pile was gone.

I stood up and walked around a bit, thinking about what I had just done. Doing it was different than thinking about it. Now I'd really done it, and all of a sudden I wondered if I'd made a mistake. I began to panic, but then said out loud, "No, it's OK! I meant to do this. It's OK! I did it on purpose."

I calmed right down, and walked over to the big sliding glass doors again that opened onto a long wooden deck along the back of the house that overlooked the Sunset Strip. I took one last look at my city. The city that had beat me to death, literally.

I started talking out loud. I said, "God, I took enough pills to kill me. You know it and I know it." It wasn't unusual for me to talk to God. I'd been doing it for a long time. I had believed at one time that He had been with me, back when I'd first started with Tony Alamo.

I had always felt peculiar as a child, as if I were destined for something out of the ordinary. I had believed God picked me for something, and that what I did with music was part of it. But as the years passed, I watched my belief shatter too many times in calamity after calamity.

Now in the living room at Gavin's, I continued talking to God. I was angry. I felt as though He'd abandoned me, and this was my moment of challenging Him. My own decision of personal crucifixion.

"If I die I guess it doesn't matter. If I don't, it will be because you won't let me die. It will mean there is something you want me to do. It's now in your hands, I quit." With that, I walked back to the couch and sat down. I felt the warmth of the sunlight on the back of my head and shoulders.

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I looked at the pages I had placed on the table. I picked up the pill bottles and lined them up in a little row like tin soldiers and stared at them for awhile. I arranged everything the way I wanted and then leaned back into the couch and waited. I recall just before blacking out that I felt like I was enveloped by a wave of peace.

I found myself seated at a round table. There were numerous other people seated there as well. They were dressed in white robes, and all of them had long hair and beards. They were all men, there were no women.

I could see nothing beyond the area of the table. I was asked questions about my intentions, and what I had been trying to do by killing myself.

I was told I had to make a choice whether to acquire money and fame, or be of some real use to the world. I was not dead, because there was no such thing as death. I had to choose one or the other. My choice was to be of some real use to the world.

Instantly I was shifted from where I had been into the presence of what I have learned to refer to as "the little gray man." He was about 3 feet tall and did not speak, but communicated with me directly, as in mental telepathy. His skin was gray, his hair was gray, and his clothes were gray and tattered looking. He looked kind of like E.T., except this was ten years before that movie was made.

His attitude toward me was almost matter of fact. He seemed a bit irritated that he had to be there dealing with me because I had committed suicide. His position clearly was there was no such thing as death, so my actions in killing myself were absurd, because I couldn't die anyway.

According to him I would just be in some sort of holding pattern until I was willing to confront whatever it was I killed myself over. He then telepathically asked for my response, which was, if that were the case I was ready to go back and deal with the problems I'd committed suicide over.

Immediately we were transferred into what I will describe as a tunnel-like place. It was well lit, but there were no lights. The walls looked exactly like beige stucco, and were curved into the ceiling. It was not a small place, nor was it extremely large, and it ran as far as I could see in either direction.

The floor was like translucent marble and light emanated up through it in a steady pleasant glow. Not bright light, just enough to see clearly by. As I surveyed the surroundings we started moving

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The floor was like translucent marble and light emanated up through it in a steady pleasant glow. Not bright light, just enough to see clearly by. As I surveyed the surroundings we started moving forward and going deeper into the tunnel. We were not walking or riding on anything, and the floor was not moving like a conveyor belt, we were just in motion.

We started quite slowly but picked up speed as we continued moving forward through the tunnel. I noticed other tunnels on either side branching off in other directions.

I watched the other tunnels go by for a bit, and looked to "the little gray man" for some sort of explanation as to their existence or importance to our voyage. What he did, knowing I was asking a question of him, was to overtly and emphatically turn his head one way and then the other indicating, "No," as his response.

As we continued on, I began seeing incredibly colored glass balls that just seemed to hang in the air unsupported by anything. They were the most brilliant colors I had ever seen. Not bright, but brilliant. An emerald green, ruby red, sapphire blue, and yellow that were otherwise inexplicable. These globes were mostly the size of a basket ball and appeared periodically as we kept moving.

We were now traveling at an unbelievable rate of speed through the tunnel. I felt calm and assured. There was no sense of fear or anything negative. I was completely comfortable and relaxed.

The speed continued to increase, and I could not make out anything, except "the little gray man" standing beside me. I looked forward again just in time to see us penetrate what seemed like a wall or veil.

* * *

I sat bolt upright in bed at UCLA's intensive care unit. All kinds of beepers and buzzers went off, and I had no idea where I was. I could barely see, but managed to make out the misty figure of what turned out to be my mother, whose face had a look of shock cut into it.

I started crying and blurted out from a place of deep sadness, "I'm an eagle, and they want me to be a sparrow; eagles can't be

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The speed continued to increase, and I could not make out anything, except "the little gray man" standing beside me. I looked forward again just in time to see us penetrate what seemed like a wall or veil.

* * *

I sat bolt upright in bed at UCLA's intensive care unit. All kinds of beepers and buzzers went off, and I had no idea where I was. I could barely see, but managed to make out the misty figure of what turned out to be my mother, whose face had a look of shock cut into it.

I started crying and blurted out from a place of deep sadness, "I'm an eagle, and they want me to be a sparrow; eagles can't be sparrows." I was crying because I was still alive.

The pain of coming back into consciousness on the planet I had left was the most excruciating pain I had ever felt in my life. It was like hitting a brick wall at two hundred miles an hour. I cried myself back into life, my God-awful life.

Friday, January 16, 2009

(part 115) CAROL, COMA, AND BRAIN DAMAGE

click

Carol Paulus and me

I'd been in a coma for some 38 hours when I came to, and found it nearly impossible to speak. My ability to think was impaired, and the massive anxiety I felt was indescribable. I saw my mother's face looking down at me and heard her voice say how incredibly relieved she was.

The specific reason for her genuine relief, other than the obvious, I found out later, was because she'd been told by the doctors that I probably wouldn't come out of the coma, and if I did I would be severely brain damaged as a result of the lack of oxygen.

Then the hospital room came alive with various doctors and nurses all scrambling around my bed, turning off alarms and buzzers, and reading data from various monitoring devices I was attached to. It seemed no one expected me to wake up, let alone be able to say anything coherent, after coming out of a coma.

What I remember clearly is how pissed off I was that I was still alive. I was crying and kept repeating, "Why am I still alive? I don't want to be here." The anger I felt when I first came out of the coma

What I remember clearly is how pissed off I was that I was still alive. I was crying and kept repeating, "Why am I still alive? I don't want to be here." The anger I felt when I first came out of the coma has never left or dissipated to the present day. To put it simply, I woke up pissed off and just stayed that way.

This is not all that mysterious if you calculate that the brain begins to be damaged after 5 to 15 minutes without oxygen. I'd been without oxygen to the brain for ten times that long, so the fact that I could do anything was of some considerable interest to the staff at UCLA.

After the room cleared, I tried with great difficulty to talk to my mother. As my blurred vision began to clear slightly, I looked at the walls of my room and they appeared to be moving. It wasn't the kind of movement you'd see from dizziness, or an hallucination, it was distinctly different than that.

More like a million little wheels turning all at the same time, like it was alive. I tried my best to convey this phenomenon to my mother, but putting the words together was extremely tedious. She was trying hard to get what I was saying, but it was difficult for her, because the trauma she had gone through was so overwhelming.

At one point, another patient was moved into the room next to mine, and there was a considerable commotion out in the hall. We couldn't see anything, but my mother wondered what the disturbance had been about. I tried to tell her an unconscious girl had been put in the next room.

My mother looked at me, and appeared confused. "How do you know that?" she asked, "I can see it, I said, and again she looked confused saying, "Well how could you see that, there's a wall there?" I can see through it," I said, "I can see her. It's a blond girl"

My mother looked at me like I was nuts. "Really, I can see her. Go look and see if that's what it is," I pleaded. My mother somewhat reluctantly went out of the room to find out what had happened and to see for herself what she could. When she came back, she had somewhat of an amazed look on her face.

"That's exactly what it was," she said, "A blond girl, who's in a

"That's exactly what it was," she said, "A blond girl, who's in a coma like you were. They put her in the room next to this one." "I told you I could see it," I groaned, "I told you that's what it was."

* * *

I had been found at the house on St. Ives Drive by a woman named Carol Paulus a couple of hours after I'd taken the overdose. I'd known Carol since 1966, and had lived with her at different times since then. She'd been aware of my mood and knew, too, that I had talked about and acted upon suicidal thoughts and feelings in the past.

For years she had watched me go up and down in my life depending on what was going right or wrong. On the particular day that I committed suicide, she had, for whatever reason tried to contact me without success. Acting on a feeling, she later said, she went to Gavin's house to see if I was OK. Coincidently she had found the door to the house unlocked and had gone inside where she discovered me unconscious.

After calling the paramedics, she rode in the back of the ambulance with me en route to the hospital. Along the way the driver turned off the siren and lights and slowed to the speed of traffic. Alarmed, Carol asked him what he was doing and he responded, "He's arrested." Not knowing for sure what that meant Carol asked him, "What does that mean?" He answered, "He's arrested, he's dead."

This is Carol Paulus's version of what happened next. "I felt a power come over me that said, he's not dead," which she reacted to by yelling orders at the driver and assistant, who both followed without question. "You turn on the siren and lights and go to UCLA." She then turned to the assistant and said, "And you, punch him in the chest or whatever you do and keep doing it until we get to the hospital," which he did without question.

When they arrived at UCLA emergency I was found to have the most minimal brain wave possible, and still measure, and was admitted imediately.

The symptoms of brain damage appeared immediately in my behavior while in the hospital. The day after I came out of the coma, I asked for a cigarette, which I was told I couldn't have because it might kill me in the condition I was in.

This observation by staff was ridiculous to me because I had just attempted taking my own life. I laughed sarcastically at whoever it was who told me that, saying, "I don't care if it kills me, I was trying to kill myself anyway."

The battle of wills had begun in earnest and I was determined to smoke. My poor mother was caught in the middle of this fight and tried to reason with me unsuccessfully. "I want a Goddamn cigarette and I don't care what it does to me."

With that, I began ripping out the intravenous needles and tubes from my arms and lunged out of bed and into the hallway, as the sound of beepers and buzzers filled the air.

The area quickly filled up with doctors and staff, who attempted to corral and calm me. My single focus at that moment was a cigarette, and no amount of coaxing could dissuade me from my mission.

As I became more and more agitated, I took off down the hallway wearing only a hospital gown. I marched through the corridor, with my ass hanging out, yelling, "I want a Goddamn cigarette."

Finally, security showed up, and I was now being approached by uniformed guards who were still some distance away. They began gesturing with their hands for me to calm down, and attempted to flank me with several staff members.

As they moved in on me, I grabbed a glass I.V. bottle off a rolling stand and threw it down the hall at them. The glass shattered through the hallway and the group stopped in disbelief, looking at the glass and then back at me.

I turned away, and headed down another hall, ending up in what appeared to be an auditorium. There were long and heavy drapes hanging at the sides of the windows, so I grabbed one and yanked it down to the floor. From it, I removed a very large curtain hook, used for hanging the drapes on rods.

I turned away, and headed down another hall, ending up in what appeared to be an auditorium. There were long and heavy drapes hanging at the sides of the windows, so I grabbed one and yanked it down to the floor. From it, I removed a very large curtain hook, used for hanging the drapes on rods.

It looked somewhat like a big fish hook, and I held the sharp end to my wrist yelling, "Stop, Goddamn it, or I'm gonna shove this fucker in my wrist and rip out my veins." They all stopped! "All I want is a Goddamn cigarette, man. I just want a cigarette," I said.

I stood there with the curtain hook dug into my wrist and dared them to come at me again. They all milled about in a tight little crowd, when somebody finally moved forward with a lit cigarette. "OK, Bobby, here's a cigarette, now try and calm down."

I motioned the person forward with the cigarette and took it from their hand. I dropped the hook on the floor, after taking a couple of long drags, and sat down on a folding chair in front of the auditorium stage.

I sat there quietly taking in the smoke, as a staff member approached me with a syringe full of sedative, plunging it into my arm. I offered no resistance at that point and muttered, "All I wanted was a cigarette."

* * *

There are at least two primary ways of observing my actions, which I have just conveyed to you here. (1) I was an ungrateful, obnoxious asshole, which is true, and (2), I was damaged at that point, in such a way, as to not have the capacity to self regulate my behavior.

Inappropriate emotional outbursts of anger, coupled with pronounced swearing and changes in personality are hallmark symptoms of brain cell damage caused by Anoxia and Hypoxia, which simply stated, is what occurs when the brain is deprived of oxygen for too long.

In my case, that had taken place prior to this event. Some brain cells start dying within 5 minutes in an anoxic or hypoxic environment. I was in such an environment for as much as two

I was placed in the psychiatric ward at UCLA following the cigarette episode. After being shot-up with a ton of valium, I was not much trouble to anyone for awhile. You would have thought that the shot they gave me was far more likely to do harm than a single cigarette, but that's what they did, and neither one of those things killed me.

After being put into the psych ward, the battle of the cigarette raged on. I told the doctor that none of this would have happened if they'd just let me have a cigarette, which was true. On the other hand, he had the hospital rules, regulations, and medical opinions to contend with.

The hospital continued to stand its ground on the issue of the cigarette, while I maintained the whole thing was dumb and could have been avoided. My position, I felt, was somewhat bolstered by the fact that the cigarette hadn't had any adverse effect on me, but the drama resulting from not letting me smoke had gotten me locked up and shot full of drugs.

As the sedative effects of the shot began to wear off over the next few hours, I decided that being locked up in the nut-ward was not acceptable to me. In light of why it had happened, I asked to speak to the doctor. I told him I didn't think I deserved to be there any longer, and asked him to let me out, which he refused to do.

I went on to tell him that the hospital's position was the cause of me being there, and that the cigarette hadn't hurt me, so why were they continuing to hold me in the nut ward when it was obvious that they'd been wrong?

"you made too big a deal about it," I said, but the doctor would not admit to any mistakes on the part of the hospital, which continued to frustrate me.

I felt at the time like I was in jail for wanting a cigarette, but the hospital felt like I needed to stay in the psych ward for observation. The doctor went on to say, "After this particular episode, and your behavior, the staff doesn't feel comfortable with you being in the hospital unless you are here in the psychiatric facility."

"Then discharge me," I said, staring at him. The doctor looked at me and replied, "I don't think I can do that, Mr. Jameson. You need

behavior, the staff doesn't feel comfortable with you being in the hospital unless you are here in the psychiatric facility."

"Then discharge me," I said, staring at him. The doctor looked at me and replied, "I don't think I can do that, Mr. Jameson. You need to be in the hospital, and where you are currently is the best place for you." "Well I don't wanna be here anymore," I answered back, "So let me out."

The doctor watched me carefully at this point to see how agitated I was going to become. Knowing this, I did not allow myself to escalate my demand too far, for fear of having someone run up and give me another shot. I was emphatic, but not overly aggressive. I repeated myself saying, "I want to leave this hospital."

The doctor finally responded by saying, "If you're dead set on leaving, Mr. Jameson, then it will be against medical advice, because the hospital's position is that you need attention which we are prepared to offer you."

"Well I don't want any more attention from this place," I said, "I wanna leave." Looking very frustrated the doctor said, "You'll have to sign and AMA before I can legally release you."

"What's an AMA?" I asked. "It's a form that says you are leaving the hospital against the medical advice of the staff. You'll have to sign it before I can allow you to leave, because of the hospital's liability should anything happen to you." "OK," I said, "I'll sign it."

With that, I was given my clothes and escorted out of the psychiatric facility and wished good luck. I have no recollection at all as to where I went or what I did after signing myself out of UCLA.

I would imagine that I went to the closest place I could find and got a drink. My mother had probably gone to a motel to get some sleep, and was unaware of any of this. By the time she got back to the UCLA I was gone. I can only now imagine how she must have felt.

I have no real memory of what I was doing back then, but know at some point I went to stay with Carol Paulus for awhile, something I continued to do periodically for years, for a couple of reasons.

I had nowhere else to go, and Carol was better than most at dealing with me in the state I was in. Again, I have almost no recollection of what I was doing after getting out of the hospital, which probably means I was extremely loaded.

The constant intake of both drugs and alcohol into my already weakened system was sure to have made a bad situation worse. My mother had gone back to San Jose and I assume she was getting information from Carol as to my whereabouts and condition.

Nothing had improved in my life and that's the one thing I am sure of. Each destructive episode lent itself, in part, to the cause of the next debacle, which I seemed incapable of preventing or avoiding.

By the end of the summer of 1972, I believe, I found myself once again in the Park Sunset motel/hotel, across the street from the Continental Hyatt House on Sunset Blvd., where I'd started my suicidal journey sometime earlier.

It was now months after I'd overdosed at Gavin Murrell's house and I again found myself isolated and alone. Fueled by nonstop drinking and lack of sleep, I continued to obsess over my past and current negative belief that life for me was no more than a series of failures.

I had thirteen 3-grain tuinol capsules that I'd stolen from Carol's apartment. These are powerful barbiturates used for sleeping, and are extremely lethal when taken in sufficient quantities and mixed with alcohol. I swallowed all of them along with a fifth of scotch. I was found unconscious in my bathroom at the Park Sunset, after falling into a coma.

Once again, it was Carol Paulus who found me, and who called the paramedics. I was taken by ambulance to USC Medical Center in downtown Los Angeles, rather than UCLA in Westwood.

L.A. General, as it was known, was where everybody went who couldn't afford a choice. It was a huge place and packed to the rafters with indigent and poor. In this second attempt on my own

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couldn't afford a choice. It was a huge place and packed to the rafters with indigent and poor. In this second attempt on my own life, I was just another person carted into the bowels of L.A. General like so many others that day.

Although it's an incredibly gloomy place, it was still a damn good hospital if you overdose and are in a coma. This time there were no round tables and men in robes, no little gray man, or anything else. This time there was only blackness.

I came back to consciousness in a huge open ward with beds shoved into every possible open space available. It was stark and poorly lit. It seemed to stretch on forever, with bed after bed containing ill and distressed human beings.

Every kind of person imaginable was represented in that ward. As for me, I was just another one of the poor unfortunates who'd found my way there via my own actions and piss-poor choices.

I knew then that I was not doing too well with this suicide business, but I was winning the battle of how to slowly, or perhaps quickly, destroy myself piece by piece. As I lay there, trying to focus my vision, I felt utterly alone and completely worthless.

About that time a black nurse approached me after noticing I was conscious. She had a nice face, and smiled at me, asking how I felt? I couldn't really respond very well to her question, because I was so groggy from the beating I'd taken with a second overdose.

I stared up at her through blurry eyes and tried to speak but have no certain memory of what I said to her, possibly something about killing myself. All of a sudden, this seemingly pleasant lady's entire personality changed, and she began preaching in Bible verses to me.

She was now emphatically saying I had sinned against God Himself, because I had tried to kill myself, and that I had to repent then and there, in front of her, or my soul would be punished for all eternity in hell. "Fuck my soul," I yelled at her, "and fuck God too."

I was suddenly far more alert than I'd been and angrily reacting to her religious views. I freaked out and screamed at her to get the fuck away from me.

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As had happened at UCLA, the area quickly filled with hospital orderlies who tried to determine what was wrong. Since I was yelling when they arrived, "Get this crazy bitch outta here," they decided I was the problem and tied me to the bed with 4 cloth restraints, and left me there freaking out.

Completely demoralized and exhausted by the event, I finally cried myself to sleep still tied to the bed.

Wednesday, January 21, 2009

(part 119) THE DICHOTOMY OF THINKING

From 1972 Rolling Stone article/ unused pictures

Emotional and behavioral problems had already become an issue because of my drug and alcohol abuse. To then have suffered a second drug overdose, resulting in another coma, was like throwing gasoline on an open fire.

My ability to respond to the world around me was tending toward overly emotional reactions to everyday situations. Without warning I could become belligerent and was now prone to violent outbursts for little or no reason.

Because L.A. County General Hospital served so many people, they moved you through their system a lot faster. In other words, you didn't linger in intensive care the way I had in UCLA, because they always needed the room for another patient. The difference between waking up in UCLA and USC was night and day. In UCLA you felt the difference by the amount of attention given you; in USC you just felt abandoned.

As soon as I physically could, I was out on the street, probably signing myself out AMA again. I had not been prepared for the bizarre religious preaching from an over zealous staff member I encountered. Her beliefs about my sins, and willingness to impose them on me, outweighed my need for medical attention.

Because these two suicidal incidents happened in such close proximity to one another, I was basically a walking open wound psychologically speaking. Emotionally explosive and highly combative, anger, for me, became the last outpost of self-protection in a psyche that felt unwanted, unnecessary, and broken. My opinion was, quite simply, that it was me against the world.

At that point, the only place I'd felt safe had been Edgemont Hospital, where I was taken following the first incident on the Continental Hotel. I convinced my mother, who'd returned to L.A. by then, to put me there so I could have time to gather my senses and figure out what to do.

Edgemont, being a private hospital, had to be paid for, so she ended up with that burden. I stayed there for 2 or 3 months and it may have saved my life.

During the time at Edgemont, different publications, such as Record World Magazine, ran stories about my battles with the

During the time at Edgemont, different publications, such as Record World Magazine, ran stories about my battles with the industry and sanity. On one hand I was self-destructive, on the other, I was being talked and written about. This dichotomy led me to a deep split within the framework of my own thinking.

I was destroying myself for sure, but as a result, I was center stage to some degree. For someone who believed there was no such thing as bad publicity, it became darkly apparent that the attention I was getting was feeding my sick ego and spurring me on to successive fiascos of self-annihilation. I spent a lot of time thinking about new and more dramatic ways to keep myself in the public eye.

While in Edgemont, one of the female staff members kept needling me about a pen and ink drawing I had done. I had done many. She seemed overly obsessed with her version of the meaning of my drawing, and would not relinquish her theory no matter what I said.

This continued for over an hour and resulted in an angry response from me. I punched a basketball size hole in a wire mesh security window at the nurses cage door, and blood splattered the area from a gash in my right forearm. I remember staring at the nurse, as she stood in shocked silence with her mouth hanging open. I said, "You happy now?"

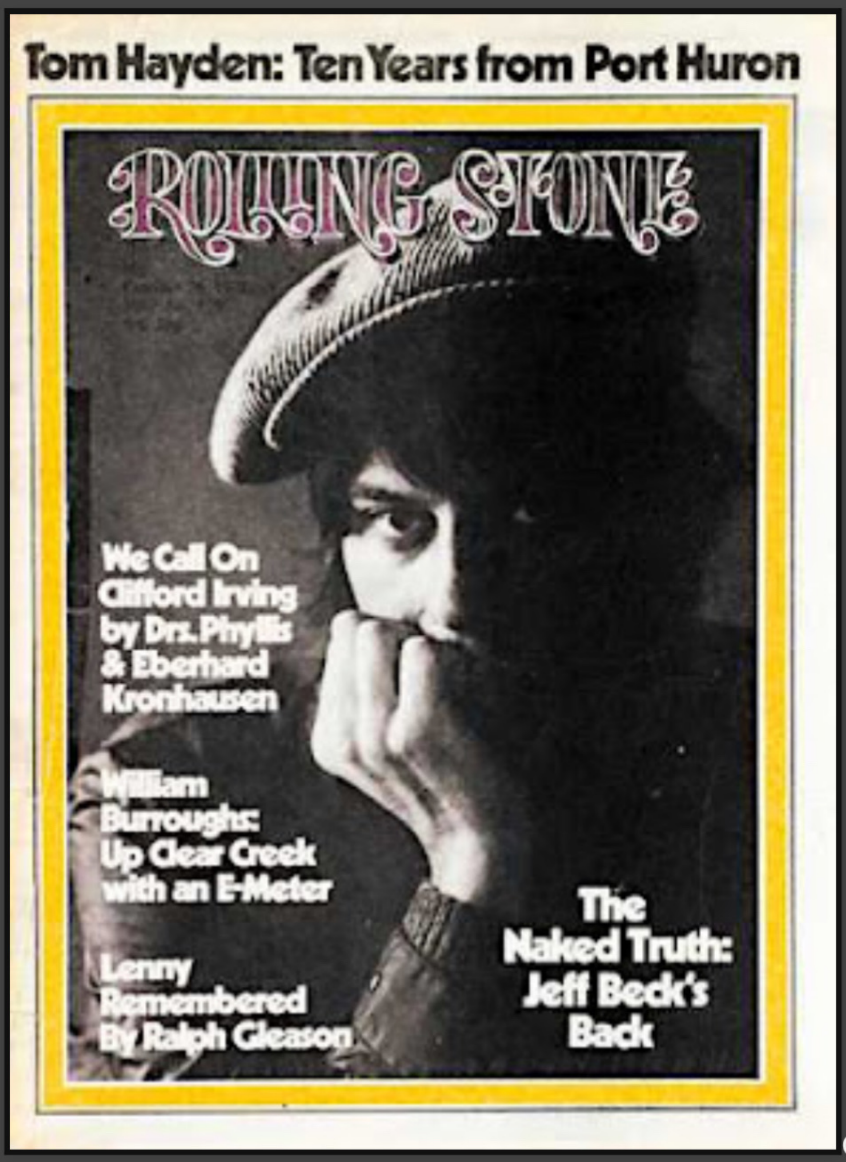
I had silenced her badgering and that was all I really cared about. As a result, the hospital called an emergency staff meeting to review the incident and it's cause, at which I was required to be present.

Dr. Wayne, the head of the hospital, told me I could not act out in such a manner or I would be thrown out of the hospital. I said in response, "So I'm in the nut house for being crazy and you're going to throw me out of the hospital because I acted crazy?"

Dr. Wayne replied saying, "I'm not throwing you out of the hospital, but if you do anything like this again, you will be asked to leave." "OK," I said, "I got it. It won't happen again, I promise." I was serious. I didn't want to get thrown out. It was the only place on earth where I felt safe.

Friday, January 23, 2009

(part 120) MANIPULATING THE WORLD



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Oct 26, 1972 issue of Rolling Stone which contains an article and picture of me

When you are mentally, emotionally, and physically sick, as I surely had become at that point, you will do anything to justify getting what you want.

I'd found that the threat of suicide, coupled with actual attempts, was a powerful tool of manipulation that I could use on others to get my own way. I could and did get drugs from doctors and was able to get others to do things for me that they otherwise would not have done.

In the broken mind of an addicted person, such as myself, the justification for what I wanted was as clear to me as anything could be.

Because I was willing to die, everything thing else seemed petty, so demanding things from others became a habitual tendency for me. Whenever someone began to show signs of balking, I would apply the threat of suicide as pressure to accomplish my goals.

Upon leaving Edgemont Hospital, I convinced my mother to pay the first and last month's rent on an apartment in West Hollywood on Havenhurst Dr., between Fountain Ave. and Sunset Blvd.

Carol Paulus lived in the same building so she was able to get the landlord to rent it to me, which would not have happened had he known what was coming.

Almost immediately, Rolling Stone Magazine showed up to do an interview with me, which shortly thereafter appeared in the magazine as an article.

Along with a couple of pictures, the article attempted to describe my complaints about my own career and it's failings, as well as highlighting current projects, my resentment toward the record industry, and those who I believed had treated me unfairly.

Once again my ego was reinforced, and my desire to remain in the public eye fulfilled as a result of the article. This might have been viewed as a positive step, in the near term, but overall it just helped to fuel my warped perspective of Bobby Jameson and his relationship to the world at large.

Without rhyme or reason I attempted, after a short time, to gas myself to death in the new apartment. I don't really believe I thought I would die as a result of that act. I just view it now as a sick attempt on my part to manipulate the world around me.

The landlord, Morey, who had treated me with respect, was horrified at this turn of events and evicted me immediately. Once again I was homeless and on the street. I would occasionally sneak into the building at night and stay at Carol's for as long as I could, but in reality I had no place to go.

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Around this time, I became involved with a prominent couple who shall remain nameless for reasons which will become obvious.

During an all night binge on cocaine and booze at the couple's home, the husband took an overdose of barbiturates. Because of the amount of alcohol and cocaine in his system, he fell into a coma during the night. I awoke in the morning on their bed, where we'd all passed out the night before, to his cold lifeless body.

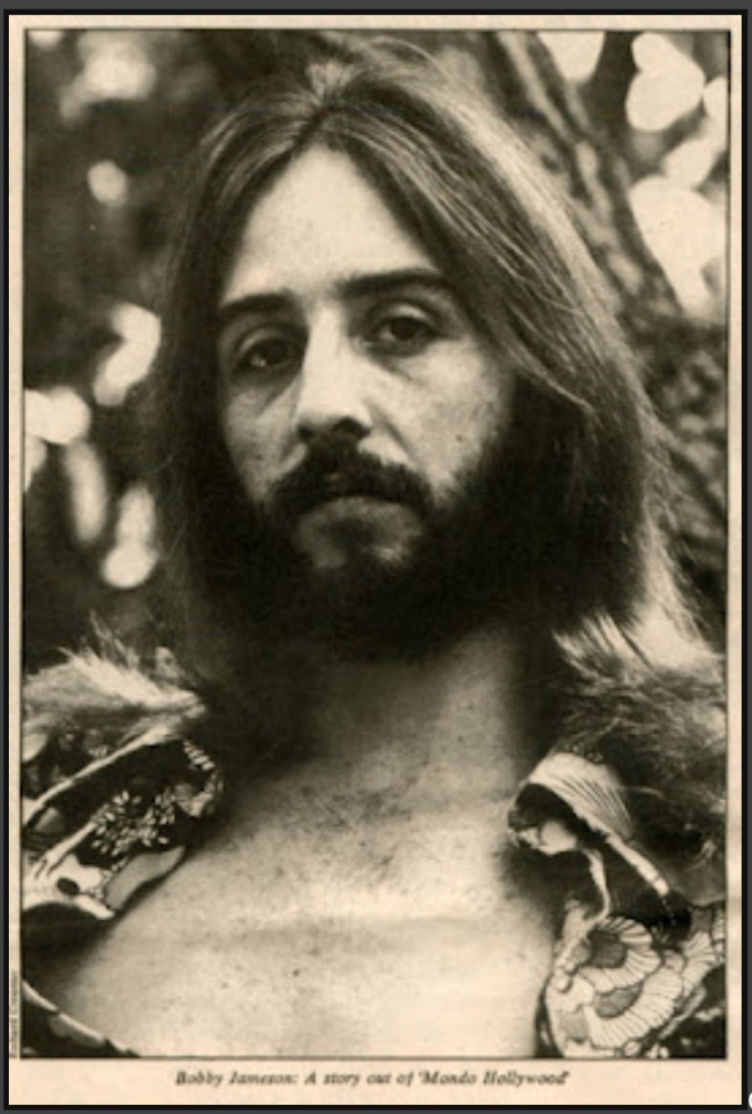
His wife was on the telephone frantically talking to someone when the police and ambulance showed up. At the time, I took the position, at the wife's urging, that I had just gotten there within the last half hour after being contacted by telephone regarding the current emergency in progress.

She and I then drove by car to UCLA Hospital where her husband, who had been transported by ambulance, was pronounced dead by the attending physician.

In another one of my questionable decisions during this period, I moved into that house for a short time with the wife of the man who had died.

Saturday, January 24, 2009

(part 121) ROLLING STONE ARTICLE AND PICTURE



Bobby Jameson: A story out of 'Mondo Hollywood'

click

Oct 26, 1972 issue of Rolling Stone

Troubadours:

When Your Manager Turns Jesus Freak

BY JUDITH SIMS

LOS ANGELES—Ten years ago Bobby Jameson left Arizona and moved to Los Angeles, ready to be a singing-songwriting-performing star. He almost made it several times, found himself overhyped, and ended up broke and miserable, a has-been without ever having been. Last July, he was so despondent he almost threw himself off the top of

around. Though Jameson claims he never received any real money—like a royalty check or a concert fee—his rent was sometimes paid and he usually had nice clothes, although he never knew exactly how. And to this day, Billboard claims the massive ad campaign Alamo ran is an account outstanding—$14,000 unpaid.

Tony Alamo is now head of the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation. He found God one day while dragging Jameson around to big time agents and producers. He was asking a million dollars in front for Bobby and people had started backing away nervously. It was in one of those offices that Alamo suddenly shrieked to the man behind the desk, "You must give all of your money to him [Jameson] because he is Jesus Christ, and if you don't he'll point his finger at you and you will die!" They were shown the door. Jameson was out on the street, but Alamo had found another career—his followers today are the Hollywood Boulevard Jesus Freaks.

Bewildered and bereft of a manager (even Jameson was wary of Alamo by that time), Jameson accepted the invitation of Stones' producer Andrew Loog Oldham to come to England. There he cut a record of "All I Want's My Baby," a Jagger-Richard composition. Oldham, Jagger and Jameson all sang on the record; session guitarist was Jimmy Page. "It was very difficult to deal with Old-

Ice album, and he appeared in the film *Mondo Hollywood*. Although his name and reputation were remembered from the Alamo hype days, he wasn't making any money.

Jameson made three albums from '65 to '69, one on GRT, one on Verve and one that was called *Chris Lucey* on the album jacket but was really Jameson on the disc. Still no money. "I was told for years that I was a member of BMI, but I never was. I didn't find out until two years ago that BMI had never heard of me. So now I'm a member of ASCAP."

In 1966 and '67 Jameson was out on the streets, involved in the Sunset Riots and arrested 27 times, usually for loitering. For his court appearances he'd invite street freaks to sit in the courtroom, then he'd invite NBC-TV news to cover the weirdness. Those years marked him as a lunatic; nobody wanted anything to do with him. His last record was released in 1969; in 1970 he wrote four songs for the film *Clay Pigeon*.

After the police pulled him off the Hyatt House ledge this year, he went to a mental hospital. He's out now, living in Hollywood, where he's trying to patch up his shattered life. He has recorded three songs for a film being shot in Europe called *Flowers in a Cranked Wall*. "They're doing it backwards," Jameson said in his slow, deliberate (and uncrazy) manner. "It's being done to the

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LOS ANGELES—Ten years ago Bobby Jameson left Arizona and moved to Los Angeles, ready to be a singing-songwriting-performing star. He almost made it several times, found himself overhyped, and ended up broke and miserable, a has-been without ever having been. Last July, he was so despondent he almost threw himself off the top of the Hyatt House hotel, the first publicity he'd received in years.

Early in his L.A. career attempt, he met Tony Alamo, a hotshot former singer who promised to manage Jameson into a Big Star. A huge ad campaign was launched in the trades, each week announcing Jameson as an ever-larger phenomenon—the next Star of the Century. People who saw the ads started hiring Jameson for television shows and concerts; he wasn't even signed to a record label at the time, although he had made a couple of singles.

It was an insane period, enough to warp and frustrate the most iron-willed man. Everywhere Jameson went he was accompanied by a retinue of agents, producers, hangers-on; Alamo rented chauffeurs and limousines from a Los Angeles funeral parlor to squire him around. Though Jameson claims he never received any real money—like a royalty check or a concert fee—his rent was sometimes paid and he usually had nice clothes, although he never knew exactly how. And to this day, Billboard claims the massive ad campaign Alamo ran is an account outstanding—$14,000 unpaid.

Tony Alamo is now head of the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation. He found God one day while dragging Jameson around to big time agents and producers. He was asking a million dollars in front for Bobby and people had started backing away nervously. It was in one of those offices that Alamo suddenly shrieked to the man behind the desk, "You must give all of your money to him [Jameson] because he is Jesus Christ, and if you don't he'll point his finger at you and you will die!" They were shown the door. Jameson was out on the street, but Alamo had found another career—his followers today are the Hollywood Boulevard Jesus Freaks.

Bewildered and bereft of a manager (even Jameson was wary of Alamo by that time), Jameson accepted the invitation of Stones' producer Andrew Loog Oldham to come to England. There he cut a record of "All I Want's My Baby," a Jagger-Richard composition. Oldham, Jagger and Jameson all sang on the record; session guitarist was Jimmy Page. "It was very difficult to deal with Oldham," Jameson recalled. "He was a real prick; it was this big run-around." Jameson claims he never made any money off any of his records (14 labels in all), in England or America.

He was briefly involved with Chris Blackwell (before Island Records) but then got crazy, wearing a sinister long black glove and starting fights in discotheques. "They don't do a great deal of that over there," he said wryly. "I started realizing I was being ripped apart by all kinds of idiot people." England asked him to go home.

Back in Los Angeles in 1965 he sold LSD on the Strip (it hadn't been declared illegal yet). He turned up everywhere, jamming with Donovan in the hills, running around with foxy ladies (one of whom later married Frank Zappa) and the like. One of his songs, "Girl from the East," was on the *Leaves' Hey Joe* album, and he appeared in the film *Mondo Hollywood*. Although his name and reputation were remembered from the Alamo hype days, he wasn't making any money.

Jameson made three albums from '65 to '69, one on GRT, one on Verve and one that was called *Chris Lucey* on the album jacket but was really Jameson on the disc. Still no money. "I was told for years that I was a member of BMI, but I never was. I didn't find out until two years ago that BMI had never heard of me. So now I'm a member of ASCAP."

In 1966 and '67 Jameson was out on the streets, involved in the Sunset Riots and arrested 27 times, usually for loitering. For his court appearances he'd invite street freaks to sit in the courtroom, then he'd invite NBC-TV news to cover the weirdness. Those years marked him as a lunatic; nobody wanted anything to do with him. His last record was released in 1969; in 1970 he wrote four songs for the film *Clay Pigeon*.

After the police pulled him off the Hyatt House ledge this year, he went to a mental hospital. He's out now, living in Hollywood, where he's trying to patch up his shattered life. He has recorded three songs for a film being shot in Europe called *Flowers in a Cranied Wall*. "They're doing it backwards," Jameson said in his slow, deliberate (and unscrazy) manner. "It's being done to the music, not the other way around. And it's a 70mm, not a jive underground film." David Bowie and Shuggie Otis are in it. For one of Jameson's songs he used Randy Newman on piano, Jesse Ed Davis on guitar. For another he used Danny Whitten, Ralph Molina and Billy Talbot. Jameson said there'll be a sound track album, but the label hasn't been decided.

In addition he will start making a "hard rock" album of his own for an independent company, St. Ives Production Company, which will hopefully be sold to whichever record company is interested. "I'm not going out to look for a label," he said. "I'd rather have them look for me. I came here ten years ago to do something, and did it and got messed up from it. I want to do it again, but this time I'd like to have a few people on my side."

click
Oct 26, 1972 issue of Rolling Stone

The reason I look so pissed off in this picture is that I had been pronounced dead twice with only months separating the events.

In 1972 and 1973, the world of Bobby Jameson had crumbled into a state of chaos. Once again, the dichotomy between the twin heads of publicity, and the true nature of events occurring in my life were at odds. The reality was, that I had become a walking time bomb.

The publicity, as in the Rolling Stone article, did not fully make clear the depth of the problem I was engulfed in. It lent itself more toward the view that I had irons in the fire, and projects in progress, without ever seriously analyzing the authenticity of my complaints.

Like most things written about me, both then and now, Rolling Stone's article was a cursory overview, or glimpse, at eight years of my life in a nutshell. I suppose it was due in great part to the fact that I was not famous enough to waste much time or space on.

Inside my broken world of thinking, the article was just enough to hold onto, but not enough to do any actual good in my life. No one particularly gave a damn that some "has been" or "never was" pop star had complaints about the record business, and not getting paid, which still holds true today. As well, the standard opinion was, and is, that I should be grateful that anyone even knows who I am.

I have never been foolish enough to ask, ever, for anything beyond what I was due for the work I did. My complaint then, as now, fell into the ranks of, "I just want to get what I earned." Even though this simple fact is a valid one, it was not dealt with then, and remains the same today. I have heard every conceivable reason, and variation of reasons, why I shouldn't and wouldn't get a thing.

This constant state of not being paid for my work, other than a few hundred dollars here and there over an eight year period, literally beat me senseless. The lack of any tangible assets for my work was devastating to my entire psyche, as well as my capacity to earn a living. No thought was ever given to how I could possibly afford to meet my basics needs.

From 1964 to 1972 I made virtually nothing for everything I had written, recorded, arranged, produced, and performed in eight years. Yet even now, as it was then, I am ridiculed for even

written, recorded, arranged, produced, and performed in eight years. Yet even now, as it was then, I am ridiculed for even suggesting that I be paid anything for my work. The point of this exercise, is to give you some idea of what kept driving me. What was it that I thought about for days at a time, while drinking and taking any drug I could get my hands on?

My anger and obsession over this problem, would pile up inside me like an over-stuffed closet, until finally, there was no room left to fit any more inside. I would literally run out of space to fit in more misery. It was at these times, when the dramatic and deadly effects of all that had happened, would explode into another self-destructive event in the life of Bobby Jameson.

In late 1972 or 73, I don't remember, I was standing in the parking lot of Hughes Market on Highland Ave. in Hollywood. It was just before dawn, and I had been loaded for days on pills and booze. I was frantically talking on a pay phone to Carol Paulus, but have no recollection of that conversation's subject matter.

I can only surmise that it was the same old thing, but don't really know for sure. I was just out on the street with no place to go and had called her out of desperation. I do recall vividly the end of the conversation though, and you will understand as I continue.

I don't know how long we spoke, but at some point she said she had to get off the phone and get some sleep, because she had to go to work the next day. Carol was a top hair stylist in the West Hollywood/Beverly Hills area. In the state of mind I was in, it felt like the last thread of hope had just been cut.

I held the phone tightly to my ear and turned around gazing at the Hollywood skyline silhouetted against the coming dawn. My eyes locked on the shape of two 125 foot steel towers on the roof of the Pacific Theater on Hollywood Blvd. They looked like twin oil derricks, poking up at the sky like skeletal fingers.

As I listened to Carol's final words, I said, "It's OK, don't worry, I understand." She then asked, "Are you alright?" "Yeah," I said, "I'm Fine. I'm gonna go and climb a tower." I hung up the phone and started walking toward my new goal, the tower.

My view from the tower at dawn

I was like an automaton marching forward through the streets of Hollywood that cold dawn. My singular focus was to climb that tower. I recall dismissing any thought to the contrary.

As I had done, while marching toward the Continental Hotel, I watched my feet tracking the ground toward my destination. With machine-like precision my body responded without question to the orders given it by my mind. I was ordered to take the tower in almost military terms.

I approached the backside of the Pacific Theater and surveyed the area, looking for a way upward. I came to a small alley that poked it's way into the building's structure with a steel staircase that led to the roof.

As I made my way forward, I reached the top of the fire escape stairs and was there. The twin towers stood majestically before me reaching upward into the growing daylight of the Hollywood sky.

They looked a lot bigger and taller than they had from a distance. I stood at the steel base of the closest one, and realized there was

stood at the steel base of the closest one, and realized there was no easy way to get up. There was a single story utility shack next to the first of the two towers, so I picked that one to scale.

To get on the roof of the shack I had to climb on a wooden box and pull myself up. I moved to the edge of it's roof and got as close as I could to the tower. Once there it was about eight feet to the lowest crossbeam, so I jumped to it from the shack's roof. I remember how cold the steel felt when I grabbed it with both hands.

I hung there for a moment like a kid on a monkey bar. I began to shimmy my way sideways to the large outer vertical leg of the tower. Then I was able to use the horizontal and vertical connections, between those pieces of steel, to leverage my way up into a sitting position on the lowest crossbeam of the structure.

During this procedure I was engaged by a security guard who yelled at me saying, "You're not supposed to be up here," which I ignored. He then turned and disappeared through a doorway leading into the building's interior.

I sat on the crossbeam for some time, gazing out at Hollywood's skyline and L.A.'s vast expanse in the distance. I pulled a pint bottle of scotch out of my inside coat pocket and took a long drink. It burned my mouth and throat on the way down, but quickly and mercifully warmed my chilled body as I clung to the cold steel of the tower.

It was still early, and Hollywood Blvd. was virtually deserted. I looked east and then west from my position, while surveying the situation. I checked with myself to see if my plan had changed now that I was actually sitting on the tower instead of looking at it from blocks away.

"No!" The plan had not changed. It was full steam ahead. I thought about my life and what a disappointment it had been. I thought about the record business and how many times I'd been fucked by it. My anger was so complete that it had become the propelling force within me. It had no alternative but to find a way out.

This tower! This moment! This life! I was now going to put on a show that no one would ever forget after today. While I thought about these things my body tightened like a steel cable anticipating my work ahead, the ascent of mount tower

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The climb toward the top; to get as close to God as I could, in hopes he could better hear me, crying out through my tears and rage, "Why has everything in my Goddamned life gone so wrong?"

After encountering the security guard during my initial siege of the tower, I calculated that he had probably called the police and reported me. I moved over to the southern side of the structure so I could get a better view of Hollywood Blvd. below me.

From my new vantage point I could see clearly any vehicle or foot traffic on the street. After 20 or 30 minutes, a black and white L.A. police cruiser slowly made it's way toward the Pacific Theater building and my location. As it passed directly opposite and below my position, I yelled out, "Hey!" Then again, but louder, "Heyyy!"

The officer's head jerked sideways, but he was still unable to pinpoint where the sound was coming from. Again I yelled, "Heyyy, UP HERE!" I waved my arm back and forth and yelled out, "UP HERE!" This time his head cocked back and he locked eyes with me. That look between the two of us meant, "Go."

In that moment, the process came to life as the officer grabbed his radio and reported what he saw. I knew then that in short order the entire area would be swarming with cops.

I yanked my body into a standing position and looked straight up for some 100 feet or more. There above me was my challenge. My entire life's purpose at that moment was to reach the very top of this tower.

Once more, I took out the bottle of scotch and took a drink, momentarily delaying the inevitable. Putting the bottle back in my coat pocket, I felt the adrenaline begin to surge through my entire body as I started to move.

I methodically chose a point of engagement and began the tedious process of zigzagging my way upward along the black steel beams. Like a giant erector set, the tower's structure stood some ten to twelve stories high, with a three foot steel rod or pin jutting out at the very top.

From one side to the other, I made my way along the horizontal beams to the acute angled beams leading ever upward. I heard a sound in the distant sky and turned my head in it's direction. "A helicopter," I said to myself, "Here come the helicopters."

"I knew they'd come," I thought to myself. After the Continental Hotel incident I'd learned that. It began circling the area around and above the tower, like giant buzzard looking for roadkill.

The day's big story was unfolding below them. I imagined for a moment what this would look like on TV, as the L.A. news machine began shifting into overdrive. I will not lie to you and say I didn't expect this, because I did expect this, exactly this.

My broken and tormented mind had thrown out all things logical. I possessed little, if any, ability to rationally or objectively look at what I was doing. I could not put a halt to this drastic and pathetic act as it unfolded.

Once set in motion by my decision and will, there did not exist any force, at that time, capable of altering my course. In an explosion of emotional turmoil and rage, I had cast myself in the roll of a fine tuned and deadly focus point for the city of Los Angeles.

As I climbed ever higher, all of Hollywood Blvd. halted from Vine to La Brea, and the street filled with literally thousands of human onlookers. The large parking lots on the northern and back sides of the Pacific Theater filled with blank-faced forms staring upward at the aerial circus above them.

I halted my progress momentarily, and gazed downward into the massive collection of humanity. Once again I took a drink from my stash of booze which accompanied me on my journey upward this cold and windy day.

The mixture of drugs, alcohol, and adrenaline only served to enhance my desire to continue my madness. The higher I climbed, the higher I got, both literally and figuratively.

Each part of this bizarre psychology mirrored the other and spurred me forward by feeding on the exhilaration. I seemed at times to literally defy gravity. In fact, I had to stop my ascent in places to incorporate into my thinking a sense of logistical reality to prevent my accidental demise.

I was not there to commit suicide. I was there to get even with the world, if I could, for the express purpose of calling attention to my

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I was not there to commit suicide. I was there to get even with the world, if I could, for the express purpose of calling attention to my plight, and to rail against the record business machine.

To lay blame forever on the clever and dedicated con men who had systematically and methodically used me like a good whore, and then thrown me out like so much trash. That was my reasoning.

That, above all other things, was my need, my need to be heard. I could not see in my blind assault on the tower that I had forsaken any and all credibility I may once have had.

As I created an audience, I destroyed my very life...

At some point in the climb, an extremely large fire truck positioned itself on Hollywood Blvd. in front of the Pacific Theater. It raised a very long extended ladder up to where I was on the tower. At the end of the ladder was what is called a rescue basket. All of this gear is hydraulically run from either the basket itself or from the truck on the ground.

A lone L.A. fire fighter was in that basket, dressed in full gear and fire hat; he held a huge coil of rope on his shoulder. As I watched him bobbing in the wind from my position, he carefully maneuvered the ladder and basket toward me.

I will never forget the look on his face--one of courage and terror all at the same exact moment as he inched ever closer.

When he was actually near enough for us to hear each other, if we yelled, I shouted to him, "How's it goin out there man?" He looked at me with eyes wide and hesitated while he fought the effects of the wind, which was bouncing the basket and him up and down and then sideways.

I could see it was rough going out there and he finally yelled back, "Why don't you come on down, buddy?" looking hopefully for my response. I yelled back at him, "Why don't you come on up?"

I will never forget his next look either, as my answer to his question hit home. A look of frustration, fear and disappointment, mingled with a little anger. It was etched on his face as he pleaded again for me to be reasonable.

I shook my head in the negative, refusing his request again. I then watched as he retreated downward out of the howling wind some 80 feet above the ground.

I watched him leave and was impressed, as the ladder, basket, and brave soul slowly descended toward earth. He will live in my memory forever as the face of courage and the offer of a helping hand turned away by me in my madness.

I turned away from the picture on the ground, with the fire truck and fireman, whose momentary presence had halted my progress. Once again my need to reach the top returned. With a new sense

Once again my need to reach the top returned. With a new sense of urgency I commenced the final trek to the pinnacle.

My body was feeling the effects of no sleep, too much booze, pills, and over-stimulation from adrenaline. I stopped and took a drink and popped a chloral hydrate. For some reason this deadly mixture continued to bolster my stamina against exhaustion and the effects of the wind.

I'd been up on the tower for nearly two hours and my goal loomed before me. As my senses dulled, I forced myself to continue in the growing cold.

On and on I went, pushing myself like a dog, demanding that I accomplish what I had set out to do. Against my own desire to give it up and go back down, I continued my ragged journey upward.

I cannot tell you why this was so important to me that day, but it was, it seems. To me it was my last chance to succeed, if in fact it was only to succeed at reaching the pointed pointless top of my steel mountain.

My need to see myself as successful at something, anything, kept me blindly climbing on. I was almost there. Just a little further, a little longer and I would do it. I would shout at the world and tell them, "see, I said I would do it and I did. I made it all the way to the top."

And then I was there. I had done it! My thoughts and emotions exploded inside of me, as I pulled myself up to the very highest point of the structure. I was standing at the top. I grabbed the steel rod at the utmost portion of the tower with one hand, and raised my other arm in a triumphant gesture claiming my victory. Exhilarated, I downed the nearly empty pint in toast to the moment.

From far below, a cry from the crowd arose and grew in intensity, as if needing to share in the celebration of my achievement. Again I threw up my arm in salute to those who had followed me up with their eyes, and again they sounded.

From somewhere in the crowd below came a single voice rising up

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From somewhere in the crowd below came a single voice rising up to me much louder than the rest. I listened to it and heard, "Jump you asshole, you're hangin up traffic."

My mood shifted to anger as I focused on a man in a red suit below waving his arms. He stood out from the rest of the crowd and I knew it was his voice I'd heard.

All at once a number of L.A. police officers appeared out of nowhere, running toward the man in the red suit, tackling him to the ground.

I stood alone on my perch and watched him taken away in handcuffs. As he a disappeared into the crowd, I felt exhilarated once more, and threw my empty bottle at him yelling, "Yeah, well fuck you."

I continued to rage on at Mr. Red-suit, as I watched him being dragged away through the crowd by police on the ground. I stood at the top of the tower holding on to the steel pin, and rocked back and forth in triumph.

The tower began moving with me as my wild gyrations continued. I found the tower more limber than I'd expected, learning that it would sway one way and then the other with my weight atop it's slender upper structure.

Once the motion started, it picked up speed as I continued leaning back and forth against the steel's movement. The crowd below sounded again, and their collective murmur grew in intensity as the tower wildly leaned first in one direction and then the other, possibly four to five feet with each pass.

As they watched, from various points on the ground, their voices rose up to me in a roar at each successive lurch of the steel finger now swaying in the Hollywood sky. Forward and back, over and over, I rode it like a cowboy on a bucking bull, until I heard the tower groaning under me, complaining at the excessive motion and strain it now endured.

As the sounds grew louder, I came to my senses, halting my antics for fear of breaking the tower and sending it, along with me, crashing downward to the roof below. This clear recognition of what could happen, tended to quickly dull my enthusiasm for pleasing the crowd. As the tower settled back into it's original stance, I clung to it in silence as the cold wind slammed against my exhausted body.

As quickly as the show had begun, it now came to an equally abrupt end. I looked down at the silent crowd below and they seemed to sense the problem of the moving tower. "No more of that shit," I said to myself, but now what? Now that I was here, what was I to do?

In the haste of my one-dimensional thinking to scale mount tower, I had not planned whatsoever anything in the way of a retreat. I had had no other goal but reaching the top, when I started, and now stood there alone without a plan.

Like a frozen bird, high atop a pole, I now gripped my steel perch,

Like a frozen bird, high atop a pole, I now gripped my steel perch, motionless and confused. There was no more adrenaline rush to aid me, no more wild ride to focus me, and there was nowhere left to climb but down.

The utter sense of disillusionment for me at that moment had sprung up like a demon out of nowhere. I was not there to hurl myself into the air, as I'm sure most had expected, but to reach the top of the tower to signify my despondency over the record business.

The achievement, having now been accomplished, became my arch enemy, in that it had transformed itself into a bleak and frightening dilemma. My sure-footed psyche had begun to crumble in the face of my now precarious and insane location, both in physical and psychological terms.

As I looked downward through the seeming maze of steel pieces to the roof below; it appeared an impossible task that now lay before me. I was gripped by a sense of fear that I had not expected or planned for. With my body now rigid and spent, I moved more cautiously than before.

As some animals have found to their dismay, once having climbed high into a tree or up a pole, their ability to descend presents an entirely new problem to them and they freeze, staying put. I too, was suddenly aware that climbing down would be completely different than climbing up.

All the angles were reversed and all the leverage points were backwards. Without the aid of adrenaline pumping through my body, I found myself hopelessly lost and terrified. I stopped and began yelling at myself to snap out of it, demanding clearer thinking from my now panicked and tortured brain, lest this become my last day on earth.

As I stood in place, motionless, I reached into my inside coat pocket for the second of two pints of scotch I'd carried with me on my ill-conceived voyage to nowhere. At that point, it was all I could do to calm myself, and reorganize my thoughts, in preparation for the demoralizing challenge of the descent.

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I gazed out again at Hollywood's familiar streets, and L.A. beyond, longing to be anywhere but where I was at that moment. Through weary eyes and a veil of fragmented emotions, I stared longingly at terra firma and the green backdrop of the Hollywood hills.

I was completely exhausted. My tired eyes searched the terrain for a starting point down, as I struggled to readjust my thinking to fit the task before me. It wasn't that climbing down presented impossible problems; it was a crisis, I suppose, because of the condition of my body, mind, and the wind.

I'd expended a lot of energy getting up there and performing for the crowd, so the lack of sleep and being loaded presented me with new and challenging parts of the puzzle left to solve.

Above, multiple helicopters continued their endless circles, and the crowds had swollen to enormous sizes on three different sides of the Pacific Theater. I could see faces peering out of windows in adjacent buildings, and from decks of houses scattered throughout the hills behind me.

It had become a full fledged event, I thought, as I stood there scanning the surrounding area. Because of the shape of the steel beams that made up the tower's construction, there had not been any place to sit down really. The best I'd been able to do was to lean against anything vertical while standing on anything horizontal.

To make matters worse, I was now paying strict attention to electrical lines that ran from top to bottom on the tower. Far more visible than I'd noticed coming up, they were quite pronounced while continually looking down. They loomed before me as a main consideration for my journey downward.

I popped another chloral hydrate and took another drink in anticipation of the dizzying trip down through the non-stop wind. I surmised that the lower I went on the tower, the less trouble I'd have fighting it. This in itself gave rise to the thought of "let's get going."

Moving downward and sideways, I began getting used to the different foot and hand angles as I crisscrossed the face of the tower. My mind was adjusting to the different pattern of beams I encountered, and a new system of how to approach these patterns quickly developed.

The acute angles, which are angles somewhere between vertical and horizontal, presented the greatest problem. On the way up, those angles were points of leverage; on the way down they were

The acute angles, which are angles somewhere between vertical and horizontal, presented the greatest problem. On the way up, these angles were points of leverage; on the way down they were more like slides.

Climbing up on them, I had to pull my weight; going down on them, I found myself fighting to hold my weight back. Not so much at the smaller top of the tower, but becoming more and more so as the tower widened at lower levels. I was getting the hang of it though, but it still proved to be tough going.

As mentioned, the electrical lines were more of an issue now than they had been before. I was continually having to maneuver my way around them, being careful of where I put my hands and feet, which only added to my growing list of difficulties.

Looking back now, it is somewhat amazing to me how careful I was climbing down, and how completely reckless I was going up. The fact that the lines were far more visible looking down on them, coupled with the level of my exhaustion, would explain this to some extent.

Below me on the roof was an ever growing crowd of officials, firemen and police preparing for my anticipated arrival. Staring down at them, it occurred to me that they would probably arrest me, if in fact, I safely reached their location.

I continued dwelling on this thought, and decided it was not an acceptable outcome, after enduring over three hours on the tower. Because of what I'd gone through, and the condition I was in, I didn't want it to end like that. I slowed my descent to give due consideration to this unwelcome concern.

As I thought about this very possible outcome, a rush of anger and adrenaline surged through me, instantly clearing my mind and energizing my body. I began bouncing around again on the tower as my weariness all but vanished. By switching the psychology of my thinking, I now felt in control again, having made the decision to refuse being arrested as the final outcome.

Now I was alert, and my tired limbs were once again my trusted friends. Gone was the fear and trepidation which had perviously engulfed me.

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I'd been in jail too many times to accept without a fight going there now, as the final outcome of my struggle to be heard. My decision was made. I would refuse to come down merely to face that form of final humiliation.

My anger, rising out of my fear of getting arrested, was like speed, and had the magical power to heal me in times of crisis such as this. On that particular day on the tower, it brought welcome relief in the form of new-found strength to my deteriorated condition.

I continued my way down, but in a much less deliberate fashion. Somewhere around 60 feet or so above the rooftop, I peered down into the pool of gawking faces looking up at me. I yelled down at them, but between the continuing drone of the helicopters, the wind, and the distance, it was impossible to hear.

I moved even closer to them, having decided I wanted to pow wow with the authorities. Stopping my descent at around 40 feet, or four stories above the roof, I made the critical error of believing I was closer to them than I actually was.

I'd been up very high for a longtime, so it was easy to misjudge the distance to the roof at this point. Simply stated, it looked a lot closer than it was. This critical mistake in judgement would prove to be my undoing.

A discussion of sorts, between me and those down on the roof, had begun. Obviously the big question was, "Are you coming down?" In response to that question, I yelled back, "I don't know yet." "Well what's the problem Bobby?" someone hollered up at me.

I looked down at the faces of the firemen, police, and others, gathered on the roof, studying their expressions. They looked weary, angry, and to some degree concerned, as they stared back up at me. "Why are you doing this?" shouted another voice. "I wanted to make a point," I answered. "About what?" came the response.

Before I could answer, another voice boomed upward, "Are you going to kill yourself?" "No!" I fired back, "I just wanted to get paid for my work. I just wanted someone to know what happened to me. I never got paid, so I can't even pay my rent."

"Well how's this going to help you get paid?" someone shouted. My eyes angrily searched for that questioner in the crowd. "Well I got your goddamn attention, didn't I?"

A long moment of semi-silence filled the vacant space between us, until another voice shot up at me saying, "Well come on down so we can talk about it." "Not yet," I snapped back, "not just yet."

The faces below began showing their displeasure and frustration. It was clear at that point that getting me off the tower was their only concern, as opposed to giving a shit about any reasons I had for going up there in the first place.

Believe me when I say that I understood this point, but I was not going to meekly climb down without making them understand mine as well.

The secondary issue of getting arrested, if and when I did come down, was also front and center in my thinking. "Anyway," I yelled, "You're just going to arrest me if I come down, so what's the point? If I stay up here you can't arrest me."

The absolute logic of my statement sent the faces below into a suppressed frenzy. They turned towards each other, and the faint sound of their heated conversations floated up to me. My remark

The absolute logic of my statement sent the faces below into a suppressed frenzy. They turned towards each other, and the faint sound of their heated conversations floated up to me. My remark had pointed out the futility of the situation, leaving all of us stumped and handcuffed to this pathetic standoff.

Here we all were. Them down there, waiting to corral me, and me up here, refusing to get corralled. Like a game of Texas Hold-em, we had bluffed our way to a stand still.

About then, a lone fireman stepped forward shouting, "You know there's 10,000 volts running through that tower." I peered down at him and shouted back, "I don't care, man." Looking dismayed, he countered with, "You're lucky you didn't get electrocuted." I stared back in silence as he added, "It's off now, we cut the power." He lingered for a moment looking up at me, then shook his head in disgust and melted back into the crowd.

The growing restlessness from those below in acknowledging they were hog-tied by my refusal to cooperate, was only enhanced by their sheer inability to do anything about it to this point. It wasn't as though they could run up and grab me by force, so they were ham-strung and knew it.

Unfortunately for them, I knew it too. I was also aware that they were none too happy down there, but I'd made up my mind not to get arrested, so I held my position.

After some more discussions below, another person stepped forward with a different approach. "Hey Bobby, he yelled, "Yeah?" I yelled back. "Dr. Ferguson is here somewhere, will you talk to him?"

Dr. Ferguson was my psychiatrist at Edgemont Hospital, and I liked him. I also knew I could trust him, from experience. "Yeah," I shouted down, "Get him up here, I'll talk to him."

After about five minutes, Dr. Ferguson appeared on the roof below me. In his late 60's, he looked somewhat rattled but friendly as always. "Hi Bobby," he shouted up at me. "Hi Dr. Ferguson, how you doin?" "I'm fine," he said, "Now what's it going to take to get you down from there?" "They're just going to arrest me if I come down, Doc," I yelled.

"If I can guarantee that won't happen, you'll come down?" he yelled. "Yeah," I shouted back, "I'll come down." As I watched the goings on from above, I saw Dr. Ferguson turn back in my direction and position himself directly below me again. He gave me his personal assurance that I would not be arrested or taken anywhere by anyone.

That moment is burned into my mind forever. It was that moment when I made a decision that would forever change my life. As long as the ordeal had lasted, my decision to end it took only seconds, the same number of seconds it had taken for me to decide to climb the tower in the first place.

I remember clearly, as I'm writing this, what my thinking was as I readied myself to leave the tower. I was suddenly faced with an insane dilemma created by my exhausted mind. It flashed in my thoughts that, after all that had happened, I could not just simply climb down and end it.

I felt too connected to the tower itself, and to all the people who had witnessed this insanity, and had stayed for hours to see what would happen to me. I felt strongly that I owed them something more than to merely climb down at this point; we had shared too much.

This diabolical concept and misplaced sense of loyalty towards absolute strangers, for me, was the powerful and destructive force in full control of my actions. I languished there on the dull steel, which had been my home for nearly 4 hours, thinking, "I can probably jump from here to the roof, it isn't that far."

The distance was misleading, after viewing things from much higher. I had wrongly measured the distance with my eyes concluding it was safe. "I can do it," I decided, "I can do this." I moved my body into a position directly above where Dr. Ferguson had stood minutes earlier.

As I stared down at my chosen landing spot, the faces on the roof stared back at me. Their expressions soured as they quickly saw what was happening.

They began waving their arms, making gestures with their hands, as if they were trying, by some invisible force, to stop me and hold

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They began waving their arms, making gestures with their hands, as if they were trying, by some invisible force, to stop me and hold me where I was on the tower. With eyes wide they started yelling, "No! No! Don't Do That! No! No!" as my body left the safety of its home.

I remember the wind suddenly changing directions as I fell through space to the roof below. Now free from my steel perch, I was transformed into dead weight, racing downward through the air.

In mid flight I remember thinking, "I should be on the roof by now," but I was not. The fact that I had time to think of this was signal enough that my judgement of the distance had been way off.

As I flapped my arms, trying to slow my descent and right myself, the angle of my trajectory veered slightly to the left. I hit the roof like a sack of concrete, landing on my left foot first, followed quickly by my right foot with slightly less impact.

My body crumpled like paper against the flat hard surface of the roof, slamming my mouth shut with such force it fractured a number of teeth and nearly knocked me out. I lay there in a heap for a moment, dazed and unsure of my condition. I was quickly surrounded by fire rescue as I crawled to a wall to lean against.

I couldn't speak at first, because the impact of the landing had completely knocked the wind out of me. I also distinctly remember, at the time, being aware of the complete lack of any pain whatsoever. Other than feeling I'd had the crap kicked out of me, I thought I was OK, because there was no pain.

I leaned back against a retaining wall, and a fireman cut the leg of my leather pants with a large pair of shears, looking for damage. "Hey man!" I managed to say, pushing my hand at him, "Those are expensive pants." He looked at me like I was nuts, which I was, and pulled back his shears, shaking his head in amazement.

I fought to gather my senses, while the bulk of the roof area deteriorated into a madhouse. I don't have any clear recollection of what took place up there after that, other than what I have told you, so the actual facts of that time period are a blank.

The next thing I do remember, was lying on my bed in the small room I had rented for a week, prior to climbing the tower. I think it was on Cherokee Ave. in Hollywood, a few blocks from the Pacific Theater. I had about 3 days left on the rent, and then I'd be out on the street again.

As promised by Dr. Ferguson, I was not arrested, or taken anywhere by anyone, which in itself is remarkable. I have no memory of how I got from the scene on the roof to the tiny room I was now in. I do remember watching myself on the news all afternoon, on a small portable black and white TV, and being amazed by the amount of coverage the whole thing received.

I watched it over and over, as they showed me on the tower at different stages. I remember those pictures vividly, and in particular, the look on my face when I jumped. I laid on that bed for hours, reliving the day and listening to reports, when the pain began to come. Where there had been none, now there was an explosion of pain.

My agony began to mount. I tried moving around and getting into different positions on the bed, but nothing helped. As the misery increased I found it impossible to keep my self quiet, and began moaning into my pillow.

I tried to get off the bed and go ask for help, but found I could not walk or crawl. There was no telephone, so I couldn't call. I had only the sound of my voice or banging on the wall as a means of getting someone's attention.

It had been some 6 hours since I jumped off the tower, and my feet were purple and enlarged from swelling. The left one appeared to be much worse, but they both looked bad. The pain had now become intolerable, and I cried out, begging for help.

With no way to get off the bed, I was stranded there trying to get someone to hear me. It wasn't as if no one knew I was there, the whole building knew what had happened to me. After some time, and because of the increasing volume of sounds coming from my room, there was a knock on my door.

"Hey are you OK in there?" No!" I moaned, "I need help, I need some help." A few minutes later I heard someone at the door again and it opened slightly. A face peered in and asked how I was doing. "Not so good," I sobbed, "I think I gotta go to the hospital, I can't walk."

I broke down at that point crying openly. A very large guy I didn't know, but had seen around the building days before, rushed in

I broke down at that point crying openly. A very large guy I didn't know, but had seen around the building days before, rushed in saying, "It's OK man, it's OK! We'll get you to the hospital." He reached down and picked me up in his arms and carried me out of the room.

* * *

My body hangs suspended in air. Like a tiny leaf nestled on the wind. I float against the sun and blue of the sky. My eyes see everything and nothing as I linger with infinity. Human forms below stand motionless. Like steel statues pinned to the earth. No sound do I hear. Not a thing do I feel, but peace.

Faces reach out to me with their eyes. Guiding me, caressing me. The world stops in a gasp....breathless and still. "Where Oh Lord is this place?" I mutter....
no answer... The hills stand in awe of the moment. Moaning in unison at the spectacle before them... Birds watch with tears frozen in their eyes....

I drift slightly in the breeze and feel myself lose the air. I grab as it speeds away. The green of the earth shifts on the horizon and I slip into free fall. My mind races against the wind now pelting my face. The black steel of my home whispering as I careen downward.

Gone is the safety of my perch. Gone now my weightless body on the breeze. The human forms below in a frenzy as they jerk themselves awake. "Where is ground zero?"

I feel cold heavy air crashing against me as I race toward the dark bottom. Sadness fills my eyes. The gasp of an illogical conclusion. The calamity of it. The utter necessity of it..... "Why am I here? Why have I come to this?"

My thoughts end as I hit hard against the roof. My legs twist like paperclips beneath the weight of my body. My teeth shatter in my mouth along with my feet inside my boots. I cannot breath. I am alive... I fight to remain conscious. Struggle to gauge the extent of the damage...

I awoke from my morphine dreams to the sounds of the hospital. I looked down at my legs and casts thinking, "Man, I sure fucked myself up this time." The dull throbbing pain was still hammering away as I tried to figure out my life.

There was so much damage at this point, that I wondered if I wasn't just totally nuts. The past nine or ten years hadn't gone too good, I thought, as I tried moving my feet inside the casts.

No such luck. They were frozen there like two chunks of ice. I stared down at them for a long time, wondering how long I'd be like this. After a while I drifted away, back into the softness of the morphine.

* * *

When I was a kid, back in 1957, in Tucson, AZ, I stood in front of the bathroom mirror, combing my hair into various styles trying to get it just right, so I looked like a rock-n-roll star. With a cigarette dangling from my lips, I was suddenly startled by the sound of knocking on the door.

"What are you doing in there Bobby?" came my mother's voice, "You've been in there for 30 minutes. You better not be smoking in there," she warned. I knocked off the burning tip of the cigarette into the toilet and flushed it. "I'm not smoking," I lied, "I'm just going to the bathroom."

"Well hurry up, for God's sake. Let somebody else have a turn." I wildly waved a towel at the open window trying to make the smoke go out, saying, "OK, Ok, I'm coming." I reluctantly opened the door and exited the bathroom, hoping my mother wasn't going to run a smell test for smoke.

I headed for my bedroom and the record player, choosing a Presley tune called "Baby Let's Play House." As the music filled my room I was swept up in the driving rhythm and started moving like Elvis, I hoped, losing myself in my dreams.

* * *

After a day or so, my mother, one of my brothers, and Carol Paulus, came to the hospital. I wasn't all that glad to see them because of the circumstances, but it stayed pretty low key. I attempted to explain the various points of damage to my body as they stared at my legs and the casts.

"God it looks so bad," said my mother, "I didn't know it was this bad." "Yeah, I guess I really screwed myself up," I said, but I was lucky on two counts.

Number one, the roof had a little give to it, so I wasn't permanently crippled or killed, and two, I was operated on by a visiting orthopedic surgeon who happened to be at USC, and chose to take on my case for future publication in a medical journal. They seemed pleased with this information. We visited a little more, until I drifted off again.

* * *

Like I said, back in 57, I hoped I moved like Elvis, because my brother Bill and I were going to perform at Cal Rubin's Furniture City on Speedway Blvd. in Tucson that evening. We'd been doing that each week for a while now, ever since we'd won a talent search they'd sponsored.

We were The Macdonald Brothers then, and tried to look and act like The Everly Brothers. We had matching black Harmony guitars and shirts, and we knew some good songs, Be Bop A LuLa, by Gene Vincent, being one of my favorites.

Along with well known songs by everybody else, we'd stick in one of our own too, just to see how it went over. Back then, for a couple of hours a week, we were real rock-n-roll performers.

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The fact that I'd managed to survive two comas, and a bone crushing fall, in a matter of months, was somewhat of a miracle in and of itself, and would have caused most people to celebrate it as such. But inside my head was not like the inside of somebody else's head. This was my mind, and it was broken.

There was no deep realization that I'd been spared for something better, or that my guardian angel had saved my life three times in a row. In my mind, this was just some more of the same weird shit that always happened to me.

If anything, I viewed my circumstances as par for the course, and had no plans to change a thing. I vowed to myself in that hospital, that I'd keep going, and with a vengeance.

I was taken to L.A. County Hospital by two girls from the building, and the big guy who had carried me out of my room. After they got me to emergency, and said their goodbyes, I was placed on a steel gurney and rolled into a crowded corridor, where I stayed for over five hours without any treatment whatsoever.

There I squirmed in pain, hour after hour, periodically breaking down in tears. At times, I could overhear the nurses talking to each other, saying, "He's just a drug addict trying to get pills, there's nothing wrong with him, he's just fakin' it."

I tried repeatedly to catch someone passing by who would help me, but without success. When I couldn't tolerate the pain any longer, I broke down and sobbed openly, begging for help. Finally an orthopedic surgeon was summoned after five hours.

As he began examining my feet and ankle, he became incensed over what he saw. He angrily demanded an explanation from the staff as to why no one had understood the seriousness of the problem. "Doesn't anyone here have eyes?" he demanded. "Did anyone even bother to examine this patient?"

The doctor ordered the same nurses, who had done nothing, to now prepare me for immediate surgery. "Get him ready now!" he yelled. This was a welcome relief to me in the state I was in by then.

As well as the swelling and discoloration of my feet and ankle, the doctor was extremely worried that infection had set in. Also of concern was possible blood vessel injury and nerve damage.

I had been there for hours and nothing had been done, but now I was the center of attention as the doctor continued yelling orders at the now remarkably attentive staff.

As the full scale rush to get me into surgery ramped up, I began feeling the effects of the various medications being fed into my body intravenously. I remember now the sense of relief I felt at the time, as I slowly drifted into unconsciousness on that gurney.

When I woke, hours later, the pain in both my feet and left ankle were singularly the worst pain I have ever felt in my life. As soon as I was able, I pleaded for something to ease the pain, but was

When I woke, hours later, the pain in both my feet and left ankle were singularly the worst pain I have ever felt in my life. As soon as I was able, I pleaded for something to ease the pain, but was told I had to wait until the effects of the anesthesia wore off.

Not too much later, an orthopedic surgeon came by to talk to me about the surgery and damage. He told me my ankle had been crushed, and all the bones in both feet were broken to some degree.

As a result of the massive impact on my body, I also had fractures to my lower vertebrae. He explained that the damage to my ankle was known as a paratrooper break, named for ankle fractures sustained by paratroopers during the second world war. Simply put, my ankle joint had disappeared.

He was still concerned about infection, such as sepsis, and gas gangrene being a problem, as well as nerve, ligament, and muscle damage. I had a cast that ran from the bottom of my left foot all the way up to my left hip, and a cast that ran from the bottom of my right foot all the way up to my right knee.

I would remain in those casts for six months or more, and in bed for nearly that long. As I listened to him going through the litany of destruction to my body, I stopped him saying, "Can't you get them to give me something for this pain, Doc, I can hardly stand it." He paused there and looked at me saying,"You know you've got other problems as well, my friend, that's how this happened in the first place."

"I wasn't trying to kill myself man, really, I thought I could make it," I said. "It was just a lot higher than it looked after being up so high before." "I didn't mean to imply that you were trying to kill yourself," he answered, "but I think the fact that you were up there at all is a pretty clear sign that something is wrong."

"Yeah," I replied. "just about everything in my life is wrong at this point. Just about every single thing I can think of." "What exactly does that mean?" he asked. "Well, I been in the music business for a lot of years, ya know and...," "Yes I heard you were a musician," he said.

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"Yeah, well I never got paid for the stuff I did and it makes me crazy, and then I get loaded and...," He gently interrupted me saying, "I think I get the picture, Bobby. You get worked up over what's happened to you and it gets out of control at some point, like yesterday." "Yeah! Exactly! Just like yesterday, it got outta control. It just got completely outta control....."

"Well look," he said. "I'll make sure the nurse gives you something for the pain as soon as we can safely do that. You try to think up some better ways of showing the world you're dissatisfied with it, will you?"

"Yeah, OK Doc, I'll think up safer ways to be pissed off." "There you go," he said smiling, and turned and walked off through the ward. Later, a nurse came by with a shot of morphine, and I soon drifted off to another place....

The hours turned into days, and weeks into months. There was nothing to do in the hospital but think about my troubles and take drugs. The routine was killer. No therapy, and no change to speak of, just a repetitious circle to nowhere.

I became the victim of my own warped perspective on what it all meant. One would have thought that someone busted up for the reasons I was, would have been a star candidate for psychiatric consideration.

Why was I still alive? I didn't know. When I'd started, back in 1963 and 64, it all made so much sense. I had a plan then--write songs, make records, become a star, and everything would be wonderful.

It was a far cry from that now, nothing made any sense. My feelings of failure and resentment were like quicksand, and no matter how I struggled, I could not free myself from sinking into the abyss of my own self pity.

I learned over time, that by redirecting my feelings of depression into anger, I could focus the destructive energy outward, as opposed to a self debilitating inward beating of myself.

Suicidal thoughts became aggressive thoughts. Aim it at them, I thought, instead of at me. Kind of like turning the gun on someone else rather than holding it to my own head. Although this was truly screwed up thinking, it did allow me to cope with my own demons.

I was suffering on many levels. Isolation, no security of any kind, feelings of failure, a damaged body and mind, and an overall sense of futility. This acute and chronic state of demoralization was lethal. I knew instinctively it had to be checked in some way, so anger became my ever present and increasingly important ally.

The main thrust of this particular form of personal psychology was my rock bottom belief that I had been used and then discarded by numerous persons in the music business, as well as the business itself.

My daily consumption of drugs and alcohol had only served to magnify these feelings and beliefs over time, and had finally led, unfortunately, to my destructive and bizarre behavior. Had I ever

My daily consumption of drugs and alcohol had only served to magnify these feelings and beliefs over time, and had finally led, unfortunately, to my destructive and bizarre behavior. Had I ever been clean and sober during these times, which I never was, possibly things would have been different, if only to have been less destructive.

Reality for me during those years was that drugs and alcohol were my only friends, and I was completely dependent on them for everything. It is clear to me now that my personality simply protected the practice of using, without ever acknowledging, that using was the main cause of most of my problems.

This kind of blindness had finally led me to more permanent forms of personal damage that would remain with me, to some degree, for the rest of my life.

* * *

As a kid, the first time I ever remember drinking was after parties my parents had the night before. My brother Bill and I would get up in the morning and go find unfinished drinks and sample them. We acquired a taste for this early on and always looked forward to those parties.

As the years went by, we learned how to get in to my stepfather's locked liquor cabinet, without a key, and we'd steal booze from various bottles refilling them with a little water.

I found too, that the buzz I got from drinking allowed me to shed my inhibitions when singing. This knowledge, once gained, served me for years, until it finally turned on me and began taking a toll.

But in earlier times, drinking beer on the weekends was just part of growing up in America. It was the social grease that many a young zit-faced teenager used to get past his own awkwardness and self doubt, particularly with girls.

Every guy I knew wanted to get laid, but the trouble was that those same guys always came face to face with their nerves. Once we learned about alcohol, we were all destined, to some degree, to rely on it for getting over the humps.

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Growing up in Tucson, in the 50's, I learned that knowing how to fight, and being popular with girls, were the two most important things in life, and that where there was doubt, a little alcohol would fix it.

* * *

I stared at my feet, wondering why my problems with the music business always ended up with me getting hurt, or nearly killed, by my own actions. "Why didn't I take it out on them instead of me?" I thought. "These pricks deserve to be fucked with, I fucked me up enough."

My crazy thinking went a lot deeper than I knew at the time, and was singularly the basis for a critical change inside me. At the deepest levels, I decided in an instant, to cease being the prey, and from then on to be the wolf.

After about three months in USC's orthopedic ward, I was getting stir crazy, to say the least. I convinced someone to sneak me in a pint of booze during a visit, which was a common practice among some of the patients.

While drinking, I got rowdy from my bed with one of the hospital janitor's. We were jabbing at each other verbally, and it led to an argument. This particular event ended, when I told the guy, "If I could walk, I'd kick your ass."

Following, what was deemed my threat against a member of the hospital staff, two uniformed security guards showed up and told me I was being thrown out of the hospital.

I looked at them like they were crazy and asked, "Well where is it you'd like me to go?" They told me that they didn't care, and began digging my clothes out of a small locker next to my bed. I was basically in shock when I realized they were deadly serious about removing me.

They helped get me dressed, which consisted of cutting off the left leg of my pants, because it wouldn't fit over one of my casts. I was then taken out of bed and put in a wheel chair by the guards, and wheeled into the corridor for the long ride down to County General's massive lobby.

Once there, they continued on to the giant entry doors, and then pushed me out into the open air onto a concrete terrace at the top of the stairs that led down to the parking lot. Without so much as a word, they fixed the wheel chair brake, turned and walked back into the hospital.

I sat there alone looking out at hundreds of parked cars wondering what the hell I was gonna do now? It all happened so fast I hadn't had any time to think about where I could go.

One minute I was in bed, and now I was out here. If I could have gotten up and walked away, I would have, but I couldn't. I was stuck in that Goddamn wheel chair and could only maneuver around in that limited space.

I do not recall with much clarity, how long I sat there, but knowing me, I probably got pretty angry as the time passed. I soon began

I do not recall with much clarity, how long I sat there, but knowing me, I probably got pretty angry as the time passed. I soon began raising hell on the front steps of the hospital.

I knew I'd done something wrong to get where I was, hell I always knew that, but what I didn't know was why there was such overkill when others dealt with my mistakes. I wasn't warned or counseled in any way, just dumped out into the world at the first opportunity to be rid of me.

* * *

As a kid growing up, it was always like that. I'd screw up at something, but the punishment would always be overly severe. In 1959 or 60, in Mesa, AZ, my mother had gotten married to my second step father, Francis Farr, a paraplegic Mormon, who I was forced to work for, loading hay trucks around Phoenix.

I was about to turn 16, and he said he'd buy me a car if I worked all summer for him, with no pay. I agreed. At the end of all that hard work, I prepared myself for the well earned payoff.

During a weekend with a couple of redneck friends of mine, I drank some beer, which my stepfather found out about. His version of fair was that he was no longer obligated to keep up his end of the bargain, because, as he said, I'd violated his moral code by drinking.

Without payment of any kind, I angrily told him it was unfair, saying, "You don't have to get me the car, but you do have to pay me something, because I already did the work and you benefitted from it." His response was, "You're not getting anything, as punishment for drinking the beer."

I guess you can figure out this didn't go over too well with me, in fact it led to a complete split from Francis Farr. Soon after, I ran away from home.

This episode was a key component in teaching me that my work, once done, did not deserve or require payment from those I worked for. This insidious lesson was repeated over and over in my experience with the music business, and remains true to this day.

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* * *

I angrily wheeled back and forth on the concrete landing at the entrance of County General Hospital, until I got the attention of what appeared to be a doctor on his way inside. He listened, as I explained my circumstances to him, promising he would investigate the matter immediately, which he did.

His opinion was, that if what I'd told him was true, the hospital had over reacted by throwing me out without following up on an alternative location to place me in, because of my condition.

As a result of this, I was transported to Long Beach General's orthopedic unit and given a bed in a small individual glass enclosed cubical, where I stayed for over 2 months, until I was thrown out for throwing a fire extinguisher through a glass partition.

Once again I was just out there, loaded and angry. I did not have the capacity to deal rationally with the world around me. My emotions, out of nowhere, would explode in a frenzy of rage, leading me to do exactly the wrong thing at exactly the wrong time. I did not do this occasionally, but repeatedly for the next few years.

I truly was my own worst enemy, and unfortunately lived inside my own head, which was similar to driving a car with a broken windshield. I could see out, but everything coming in was distorted by the multiple cracks in the glass.

Seeking real help was never a priority in my twisted thinking. I would rationalize everything down to my troubles with the music business. My singular focus, right or wrong, was them, and not me, and the "me" was going to make vividly clear to "them", how deep my resentment ran.

Without a normal set of daily rules or routine, I was like a pinball bouncing off each moment without any particular direction. Day to day events set the tone in my life, not rational thought.

In many ways I was just completely lost, and lived like an animal fighting for small scraps, which I managed to wrestle away from the world. I clung to my own self-image like a selfish child protects his favorite toy.

To know me then, depended on which one of my various personalities you were encountering. On a good day, I was friendly and quick witted; on a bad day, I was even quicker, and could turn on you in an instant.

Some of these same traits still haunt me today, but in a more muted way. When you have been where I ended up, it is easy to see both the similarities as well as the differences, a reality not very well understood by people who think they know me.

Back in the 70's, the extreme nature of my deficits as a human being were so blatant, that only by personal experience with the, then "me," and the now "me," would you be able to accurately measure any hard-won progress.

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I stood on crutches like a wobbly stack of blocks, now forced to relearn the art of balance. Alone and ashamed, and with no prospects of any kind, I fought to take a single step without crashing to the ground.

As I plodded forward, unnoticed by the world, I vowed to master my own limbs and take another step. One by one I accumulated each of those steps on my long path back.

Both my legs had withered over the five months in casts with no use at all. My muscles were like rubber, and collapsed repeatedly under my weight. My once proud gait had been lost to a now bumbling stumbling rhythmless stomp forward, aided by aluminum sticks.

My view of the world was a view of the ground ahead. While life moved on, I was now relegated, through my own actions, to learn to walk. As a mere shadow of my former self I fought to make sense of my continually crumbling reality.

With no money and no place to go, I once again turned to Carol Paulus for a hand out. Good bad or indifferent, she possessed the capacity, more than anyone else, to deal with me in my destructive madness, a reality I abused more than once.

Because of her own desire to be close to me, she tolerated, to her detriment, my endless insanity and poor behavior. As time passed, and with her help, I learned to walk on the crutches with more grace, but found myself still confined to a world of limitation.

During this period of deep frustration, and in the midst of an angry dispute with Carol, in Westwood, I demanded she take me to UCLA hospital where I stole a wheel chair. In another of a myriad of emotional outbursts, I set out through the streets of Westwood Village in the rolling death trap.

After making it up an incline, I suddenly began rolling, out of control, down a hill on the other side, crashing into the door of a yellow cab. The driver, scared half to death by the impact, stared out at me in a futile attempt to understand how I got there. He rolled down the window asking, "Are you OK man?" I smiled at him and said, "Can you take me to the airport?"

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Without rhyme or reason and with no plan I headed for LAX and boarded, with great difficulty, a plane bound for Tucson, where my mother had moved during my time in the hospitals.

There, with the aid of my younger brother, Quentin, and a small monthly ATD (aid to the totally disabled) check, I would master the art of shooting heroin in a wheelchair and plan my next move.

My mother had opened an American Indian store in Tucson on Grant Road, called the "Three Brothers Trading Post," a store front visible to passing cars, with a small house attached in back.

It didn't make a lot of money, but stayed open and paid the rent. She had a real love for American Indian culture and artifacts, along with the jewelry, pottery, blankets etc. These were the things she traded and sold in the store.

When I arrived, my younger brother, Quentin, was already working and living there. We all knew something about Indian Jewelry, because my mother's third husband, Francis Farr, whom she had since divorced, had dealt in it for years.

Still hobbling around on crutches, I learned to maneuver my way though the house and store where I occasionally helped out. Basically lost, and deeply troubled by my own circumstances, I felt immediately out of place in that surrounding.

For me, it was like moving backwards in my life instead of forward. I was grateful for a place to come to, on the one hand, while being deeply troubled that I'd found it necessary to end up in Tucson at my mother's place.

Being as damaged a person as I was at the time, I felt no one really understood me. It wasn't discussed much, but rather treated as if it weren't really happening.

Part of the reason for this was that the other people in my family all had their own personal demons to contend with, so in essence, it was a house filled with damaged human beings. Unlike me, they didn't want to talk about it, whereas, I didn't want to stop talking about it.

I'm still like that today. If you've got a problem, then let's put it on the table and beat on it untill we find an answer. Most other people would rather keep it hidden and pretend everything is fine, which drives me crazy.

During that time in Tucson, I learned about heroin. Heroin is a dark drug. Not in color, but in the using of it. There was something different about it, I learned, and that difference sets it completely apart from other substances. It stands quite alone in the world of drugs as a mysterious and destructive entity.

I didn't much like it, in comparison to other drugs, but began the process of acquainting myself with it while in Arizona in 1973. There had been a time, in the not too distant past, where the idea of me using heroin was laughable. But as things changed and life became harder and more unpredictable, heroin ceased to be something I wouldn't try.

With the help of my younger brother, I soon learned the fine art of cooking up "smack" in a teaspoon, or tablespoon, to burn off the impurities. Once that was done a small piece of cotton was placed in the spoon soaking up the liquid, trapping further impurities in the cotton.

That accomplished, the drug itself could be drawn into a syringe or outfit, a homemade syringe, and injected. You could, skin pop it, inject it into the flesh, or mainline it, inject it into a vein. Mainlining was what we did. This practice is more hardcore in its effect.

I didn't like needles when I first started, but soon got addicted to shoving them into my body along with the drug itself. In fact, we would shoot up water if we ran out of the drug, just to be able to experience the ritual of doing it. I found this phenomenon rather bizarre, but still participated in it willingly.

Along with injecting drugs, Quentin and I had a fascination with guns, which we immersed ourselves in as well. There weren't too many things deadlier than me and my brother, high on heroin and booze, screwing around with loaded guns.

I remember clearly, a day when he and I went to a bar, called the "Grant Road Tavern." I ended up betting a guy I could beat him at pool, even on my crutches. I lost the game and once back home, Quentin and I got into an argument about it. He'd bet money on me and I'd lost.

After yelling at each other, he shoved me in the chest, and I crashed to the floor. Because of my casts I couldn't get up. Frustrated and angry, I grabbed a loaded AK-47 that was leaning against the wall, and fired off two rounds in his direction, leaving a couple of gaping holes in the wall.

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I stared into the barrel of the gun and could see the tips of the bullets in the cylinder. I reached out with my head and grabbed the barrel between my teeth. This startled my brother and he pulled away from me saying, "You're fuckin nuts, Bob."

He then left the room again only to return with a 22 rifle, which he again pointed at me. I sat on the bed with my head against the wall and stared at him, as his first shot penetrated the wall a couples of inches above my head.

A second, third, fourth, and fifth shot rang out and I still did not move. Frustrated, he yelled at me, saying, "Don't you ever get scared, asshole?" "Not of dying," I answered, "I don't care if I die."

Sunset Blvd. was closed down in front of the Continental Hotel, and for some distance in both directions along the Sunset Strip. The streets filled with onlookers staring upwards at the figure of me walking back and forth along the outer edge of the roof.

As long as I stayed out there, no one had any inclination to join me, except for one single person, Seymour Cassel. Seymour was a pretty well-known character actor at the time, whose face was known from numerous parts in motion pictures and television shows. I knew him from local restaurants and bars in the area.

While watching the coverage on TV, and then coming to the scene itself as it picked up momentum, Cassel had decided to make his way into the hotel and talk to the authorities on site.

Once inside, he convinced the sheriff's department to allow him on the roof, telling them he knew me, and might be of help in getting me to call it off. Desperate for a solution, they'd agreed to give him a shot.

As I sat on the edge of the roof looking down at the crowds of people, a voice yelled out from somewhere on the roof behind me, saying, "Hey Bobby, there's someone here who says he knows you and wants to talk."

I turned my head in the direction of the voice and saw Seymour standing there looking quite friendly and flashing me a big smile. "Hi Bobby," he yelled. "Hey Seymour," I yelled back, "How's it going?" He moved toward me and yelled out again, "You mind if I come out there with you and talk?" "No," I answered, "Come on out here if you can handle it."

Seymour ducked under the pipe railing that ran all around the roof area, and approached me smiling with his hand outstretched. I shook his hand, and a voice yelled out saying, "Watch it Seymour he might jump and take you down with him."

Hearing this Seymour hesitated a bit until I motioned positively for him to come ahead, which he did. Once there, he joined me in a sitting position at the edge of the roof.

We sat there with our legs dangling over the edge, eye-balling the sea of faces below. "Man." he said. "What a view!" "Yeah." I said.

We sat there with our legs dangling over the edge, eye-balling the sea of faces below. "Man," he said, "What a view!" "Yeah," I said, "it's a real trip isn't it." He then asked, "Are you going to jump off this thing?" "Hell no," I replied, "It would kill me." We both laughed...

"So you're not up here to commit suicide?" he asked. "Nope," I replied. "You're just up here screwin' with everybody, right?" he said. "Yeah, pretty much, I just got tired of the bullshit and figured I'd come up here and do a Bobby Jameson on them."

"Wow, man," exclaimed Seymour, "This is like nothing I've ever seen in my life." "Yeah," I replied, It's pretty damn intense." "Bobby, I was watchin' TV," Seymour said, "When they broke into the program with live coverage of this. As soon as I saw it, I knew it was you again, up here doin' your thing. It's damn near on every channel," he said, "I hope you don't mind, man, but I just had to come up here and get in on some of this publicity."

I stared at the look on Seymour's face, and started laughing. "Hell no I don't mind, I'm glad to have you. It's about time somebody figured out what I am doing, and how good this publicity is. If any of those dumb shits in the record business had any brains, they'd realize I was a walking publicity stunt and release every Goddamn record I ever made and use this to promote it."

"Seymour smiled and said, "Yeah, you can't buy this kind of publicity, this is incredible, man." He looked up at the various helicopters circling the area saying, "Look at em all, everybody's here checkin' you out."

He stopped for a second, and then asked,"Hey, Bobby, how bout a cup of coffee?" "Yeah," I said, "Coffee would be good about now." He got up and went toward the railing, yelling to someone about getting coffee.

After a couple of minutes, an individual showed up with two cups of coffee. Not paper cups, but two cups and saucers that said Continental Hyatt House on the side.

As I watched, Seymour yelled at me, "Whatta ya want in your coffee?" "Just a little sugar," I yelled. Momentarily he headed back to me, balancing the two cups as he walked. I wondered if those

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As I watched, Seymour yelled at me, "Whatta ya want in your coffee?" "Just a little sugar," I yelled. Momentarily he headed back to me, balancing the two cups as he walked. I wondered if those guys had any idea of why Cassel had come up here.

I took a cup and saucer from Seymour's outstretched hand, thanking him as he reclaimed his spot next to me. There we were. Seymour Cassel and Bobby Jameson, with our cups and saucers, sitting on the edge of the roof, twelve stories up, sipping coffee and watching the amazing happenings all around us.

As long as I live, I will always remember those moments, with great fondness, of me and Seymour drinking coffee on that roof. We sat in silence staring out at L.A., periodically glancing at the scene below.

After awhile, he said he'd better get going before the sheriff figured out he hadn't gotten anywhere with getting me to come down. He looked at me and asked, "Are you gonna be alright, man?" "Yeah," I answered, "I'll be OK."

We shook hands, and he slowly stood up. Then I watched as he made his way back to the others. He spoke to them briefly and shortly thereafter disappeared from view. I wondered what he said to them before he left. I smiled. "Seymour, what a trip!" I thought, "Seymour Cassel."

I sat alone, smiling at the thought of Seymour, and how he just showed up on the roof of the Continental Hotel that day in 1973 or 74, I don't remember for sure....

I was on that roof for one reason. I refused to be forgotten by all of those who had prematurely written my epitaph in it's varying forms. I was saying to the world, "I am here, I exist."

This was my need, to prove to myself that I had some modicum of power over my life, no matter how desperate. I owned this thing. It was an assertion of my presence in the world, and born out of my focus on those who had used me in the past.

In my abstract battle with the music business, this was my version of a thorn in their side. Ever since the days of Tony Alamo, and the massive Billboard ad campaign, local music industry's regard for me had been muted, and for the most part negative.

Their disapproving view of Tony Alamo was so complete that I had been held responsible for his sins. It doesn't matter to me whether the reader agrees with my conclusions or not, this is my belief.

They were my beliefs then, and they are my beliefs now. They are the things that drove me to do what I did. I had no capacity to sit by forever and be systematically swept under the rug by the self-annointed leaders of L.A.'s publishing, recording, and radio elite.

I slowly stood up, feeling the pain in my feet and ankle as my bones adjusted under the full weight of my body. It had been days since I'd slept and I was now feeling the effects.

Below, the crowd began reacting in anticipation of my next move, and as before I drew energy from them as they waved and yelled up at me. We were connected.

The atmosphere was more like a rock concert than a situation headed for possible tragedy. I stretched out my arms toward the sky in an attempt to recharge myself with the invisible energy all around me.

I moved along the outer edge of the roof, and headed for the extreme southwest corner of the building. There are a couple of things worth noting about the roof of the Hyatt House. The swimming pool is at the eastern end of the roof itself, and there is a structure at the western end of the pool.

This structure is constructed of nearly all glass on the side I was on. While making my way along the edge of the roof, I saw a television cameraman inside this structure, and he was aiming a shoulder-mounted camera at me.

Being the ham that I am, I could not resist playing it up to what I perceived to be a live TV broadcast featuring me on the ledge. The trouble with this was, I was not paying enough attention to what I was doing out there.

In my exuberance to put on a good show, I began looking for something I could do that was more than just making stupid faces. When I reached the very corner of the building, I noticed a steel frame of some kind, jutting out from the wall above the windows on the second structure.

It appeared to be a frame for an awning, but was not in use. I decided that I could jump from where I was on the ledge, and grab onto the frame with both hands, like a monkey bar, which I'd done before on the tower.

It looked like it was made out of 3/4 inch galvanized pipe, and was approximately two or three feet above my head, and stuck out of the wall some twelve to eighteen inches beyond where I stood.

I had not taken the time to notice that the wall of this other structure was made out of stucco, and not concrete, like the sides of the hotel itself, or that the frame was fastened to that wall with screws that didn't appear to have been designed to hold any extra weight.

Without thinking, I just leapt off the ledge, and flung myself out into midair, grabbing the bottom part of the frame with both hands. As I hung there like an idiot, I quickly realized that I could not get back to where I'd been standing seconds before. This was completely unplanned and scared the living shit out of me.

I hung there by my hands, twelve stories above the ground, and was in danger of falling, as the result of a stupid choice. This had been my downfall on the tower as well. The camera was now pinned on me at the window, and I was starting to panic.

Looking up, I knew I had one chance to save my life, because I

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Looking up, I knew I had one chance to save my life, because I was quickly running out of strength. It's amazing what fear can do for you when applied at exactly the right moment.

I had to pull myself up to the lower bar, like a chin-up, and then drag my entire body up into the steel framework. There was nothing to put my feet on for leverage, so I was stuck with what I just described, as my only way out of this mess. I kept looking at the fasteners on the wall and watched them moving in the soft stucco.

The street erupted below, as I clung motionless to the bottom of the steel frame. I did not fight the situation by moving unnecessarily, for fear of breaking the awning frame loose from the soft stucco wall, and sending me to my death.

I focused like a laser on what I was doing, knowing full well I had a single opportunity to succeed. Gathering all of my strength, I pulled myself up as far as I could, and hooked my right arm over the the bottom part of the framework at my arm pit.

From this position, I was able to leverage the rest of my body up into the waiting erector-set of steel. I continued eyeing the fasteners, securing the framework to the wall, hoping they would hold just a little longer, while I pulled my body to safety.

The roof of the structure that held the framework I was on, was two to three feet above me now, and I cautiously moved toward it, until my hands reached the top edge. With my heart pounding, I slid on my belly onto the rooftop and safety.

I looked back over the side, and could see the TV cameraman inside the window below, still pointing his camera at me. With one last wave, I disappeared from his view.

Twelve stories down, the crowd was going crazy, wildly cheering my acrobatic antics, and showing their complete appreciation. Relieved I was still alive, I stood up and raised my arms in the air, as a salute to my conquest, and acknowledgment to those below.

I then sat down and laid back on the roof, exhausted, wondering how many more times I would put myself into these insane positions, and for what? I knew if I continued to test the limits, at some point I would end up dead or seriously maimed as a result.

I quickly brushed off the thought and pulled myself back up into a standing position. The pain in my feet and ankle seared through my consciousness, and I knew I couldn't continue this for much longer. I moved to the edge of the roof I was now on, and looked down on the patio and pool area.

It was crammed full of police and fire rescue workers, rushing around looking confused and unsure of where I was at that point.

around looking confused and unsure of where I was at that point. They'd obviously heard the crowd yelling down below in the street, but didn't known why. They had not seen me hanging on the steel frame from where they were.

Smiling, as I now made myself visible to them, I yelled out cheerfully, "How's everybody doin' down there?" Responding to the sound of my voice, most of them shook their heads in disgust, looking at me like I was completely fucking nuts.

With the incident on the Tower still fresh in my mind, I decided I had to be able to get off this building alive, and without doing any further damage to myself.

I'd made my point, whatever it was, and now turned my attention towards devising a plan to gracefully and successfully ending the current crisis.

Where I was standing was only ten or twelve feet above the authorities, gathered below in the pool area. I knew could jump down to where they were without any real damage being done to myself.

I figured that jumping down to their location would give them an opportunity to get their hands on me, and would also appear to onlookers, as if I'd been caught by them, thereby putting an end to the incident, which was now my single goal.

As I continued debating with myself over the way I would end the day's craziness, I drifted back to an earlier time when life still held the bright promise of things to come.

* * *

In 1958, in St. Johns, Arizona, my brother Bill and I were getting ready to go on stage at the high school assembly, and sing to the entire student body for the first time. We were still new to the town, and were basically unknown by anyone there.

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Coming from Tucson, we'd found ourselves smack dab in the middle of the white Mormons on one side, and the Indians and Mexicans on the other. There was a deep racial line dividing this place, and Bill and I were standing on it.

As I heard our names being announced to the crowd, I wondered how in the hell I'd gotten us into this mess. We stepped from behind the curtain of the auditorium's stage and up to a microphone.

I looked out on the hostile faces staring up at us, as Bill started playing his guitar. He'd launched into the chords of Little Richard's "Jenny, Jenny, Jenny," which was one of our best songs.

My terror quickly dissipated, as the sound of my own voice came booming out through the school's PA system. I looked out at the now totally surprised and approving faces of the whole student body moving in their seats to the pounding rhythm of Jenny, Jenny, Jenny.

At that moment I knew exactly who I was and what i was supposed to do, and my heart was filled with joy and the power of music. An hour later, Bill and I had become overnight sensations in the little northern Arizona town of St. Johns.

* * *

I smiled to myself, as the thoughts of the high school assembly, so many years before, faded into the electricity of the day, and the current situation. I stood on the edge of the roof sizing up the distance, and then jumped into the waiting crowd of police.

What I didn't know, as the crowd of law enforcement surrounded me, was how fed up the West Hollywood Sheriff's Department had become with my antics and the drain on their resources and time.

Rather than ending the day's giant public happening positively, and without injury, I was being arrested, handcuffed, and transported to Camarillo State Hospital.

I soon found myself in the grip of an angry group of cops, who were determined to have me, not only locked up, but put away, and this would prove to be one of the most frightening experiences

This is exactly where I was...Locked ward Camarillo State Hospital

I don't know why I let the police take me into custody. I didn't even think about making a deal before I gave up. I guess it was the exhaustion and pain I was in at the time, and the feeling of just wanting it to end.

Whatever it was, here I am in the sheriff's van, handcuffed and shackled to the seat, as we pull into Camarillo State Hospital. The place is old and massive. It's architecture Spanish, and it stretches out for countless acres in all directions. It's one of those places that you see for the first time and wonder what the hell goes on in here?

The handcuffs and shackles are removed by a sheriff's deputy. I am then taken out of the van by orderlies and escorted to a check-in facility. In a short time, I am being interviewed by a number of staff psychiatrists.

They question me about being suicidal, and no amount of my denying it will convince them otherwise. They have already made up their minds, and tell me in no uncertain terms, that I am definitely trying to kill myself, whether I know it or not.

I insist I am not suicidal. I say I have been suicidal in the past, but no longer feel like taking my own life. No good! They refuse to accept my version, even though it is accurate.

I am moved to another room after the psychiatric interview where I find a newspaper on a table. I am on the front page of the L.A. Times again. On TV I am the lead story of the evening news.

I sit on a couch in a waiting area, eating my first meal in days, and am transfixed on the television screen as it endlessly rattles on about my day's activities. They show each past episode of me, on the tower and Continental Hotel, and the covers of two of my albums, while one of my records plays in the background.

I stare in silence at the massive coverage, finally breaking down in tears, at the shear magnitude of my now televised insanity. I suddenly flash on where I am and what I've done to get to the state mental hospital this day.

What has happened to me? How could I have fallen so far and ended up here? What have I gained? I am now a caricature of my former self, drowning in the demoralizing reality of my own craziness. What have I done to my life? The picture before me is pathetic and bleak, to say the least.

A couple of orderlies come in to take me to a ward somewhere on the extensive grounds of the hospital. I am given no information about where I am being taken or what kind of treatment, if any, I will receive.

The orderlies are closed-mouthed and meticulous, as they guide me about in silence. Soon enough we approach the entrance to my building.

There are open wards, where you can come and go freely, and there are locked wards, where you are not free to do anything except obey the rules. I am put in one of the locked wards. Even though I am a threat to no one, including myself, they put me in here.

Once inside, I am cut off from the rest of humanity. On entering this surreal world, I am struck by the grotesque feeling of desperation and terror that clings to every surface in this building.

The history of the place, and it's past horrors, scream out from the walls, begging for mercy that never comes. It takes no intelligence to recognize that this is purely a part of hell on earth.

The sheer darkness and rabid spirit that nests here would be apparent to a dead man. Bodies wander aimlessly up and down

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The sheer darkness and rabid spirit that nests here would be apparent to a dead man. Bodies wander aimlessly up and down the long dark corridors, until they literally run out of space. They bounce like caroms off the walls and dead-ends, only to return again to their endless wandering.

The staff regards most of these as less than human, and treats them like animals. I watch, as men with large leather belts around their waists and their wrists, chained and buckled to those belts, stumble forward like lost zombies in a perpetual state of slow motion.

Within minutes, the smell begins to turn my stomach, as the stench of urine, feces, and vomit hang in the air. I stand in awe of the wretched scene before me, realizing that I, too, am an inmate in hell.

I am ordered to the nurse's station, and told to give my name and receive my medication. "What medication?" I ask. "Just go there and give them your name," comes the response.

I do as I am told, and hope whatever they give me will make me feel better and put me to sleep. So exhausted am I by now, that I offer no resistance of any kind. I am too tired to fight or try and get answers to my many questions, I am just too tired.

At the window, I give my name, and a hand pushes three small paper cups at me. Pills in one, a pink liquid in another, and water in the third. I am told to take the pills and drink the pink stuff, and then wash it all down with the water, which I do. I am ordered to open my mouth wide to prove I have swallowed it all.

An orderly then takes me to a small room and to my waiting bed, which I long to crawl into. I remember drifting off to the muted sounds of voices, the clanking of keys and doors in the distance, and occasional rambling of lost souls.

I awake with a jolt, to the sound of a loud electric buzzer screeching through the dim gray of morning. I feel lost and afraid, and am quickly engulfed by a murky sense of dread.

"Something is different," I think to myself, "something is terribly wrong." I am not able to collect my thoughts as I normally do. They are jumbled and erratic inside my head. "The drugs," I think, "What did they give me?"

Anti-psychotic medication, such as Haldol and Mellaril, can cause psychosis in a person who is not psychotic in the first place. In Camarillo, that was what was happening to me.

A doctor, or doctors, had decided, on some basis, that I should be placed on anti-psychotic medication, which was quickly causing me to become psychotic.

The more I was given, the worse I got. When I say worse, I mean paranoid, beginning to hear things, unable to finish sentences, terror, and a growing inability to keep track of my thoughts.

I would start in on an idea and then forget what I'd been thinking in the first place. I knew it was the medication, and attempted to refuse taking it. I struggled with my words saying, "I don't want it." I labored to repeat myself, "No, I don't want it."

I stubbornly held my ground in front of the nurse's station med window and would not take the medication. The nurse called for staff back-up on a hospital intercom.

In less than a minute, two male orderlies showed up and confronted me in front of the medication window. After checking with the nurse inside about the problem, one of the staff moved toward me and said, "You have to take your medication, Mr. Jameson, those are the rules."

"No," I moaned, "I don't want it." "If you don't take it, we'll be forced to put you in restraints and inject you with it," he said coldly.

I stood there in a growing state of fear, staring at his face, knowing he meant what he said. I was in no shape to fight them or continue to refuse, I was going to lose this battle either way.

I reluctantly reached down and picked up the first paper cup and downed the contents, then the next, followed by the last cup of water washing it all down. I turned and opened my mouth wide so the orderly could verify that I'd swallowed the contents of each cup.

When it was over I slinked away, fearing I was in danger of losing myself altogether into some black hole of terror.

When it was over I slinked away, fearing I was in danger of losing myself altogether into some black hole of terror.

As I waited for the drugs to act, I anticipated the worst. I was not disappointed. They hit me like a Mack truck after fifteen or twenty minutes, and I felt myself sliding deeper into psychosis and the darkness beyond.

I sat huddled against a wall, trying to gather my thoughts, but they evaded me. I sensed that someone was standing right next to me, but when I looked, there was no one there.

I couldn't figure out where to go. I stood up and started in one direction and then stopped and went in the opposite direction. I stopped again, then started, thinking I'd better go the other way. Over and over, until I just broke into tears, trying to remember what I was doing.

Psychosis is the term used in explaining, amongst other things, breaking with reality. The worse the psychosis becomes, the greater or deeper the break will be.

A psychotic person will find it increasingly difficult to respond appropriately to the situation they are in, and in time may break completely away, as if they had disappeared.

As I fought the effects of the medication, I knew I was beginning to lose myself. I was then summoned to a small office by staff. I sat on a wooden chair in a room, along with a male psychiatrist and a female stenographer.

After locking the door, the psychiatrist began speaking to me and asking questions, while the stenographer took down every word. I was trying to answer, but kept losing my place and would start again.

I continued to struggle, and the psychiatrist was saying, "What's wrong with you? Why are you so weak? Answer my question, you weakling."

I began to freak out and started crying. I tried to explain that the medication was doing something to my mind. "The psychiatrist

I continued to struggle, and the psychiatrist was saying, "What's wrong with you? Why are you so weak? Answer my question, you weakling."

I began to freak out and started crying. I tried to explain that the medication was doing something to my mind. "The psychiatrist interrupted me saying, "Nonsense, you're lying to me, what's really wrong with you?"

This went on for sometime until I suddenly got a single clear thought about what was taking place in that room. It will take longer to explain it than it took me to think it.

I realized the stenographer was there making a record of each of my answers for legal purposes. I also knew that my answers sounded incoherent, because of the effects of the medication.

These answers would ultimately be used against me in a legal hearing, to ascertain my own competency. I immediately clammed up. I would not say another word.

Even in the dim recesses of thought I still possessed, I had correctly figured out the purpose at hand. The medication's effects had been anticipated to do this to me, by whomever had prescribed them for the purpose I just described--to use my own confused words against me.

I knew I had to lessen the amount of drugs getting into my system. I had won this round, but they'd be back again. Everything was based on the medication. If I continued taking it in the amounts given me, I would eventually be lost, and God only knows where I'd end up then.

I was finally let let out of the room. I fought to keep my mind cognizant of the one reality--the medication, find a way to limit the medication, "Find a way, Bobby," I said to myself, "find a way." I kept repeating it, over and over, as I walked through the dim corridor.

"Find a way Bobby, find a way."

I couldn't get any real help in Camarillo, and that was my problem. The damage done to by my own actions just kept being compounded by comas, broken bones, drug addiction, and alcoholism. It was this unending collective scarring of my mind, body, and emotions that had taken their toll and landed me here.

Each piece of the problem worked in unison against me to create a truly lost and combative human being. In the state hospital, the need to make me pay for my sins, as it were, against society, outweighed any of my rights to receive real help in dealing with the basis for my past behavior.

Now in a mental hospital setting, I perceived, and rightly so, that the staff was not interested in helping me. They were determined, in fact, to commit me, and thereby be done with me, as well as my antics on the streets of Los Angeles and Hollywood.

This may sound irrational or highly unlikely to some readers, but unless you have been in this situation yourself, you really wouldn't understand.

I had pissed off the authorities for the last time, in their opinion, and they were bound and determined to get rid of me. So as good and fair as we like to believe we are, we at times are too eager to be free of some of society's problems.

The answer was not to help me, but to remove the problem by denying it had a rational cause. They hid from it, and locked me up in hell, with plans to keep me there and off their streets.

These kinds of judgement calls, by those in charge, sometimes cross the line into dehumanization, and are defended by clever rhetoric, twisted moral logic, and self justification.

I brought the trouble down on myself for sure, but it was what caused me to to this in the first place that they had no interest in resolving or understanding.

As my thinking continued to fail me in Camarillo, I ruthlessly held to the one clear thought left in my mind: the medication I was forced to take, had to be limited in some way.

I made myself practice at the water fountain, trying to take liquid into my mouth and not swallow it, while making it appear as though I had when examined.

The next time the meds call came around I put this technique to the test, and although I still swallowed a lot of the pink poison, much of it was concealed around my gums, until I could get away and spit it out.

I'd go to the nurse's station, take the medicine and then quickly move to the water fountain, once they'd checked me.

My theory, even in the state I was in, was that if I could cut down the amount of medicine being introduced into my system, I would slow the progressive march into total darkness, and a guaranteed longer term of forced commitment in the state mental hospital.

Legally at this point, they could only hold me for 72 hours, unless I exhibited some form of dangerous or otherwise bizarre behavior, which I had not, other than the interview where I had stopped talking to the psychiatrist and stenographer.

This is why the doctors had insisted I was suicidal at check-in, and why this God-awful medication was forced on me. They were attempting to make me appear a lot sicker than I was, and in turn could then legally hold me for a longer period of time.

Although I was unaware of it at the time, Carol Paulus, had been trying to contact me at the hospital. She'd been unsuccessful, because she was told she wasn't a family member, so the staff wouldn't let her talk to me.

Finally my mother was contacted by Carol and they got together, and the hospital was forced to give into my mother's demand that some form of communication with me be accomplished immediately, because she was a family member.

That was when I was allowed to talk to them on the phone, and they knew immediately that I was different in a way they'd never heard before. I was nearly incoherent, but still clung to that one clear and concise thought, managing to blurt out, "Bad medication, get me out now!"

Even in the worst of times I had never sounded that way to either of them in the past, so they knew something wasn't right. It was an immediate red flag to both Carol and my mother, and signaled to them that something bad had occurred to cause my now deteriorated condition.

Within hours, both my mother and Carol arrived at the hospital demanding answers from the administration. My mother insisted on seeing me, but was thwarted at first by the staff, who attempted to argue that a visit at this time would possibly make the situation worse.

Upon hearing this, my mother rejected their argument vehemently, and continued to insist that they allow her to see me personally. Faced with this turn of events, the staff at Camarillo, began backing down when my mother asserted herself into the situation in this manner.

She had a very clear line of thought that she adhered to no matter what; it was called principle. If she thought that you had taken an unprincipled and illegal position, she would fight you to the death over it, and in this case that is what she believed was happening.

It was now a face to face, eyeball to eyeball showdown, in which my mother demanded that I be released into her custody. She did not believe the hospital had my best interests in mind, and told them so in no uncertain terms... "What have you done to him?" she demanded.

The various doctors and higher ups got together and had an emergency conference, to assess their position in the now volatile matter before them. Whatever the hospital's position had been in the beginning, the situation was now rapidly changing.

They were stuck on the legal aspects of what my mother was threatening them with, which was to get an attorney, and have me legally removed from their care.

In the final analysis they agreed amongst themselves, that her position, if tested, would be victorious. For the administrators, holding on to me now would be pointless.

With that in mind, Camarillo State Hospital was forced to release

With that in mind, Camarillo State Hospital was forced to release me into the custody of my mother, which they did.

You may be thinking I was not in Camarillo long enough for it to be as bad as I am saying here, but my response would be this. If I had not been removed immediately from that God awful place when I was, I would have succumbed to the medication's hold on me, and would have given the hospital all the evidence they needed to hold me for an extended period of time.

Camarillo State Hospital has since been closed, because it became known that what had gone on in there was so far removed from anything acceptable that it could only be partially rectified by doing away with the place once and for all.

* * *

Memories of Camarillo State Hospital: Gail Green

Green, 53, was committed there by her parents in 1966, back when adolescents lived among adults with criminal records, and she stayed institutionalized until 1968. She was 5150-ed (deemed a danger to herself and others) by the state in 1977, and spent the next year at Camarillo State Hospital in a catatonic stupor. "I didn't know where I was when I came out of it," she said. She had one friend, an older woman named Mary who used to drag her into the shade when the mixture of Thorazine and 90-degree heat got too heavy. Then Mary died one day. "My family never came to see me," Green said plainly. "It was as if they forgot about me. I became numb. I thought I'd die here."

Tuesday, March 3, 2009

(part 151) THE GUARD

Artwork by Ulli

"The Guard" was created out of desperation, as the self-inserted protector of the child, known as Bobby. He is singularly responsible for the child's emotional welfare.

Since the inner child has been terrorized by past events, and has endured severe emotional trauma, the guard now stands at the only door that leads to the child's emotions. It is his sole duty to exact any punishment necessary on anyone who attempts to harm the child further.

This dedicated and decisive personality was not sought out by any other part of the psyche, known as Bobby Jameson, but to the contrary, appeared on his own, born out of necessity exhibited by the traumatized child.

This Doc Holliday-like character, whose only purpose is to inflict damage on emotional trespassers, still stands at his post today. The introduction of other personalities or alter egos, occurred spontaneously as the need arose. The guard's very existence is an outgrowth of such a need.

Since the inner child is the essence of the human being known as Bobby Jameson, the protection of that essence or "original person" is primary to the ongoing emotional security, if not the very existence, of that person.

The guard does not follow rules, he has but one single purpose for being, "Protect the child at all costs." Unlike multiple personality syndrome, I am acutely aware of this "other personality" within my own conscious mental framework. I have, over time, learned to warn people that if they go too far they will encounter "The Guard."

At the end of 1973, or beginning of 1974, I'm not sure, I fought for a reason to continue on, in light of all that had happened to me. There were many times back then when I was confronted by those who attempted to belittle me, based on my extreme history.

By then, I'd become more like two people than one, the ever trusting kid with a smile and a song, and the darker overseer known as "the guard."

When fully engaged, the guard does not feel pain, or fear any form of consequence which might arise as a result of him carrying out his single job.

He has no sense of fair play, and his presence, once mobilized, is self sufficient in the extreme, without the slightest regard for those he is tracking.

In the beginning, I was not as aware as I am now, of the unequalled commitment to the child that the guard can and will exhibit when necessary.

In Hollywood, as I stated before, there were those who, at times, attempted to glorify themselves at my expense, foolishly believing they had little to fear from me. Those moments are forever enshrined in the undying reputation I earned on those occasions.

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The personal psychology of trauma inflicted on me, by me, was the worst of it. Once I was willing to establish a concrete pact of non-suicide with myself, or stopped threatening myself with murder, the guard appeared.

This I find quite interesting, in that it appears that the guard's real value was only relevant if, in fact, I became one of those trying to protect myself, as opposed to being the primary source for the infliction of pain and/or destruction of myself.

This agreement did not carry over at that time to the destructive use of various substances, which were, in fact, the worst offenders against any common sense I might have possessed had I been sober.

The second area of concern that remained unchecked was that of putting my life in jeopardy when facing combatants on the street or in bars when the occasion would arise.

The fact of the matter is, that it was the guard who issued each deadly notice, all the way to a death threat, if necessary.

It would take a lot more time, and eventual sobriety, to limit, in even the smallest way, the impulsive nature of the guard and his extreme pursuit of the child's ultimate safety.

Thursday, March 5, 2009

(PART 152) GETTING DANGEROUS

In 1974 I was dangerous. I'd come to the understanding that I was not wanted or needed by anyone in the music business in L.A.

The city was not going to tolerate any more of my public performances on their buildings or any other structures. For the first time in eleven years, I felt as though there was no purpose for me in Hollywood.

This psychological blow was at the heart of what I would do in the next year or two. The danger for me was, that I was me, and couldn't be anyone else, though at times I truly wished I was.

I was stuck inside my damaged mind, and it was doing the thinking for my damaged body and emotions.

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In a setting that was on the one hand hostile, and curious about me on the other, I was an accident waiting to happen.

It was a love-hate relationship that existed between me and L.A., and I was a sideshow event that people said things about like, "Hey, there goes that jumper guy." I was now no more than a curiosity with an even more curious past.

I knew who I had been, and because of it could not put myself into an average-Joe pair of shoes, anymore than I could fly to the moon.

I walked around with the ever-playing movie of my own life history swirling in my head, while it tapped constantly into my emotions.

This disorganized process went on willy-nilly, and still continues today. Every now and then I'll run into someone who says, "Well I never heard of you," to which I occasionally reply, "Yeah, well I never heard of you either."

I mean there isn't a lot I can do with this shit, it's just there in my head playing.

Eleven years of the progressive disease of alcoholism had done a real job on me, but I continued on anyway, with the deep belief that booze and drugs were the only thing keeping me together.

This, in fact, is the delusion of the disease itself: that what is literally destroying you is your only true ally and friend. It's there when you are afraid, lonely, happy, angry, sad, etc.

It is the single constant and consistent fact, other than breathing, that one is aware of while in the grips of the disease.

In your mind, or my mind, to be exact, this is the one thing that makes all other things possible, and without it one could not exist.

The word "substance" includes any and all things ingested, by whatever means, for the purpose of altering, in any way, one's own consciousness.

It is the manually applied version of an automatic process, in other words, the user takes over the daily job of how they feel, by adding substances not normally present at all, or in the amounts being added.

Who I was in 1974, was not a pretty picture. There had been no help of any kind, but my problems kept compounding themselves, and were further complicated by an expectation of the world that I act right.

At the point at which I was, in 1974, that was highly improbable, if not downright impossible. I had no ability to rationally view my life, or options, since I continued the destructive process of pouring gas on the fire by using.

As mentioned, I had ceased trying to kill myself. The killing of one's self is an act of murder. If one gives up attempting to carry out that act on one's self, it does not necessarily mean that one has given up the willingness to commit such an act on someone other than himself.

This is at the center of my position that I was dangerous. I was obsessed with protecting myself from others, who in my mind were out to do me no good.

Whether this was true or not, is irrelevant, because it was what I perceived to be true, thus causing me to be on constant alert.

Since the world had rejected me, in my opinion, the world was my enemy. It didn't want me, but I had nowhere else to go but the world.

My sense of not being a part of anything, and with no clear alternative, I was just a machine that kept going with no concept of where I was going.

I was stunted emotionally and developmentally, and in many ways was like a child in the way I viewed things. My emotional read on the world around me was not that of a an adult , but of a damaged or abused child.

The only times in my life when I'd been at all responsible, were when I was writing music and working in the studio. Without that, I just wandered aimlessly through each successive tragedy

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I had no money, no job, and surrounded myself with dope dealers, con-men, prostitutes, and others, who were similarly disposed to view the world with disdain.

In 1974, because I had no idea of what to do, I accepted an invitation to go to Nashville, Tenn. with a cocaine dealer, whom I will just refer to as DP.

Because the damage to my ankle was so massive, walking without pain was impossible. My desire to be off the crutches, drove me to endure a level of misery, similar I would suppose, to standing on an ice pick with each step.

There was no way to do this without the aid of a mixture of alcohol and pills. My personal demand on myself to walk, only made worse the mental and emotional problems I suffered from, because of the extreme amount of substances I required to tolerate the pain.

I'd managed to get off the heroin, but clung to the pills and booze like my life depended on it. Any thought of quitting that practice seemed absurd to me at the time and was never considered.

I received no treatment of any kind for the myriad of challenges I was faced with. I was still getting a small check each month from ATD, (aid to the totally disabled) from the State Of California, but would soon face the world flat broke again, when cut off.

After some time in Arizona, I suddenly, and without warning, just up and left, as was my practice. Another snap decision that would again prove to be life altering.

In my mind, Los Angeles, and Hollywood in particular, was home, whether they wanted me or not. Hollywood and Bobby Jameson were like two lovers that didn't get along, but had great sex. We always took each other back, no matter how bad the last fight may have been.

Once there, I spent some time at Carol's, and in the house of Donald Lively, a multi-millionaire drunken coke-head from Dallas, who didn't think I was that bad because he was worse off than I was. Don once rented a Learjet for an afternoon, and convinced me to come along.

Somewhere during the flight he offered the pilot $500. to pull the "stick" back, causing the plane to go virtually straight up for a number of seconds. That was his idea of a good time. He later drowned in his own bathtub in Dallas under suspicious circumstances.

Prior to Don Lively's demise, I spent a lot of time in his house getting loaded on cocaine, pills, and booze, while writing songs and trying to reinvent myself for the hundredth time.

Around town I'd earned a reputation as the jumper, and this monicker, hung on me by various well wishers, was something I accepted, because it was not only true in a macabre way, but came with an odd type of recognition.

For an egocentric nut case like me, that kind of notoriety fit right in to my now twisted sense of pride and humor. Something like, "I may be crazy, but you know who I am."

Truth being told, I'd become more famous for climbing up on buildings and jumping off the tower, than I was for being a recording artist or song writer, at least in L.A.

Unfortunately, I was not capable of distinguishing one kind of fame from another, and did not understand the ever more grim state of being I lived in. To me it was all fame. I didn't seem to care for what, as long as I was famous, which proved to be the most insidious of all my weaknesses.

What I needed was some serious psychiatric help and physical therapy, coupled with a stable environment, but what I received was next to nothing.

What I did have, was my own set of rules, or lack thereof, designed for the purpose of catapulting me into the public eye and keeping me there at any cost. I was a lost madman on a continual ride down, with a one way ticket to calamity.

Looking back, there was absolutely no attempt to retrieve the human being known as Bobby Jameson. To the contrary, there existed kind of a cheerleading atmosphere, by some, to glorify my antics as something other than what they were, tragic.

I was guilty more than anyone of promoting such an idea, mostly out of an inability to be honest with myself about the true nature of my insanity, and the reluctance of others to intervene.

Once again, I was loose on the streets of Hollywood spinning wildly out of control. My single quest in life was to beat into the

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Once again, I was loose on the streets of Hollywood spinning wildly out of control. My single quest in life was to beat into the minds of those around me, and those who watched from a distance, the belief I possessed, regarding what I was owed and the wrongs done to me by the music industry.

Driven by my emotions, and aided by drugs and alcohol, I was winding myself up for another insane assault on the world at large. When the damage done is left untreated, then the original damage will be compounded by each successive damaging event.

This was me. A damaged person, untreated, who was incapable of not damaging myself further. In my world, it was like re-breaking a broken window. All that could be achieved was to break the glass into ever smaller bits and pieces, and then go to work destroying the framework the window once occupied.

I didn't want to go to Nashville, but I did want to leave L.A. I felt like a walking target after escaping the clutches of Camarillo State Hospital and those who were trying to keep me in there.

I was too hot. Everywhere I went people would make comments about my escapades on the Hyatt House and the tower. A number of these moments turned into physical fights in public places around West Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

I knew it was just a matter of time before one of these occurrences turned out poorly, because the local cops were still gunning for me. I can't blame them for their attitude, but I didn't want to stick around and see how far they were willing to go.

When the Nashville offer came up, it was a way out of town, nothing more. If you recall, I'd gone to Ohio with John Rhys for the same reason in 1970.

I just needed to get away from L.A. for awhile, and figure out what to do. In DP's mind it was Nashville, the center of country music, which had been getting more outlaw oriented, because of Waylon Jennings and others.

He felt the environment was ripe for what I was doing musically. It may have been a good call at some other time, but in the condition I was in, it never panned out to be anything more than a long hard drunk.

I didn't know the town or anyone in it, and had been somewhat abandoned by DP as soon as we arrived. He went off to see about his own business, because he was from Nashville.

I would sit in some stranger's apartment and try to figure out what I was supposed to do, other than wonder where the hell DP was. As usual, I didn't stay in one place very long and took to the streets of music city in search of something, anything.

I ended up near Vanderbilt University, and began frequenting two bars on a daily basis, the Exit Inn and Fridays.

I had no money, so I would do impersonations of famous people at the bar, in hopes of getting my audience to buy me drinks, which worked pretty well some of the time.

Later on my mother would send me small packages of cheap American Indian jewelry, mostly turquoise rings, which I'd wear ten at a time, in hopes I could sell them to interested customers for a little cash.

DP was kind of pissed off about this, because it prevented him from being able to keep me tied to him and his otherwise total grip on me if I was broke.

I'd been on the streets too long to allow myself to be maneuvered into poverty's corner where someone, anyone, was my single benefactor.

This kind of hold on a person was practiced in the music business a lot. They'd give you just enough to keep you coming back, but not enough to make any real difference in your life.

I learned this the hard way, so I developed my own plan in Nashville outside of DP's grasp. I always seemed to feel like someone was trying to control my movements, thoughts, and emotions by hanging little bits of raw meat out to keep me interested.

I resented the treatment, and did whatever I could to even the playing field a little. Over time DP was forced to realize that he was not in control of me.

I met a lot of dope dealers, musicians, politicians, and females in Nashville, but never got my act together enough to make anything work.

I found it hard to walk on my busted feet and ankle, so I drank all the time to bear the pain. When I say I drank all the time, I mean, if I was awake, I was drunk. I consumed more booze in Tennessee than I ever had in my life, and it just kept adding to the tortured state of my body and mind.

I was drinking in Fridays Bar one time, with a bunch of dope dealer friends of DP's, when some guys I 'd never seen before showed up at the bar.

One of them pushed me out of his way, so I pushed him back, not knowing or caring, that he was one of the main cheese balls in the area. He whirled around and said, "Who pushed me?" to which I

area. He whirled around and said, "Who pushed me?" to which I responded, "I did." He eyed me for a second and punched me in the face, and I went after him in a heartbeat.

The crowd at the bar grabbed a hold of me before I could inflict any damage on this asshole, saying to the guy, "It's OK, so and so, he doesn't know who you are, he's a musician from L.A."

The guy looked at me, clearly pissed off by my willingness to get into it with him, and said, "OK, but keep him out of my way." With that a couple of people pulled me aside and told me, "Bobby lay off, he's a friend of ours."

"OK", I said, "But he's the asshole who started it." "Yeah, well he doesn't know you," they said, "and he didn't mean anything by it." "OK, Ok, I got it, let's have a drink." This in fact was the way much of my time in Nashville went. One questionable moment on top of another.

I had reached the point where tempting fate on any level became a game of mine. In a store in Nashville, a local mini-mart, I would play a game.

Me and some other idiots would take the power cord from an electric lamp, and strip the rubber off, leaving the copper wire exposed. We'd then take the double wire and split it into two single wires attached to the plug. Grabbing one wire in each hand, someone would then plug the cord into a wall socket.

The electricity would run up through your hands and arms and tend to seriously flex the muscles in each one to the point of twisting both of them inward like pretzels.

The object of the game was to see who could hold these live wires the longest; I almost always won, because I didn't give a shit if it killed me. I wasn't afraid of dying, so I'd just stand there like an dumb shit, holding the wires until the electricity wrenched them out of my hands.

These kinds of things tended to give me a local reputation for being nuts, because I had no inclination whatever to spare my body punishment. So when challenged to a drinking contest at Fridays I accepted without question. Not because I wanted to have a drinking contest, but because it was free booze for the

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The drink was called the petrifier. It contained nine shots of different kinds of hard liquor in a single tall glass, and who ever could finish it first won.

The effect of this stupidity was an almost instant blackout. Some of the alcohol included in the drink was 180 proof white lightening, which I experienced for the first time in Tennessee.

After the second go round I ended up in a ten hour blank from alcohol poisoning, and was told I'd been standing in the middle of the street with my pants down around my ankles, hitchhiking, near Vanderbilt University.

WANTED

In Nashville, I began realizing that I was living to drink and drinking to live. One day, when I was lying on a bed, I heard an audible voice say, in a completely empty room, "You're an alcoholic."

It scared the crap out of me, and I figured God himself had uttered the words out loud personally, because there was no one there except me. Nothing else was said, just, "You're an alcoholic!"

After it happened, I looked through every part of that room for the source of the voice; under the bed, in the closet, in the bathroom, etc. I was on the second floor, so I knew no one had said it from an open window trying to screw with my head.

This didn't cause me to stop drinking, but it did implant, for the first time, a sense that drinking had become a serious problem for me. It was now a conscious realization that I never forgot from that day on; I was an alcoholic.

During this time in Nashville, I acquired some cocaine from DP so I could sell it and make some money; It was a quarter ounce of coke. I set up a time and place to meet some guy named Hugh on a lonely back road at night.

This turned out to be a full-fledged disaster. Not only was it dark, and completely unfamiliar to me, I'd borrowed somebody else's car to get there.

It was out in the country, but it appeared to be completely safe when I drove up. I waited around for awhile for Hugh, and when he got there, I pulled out the coke so he could sample it. He snorted a line, and within minutes said he'd buy some.

After giving me a couple of hundred bucks, Hugh said he was in a hurry and had to leave. He watched me put what coke I had left, which was in a small bottle, underneath the dashboard, and then drove off.

Feeling good about making some money, I started the car and swung around to head back down the deserted road to Nashville. But all of a sudden, seemingly out of nowhere, flashing blue lights appeared in my rearview mirror.

"Shit," I said out loud, "That asshole set me up!" I pulled to the side of the road, turned off the engine, and waited for my world to fall apart, again.

Sure enough, two plainclothes undercover narcs were on me in an instant. They yanked open the door and dragged me out of the car with their guns drawn, screaming at me to lie face down on the ground.

As I lay with my face in the dirt, one of them pulled my arms around to my back and handcuffed me. He then pulled me up on my knees and continued to scream that I was a piece of shit dope dealer.

I said nothing, and watched as the other one searched the car. I thought I'd been set up, and became convinced of it, when the guy searching the car seemed to know exactly where to look for the bottle of coke, which Hugh had seen me put there before he split.

I thought to myself, "Hugh must have been in deep shit with the law and made a deal with them to save his own ass. What a punk!"

The cops called a tow truck to haul the car I was driving. They put me into their car and headed back to town to the Nashville City Jail.

I stared out the window of the police car, and once again felt as though my life was over. To get busted for drug sales in the South, I thought, was about as bad as it could get, particularly if you were from California, which I was.

We pulled up to the Nashville jail, and I saw for the first time a nine or ten story building that was in part being renovated. I was taken into an office for interrogation, where I sat for a couple of hours and was repeatedly asked where I'd gotten the cocaine I'd sold.

I wouldn't tell them where I got it, because DP was the source, and I wasn't about to give up that info. I told them I'd bought it from some guy on the street, and stuck to that story.

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I was just in time for chow, which consisted of two pieces of half-stale white bread, a single slice of warm bologna, and a single slice of processed cheese. To drink, we were given watered down cold coffee, served in a garbage can, set in the middle of the cell floor.

While I was in that jail, a young black kid worked his way around some loose-fitting steel plates that covered the windows at the time they were being re-barred. He either fell, jumped, or was thrown nine stories to his death.

The rumor was that he wanted out of the place bad. He was so afraid of being locked up in that white man's jail, that he either committed suicide, or, as I said, was thrown from the window by someone else.

It was a piss poor place, believe me, and I was white.

I was bailed out of jail almost immediately, and assumed that it was by someone connected to DP, who didn't think it was a good idea to leave me in there too long, for fear I would get pissed off and cut a deal to get out.

Since DP knew I had the information about where the cocaine came from, I guess getting me out and on the street, was of primary importance to him. I hadn't said anything, but still, I'm sure he didn't want to take any chances.

The whole ordeal turned me off about Nashville, and I started making noise about going back to L.A. There was the pending legal matter of course, but I now felt about Nashville the way I'd felt about Los Angeles and Hollywood before I left there.

I was too conspicuous to be comfortable. I guess the guy Hugh, who'd set me up, was none too popular at that point either, since it was now known that he was the snitch. Anyway my problem was not him, it was me.

Because I was loaded all the time, it is hard to recall everything that happened back then, but soon after this event I secured a one-way plane ticket back to L.A., and was given permission to leave the state; Dp had friends in the District Attorney's office.

He also had a friend who was a Nashville cop. The reason I bring this up is to show how both sides were intermingled, and because on the day I was to fly back to the west coast, I found myself running way behind schedule.

I was so late in fact, that it appeared it would be impossible for me to get to the airport in time to make the flight. That's when DP's buddy, the policeman, said "I'll get you there on time, Bobby, let's take the cruiser."

The cruiser was a Nashville police car. I hopped in the passenger seat and buckled up, for what promised to be an extraordinary ride to to the airport with plenty of time to spare.

As we made our way into traffic he turned on the flashing lights and siren, and barreled through city streets and then onto the

As we made our way into traffic he turned on the flashing lights and siren, and barreled through city streets and then onto the freeway.

At about a 110 miles an hour, cars and trucks were pulling to the side to let us through. I was amused by this, because I knew it was nothing more than me, the loaded has-been pop star, just out of jail, headed to the airport, with a ticket paid for by a cocaine dealer, who was my friend, and his friend the cop was driving me there. "What a trip!" I thought, "What a fucking trip!"

After a harrowing ride we pulled into the airport and up to a no parking section near the front door of my airline. I turned to DP's friend, laughing, and said "That's the best Goddamn ride in a cop car I ever had."

He shook my hand, smiling, and said "You take care Bobby, and say hi to all them pretty California girls for me, will ya?" "yeah," I said, "I'll do that, and thanks for the ride and all your help."

I stepped out on the walkway and waved one more time as he drove back into traffic. "What a ride!" I thought, "Man that was fun!"

I stared out the window of the plane from twenty thousand feet, and knew something had to change. My life had become nothing more than a long continuous drunk at that point, peppered with catastrophe after catastrophe.

I thought again about the idea of stopping drinking and using, and it made me shudder way down deep inside, but it wouldn't stop gnawing at me.

It had become overwhelmingly obvious that drinking and using had gotten completely out of control in my life. I looked back over the past decade of my existence, and could see clearly the connection between calamity and my using.

It was literally a miracle that I wasn't dead, and amazing that I hadn't been locked up for a long time in either a prison, jail, or nut house. I could see that it was only a matter of time, though, if I continued on my current path.

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I wondered if I really could stop drinking and using? I didn't know. I'd never even tried before, and wasn't really sure I wanted to. Getting loaded for me was the only way I could start a day, get through it, and end it. I didn't know how to do anything else.

I stared at the drink on the tray in front of my seat. I reached out and picked up the plastic glass of scotch and water and took a drink. It was like shaking hands with the last friend I had on the planet, really, it was that important to me.

Whatever I was going to do, I knew one thing for sure at that moment. I wasn't going to stop right then, and I was pretty damn sure I wasn't going to stop that particular day.

I listened to the hum of the plane's engines and stared out at the sky as I settled back in my seat on my way west. Back to Los Angeles and Hollywood.

On the flight back to L.A., I thought a lot about the things that had helped cause me to be in the trouble I was in. Back in Tennessee there were some who were trying to put me in prison for five to ten years for sales of a controlled substance, but here I was on a plane leaving town.

Because DP had grown up in Nashville, and knew a lot of the people in law enforcement, he was able to get permission for me to leave the state temporarily.

I knew that getting loaded was behind most of the crap I did, and was the central cause behind the continuing chaos, but there were other factors as well.

Looking out the window at the horizon, I knew I'd have to come back to Nashville at some point, or keep running, but right then I was reluctant to entertain either choice.

I was truly aware at that moment that I'd gotten myself into deep shit, and that "the police are out to get you" paranoia was now clawing its way into my brain.

The last time I'd felt this way was when I was running away from L.A. to get to Nashville. Now I was running away from Nashville to get back to L.A., and for the same kinds of reasons, bad decisions while loaded.

* * *

As I looked further back into my past, and the causes for what I did and why I was the way I was, I remembered Tucson, Arizona in 1957. My then stepfather Don Macdonald, and my older brother Bill did not get along at all, ever.

Bill, who was epileptic at the time, was taking phenobarbital for the epilepsy. Well phenobarbital is a barbiturate and can make you think you're bigger and badder than you may be.

So on a morning before going off to school, Alice Vail Jr. High, Bill and my stepfather, Don, got into a flat out fist fight in the kitchen. I mean it was like a fucking street fight on linoleum. They both got their licks in, but in the end Don was just too big for Bill to beat, so he had to concede the issue to my stepfather.

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My part, other than terrified bystander, was to stand on a kitchen chair after the fight, and clean the blood splatters off the wall in the breakfast nook connected to the kitchen.

I stood on the chair with a damp sponge and wiped the walls down, removing the evidence of what had just happened to my morning. I remember feeling dazed and confused as I watched my arm go back and forth across the wall like a windshield wiper.

Shortly, I was on the bus headed off to Alice Vail Jr. Jail as we liked to call it. I just stared out the window and saw nothing except the instant replay in my head of Bill and Don beating the crap out of each other in the kitchen.

I could hear the yelling and swearing, and feel the anger and hatred the two of them felt toward each other, surging through my whole body. Later that day in school, I was reprimanded for staring out the window and day dreaming instead of studying. "Day dreaming, shit!" I was in semi-shock all day long, maybe all life long.

* * *

Staring out the window of the plane was like staring out the window of the bus that morning back in 1957. I looked out, but saw nothing except the inside of my head, and the world of bad memories that had haunted my every step since then.

My thoughts during the flight were a lot like they had always been, full of regrets and promises, and an undying resolve to somehow make it better. So far, I had not done anything but make it worse.

I didn't have any plan for what I'd do when I got to L.A., or where I'd go when I got there. I hoped I could get Carol Paulus to take me in since I hadn't seen her in quite awhile, and hoped she would be glad to hear from me, and maybe agreeable to having me around.

I vowed to be on my best behavior, and hoped I could maintain some sort of balance for a reasonable length of time. Other than

The more I ran from my problems, the more I carried them with me, like a sack of rocks on my back. I could not escape them because, in essence, I was the problem.

My inability, or my refusal, to see this clearly and honestly, had finally trapped me in a corner where I came face to face with myself.

It was true that much had been done to me that was wrong, but it was truer still that my radical reaction to those wrongs had caused me more difficulty than the wrongs themselves.

I lived in a world of unreasonable demands. Those demands were made by me on myself, as well as on the world around me. The demands I made on myself to keep going at all costs, no matter how much destruction I wrought on my body, mind, and psyche, had to change.

My demands on the world and it's people, to treat me fairly, had to be altered as well. But the simple truth was, that there could be no change unless I came to grips with the central issue, which was my ongoing choice to get loaded and stay loaded.

As long as my reaction to the world at large was fueled by my consumption of alcohol and drugs, as a means to deal with that world, I was doomed to take each problem to the depths of hell, or conversely, to the pinnacle of public absurdity.

This was a bitter reality for me to contemplate, let alone to accept, but as I headed back to L.A., I knew I had all but run out of options.

If I stayed loaded, I would continue my head long assault into self destruction, because under the influence, I did not possess the capacity to maintain a sense of balance about anything. I was little more than a ticking time bomb at that point, waiting to explode.

I do not remember the events that led up to my first attempt at getting sober, but roughly, I approached the issue, out of desperation, sometime in 1974.

My mother's brother, Norm, had been a member of AA for years, so I was familiar with the organization from a distance. I was staying with Carol Paulus, and probably hit another bottom of bad behavior, and was attempting to deal with the situation by promising to get help.

Between the pending legal problems in Nashville, and being threatened with banishment to the streets again, I assume that sobriety began to appear to be my only real choice.

I longed for something better than what I'd had, and the possibility of that seemed to be directly linked to my giving up drugs and alcohol. I don't think I wanted to quit as much as I wanted to get the world off my back.

Stopping drinking was something I knew nothing about, because I'd never tried to do it before. Everything about it was foreign to me, but I managed over time to wean myself off alcohol and the drugs as well.

I used booze to get off the drugs, and then used the booze to get off the booze. I'd drink less and less until I got down to nothing. I was shaky as hell, and felt like an open wound, but managed to keep off the stuff for the time being.

I started going to AA meetings in the Hollywood and L.A. area, and would show up wearing my sense of defeat like an old coat. My failure as a human being flooded my thoughts and left me a nervous wreck. Gone now was the once sharp wit and creative force that I had grown accustomed to and depended on.

Now I was dulled like an unsharp knife, surrounded by the gloomy reality that my dreams were gone, and my life was destined to become one of drudgery and plainness. I sat in rooms full of folding chairs, and listened to the tales of those who inhabited those chairs.

In the stark difference of that picture, contrasted by the life I had been living, I drowned in a sea of regret and desire for that which was no more. I stubbornly stayed, even as I wished to run from those rooms. I did not drink or use, and sought out the promise of better times and things to come.

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1974 was prior to the onslaught of the late 70's, when AA was flooded with the eventual masses from the 60's. At the time, I was hailed by no one for attempting to get sober.

If anything, I was ridiculed for the length of my hair and my previous life style. AA was still dominated, for the most part, by the old school drunks from an earlier era, who'd become set in their ways, and were not interested in or moved by my story.

I was expected to get a job, which I did, and pull myself up by my own bootstraps, which meant, forget who I had been, and learn to accept who I was to become. This, in fact, terrified me to no end, because who I was becoming, seemingly had nothing to do with who I was.

I started painting low rent apartments for a contractor on the program named "Blackie" for $5 an hour, and kept at it for as long as I could. I complained about the pain in my feet and ankle, but was dismissed as a whiner by those around me.

I managed to make contact with an attorney on the program, and paid him $300 to deal with my legal issues in Nashville. In short, I did what I was told, and waited for months to feel better, but never did. I just felt out of place and hopeless, and longed for a better way of life.